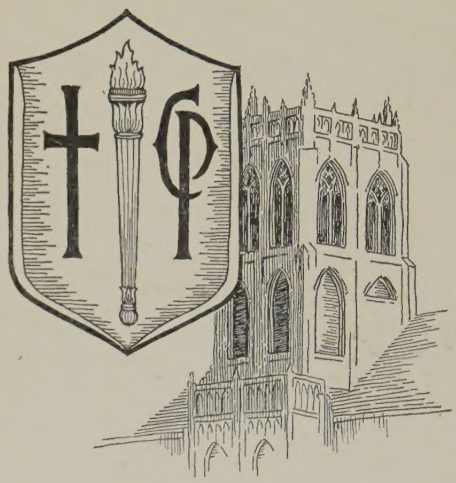
PRIEST AND MAN

OR

ABELARD AND HELOISA



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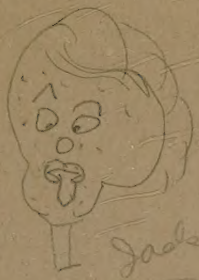
Isabel

College of the Pacific
Stockton, Calif.

PRIEST AND MAN

OR

ABELARD AND HELOISA

An Historical Romance

BY

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE NEWTON

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PREFACE.

THIS story of a period and this study of a life are based upon the well-known outlines of history. But where the chroniclers are silent, fancy has dictated the fiction of the hour. The passion and the tragedy of such a story are not the invention of any writer: they are the strange inheritance of human nature. And it is these contrarieties of our nature, in the wide stretch which lies between sin and holiness, which enabled Pascal to discover, in the fact of our human weakness, the scaffolding of the Divine Architect for the upbuilding of a character destined for another world and other conditions of life.

AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

"Be no longer a chaos, but a world. . . . Produce! produce! were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product: produce it, in God's name! 'T is the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called to-day: for the night cometh when no man can work." — *Sartor Resartus.*

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THE PRIEST AND THE MAN.

CHAPTER I.

The Return of the Master.

"Napoleon! He hath come again, borne home
Upon the popular ebbing heart, — a sea
Which gathers its own wrecks perpetually,
Majestically moaning. Give him room,
Room — in Paris!"

— Mrs. Browning.

"WHITHER so fast, my friend? What means this crowd in the way? Comes the king by the highroad to-day?"

"No, my father, not the king; but the great master has come forth from his exile, and to-day he mounts the rostrum in the University Hall at Paris, and ill luck betides the poor old Abbot William, and that conceited logician of an Anselm. Think of seeing our teacher and of hearing his words once more, and he hidden all these five years as one dead to the world! I tell you, the people are astir to-day; for none of the drawling monks and

preachers ever touched their hearts as Peter Abelard has done."

"Nay, man, talk not so to me. I know the man you are raving about, and I tell you he is false at heart. The church will find it all out some day, and that before long."

"For shame! for shame! Hadst thou ever heard him stir our hearts with the thoughts of immortality and the gift of God to the soul; hadst thou stood day after day, as I have stood, in that crowded hall, drinking in his words as the dry earth drinks in the spring shower; hadst thou gone home to fall upon thy knees in prayer to God, as I with hundreds of our fellow-students have done, — thou wouldst not give credence to these lies and slanders which the jealous priests and nuns have set afloat to blacken the character of the greatest teacher of his age. O, my God! can I not say with the Psalmist, —

'Iniquos odio habui'?"

It was a cool June morning in the year 1102. The highway which led to Paris from Melun, Corbeil, and the villages of the Seine was filled with people going up to Paris

to attend the celebration of the feast of St. John the Baptist. There were groups of monks and nuns wisely separated at proper intervals, work-day and holiday horses packed with panniers, followed by attending peasants dressed in the costumes of their cantonal districts, and slowly moving boats pushed along the river's banks; while occasionally the crack of a whip and the sounding of a horn told, amid the enveloping cloudage of dust, that the cavalcade of some nobleman with his retinue was on the way from his country villa to attend the court or cathedral. They were all going up to Paris. Afar off the cupolas and towers of the city could be seen, with the double towers of Notre Dame standing out against the sky, as they have so often been descried by the world's visitors and merry pilgrims to that shrine of gayety and fashion.

On the way to Paris! Who, that has ever approached this famous city has not felt the greatness of the company he has been in when nearing this historic spot? From the days of Charlemagne and Louis XI. to the latest tourist visiting the latest exposition, who has not wondered, as he sees for the first

time the Gothic towers of Notre Dame, at what is in store for him in Paris?

The memories of many men and many times come pouring in upon him. The hierarchy of Richelieu and Mazarin; the eloquence of Bossuet, Fénélon, and Lacordaire; the pomp of Louis XIV. and his court; the lavish recklessness of Louis XV.; the wars of the Mistresses Pompadour and De Maintenon; the glories of Versailles and of the Petit Trianon; the thrilling scenes of the Bastile, of the Place de la Concorde, and the rolling of the tumbrils on the way to the guillotine; the booming guns which told of the glory of the First Empire, the investment by the allies, the decision of the baffled Emperor at Fontainebleau; the revolutions of the Bourbons and the Orleanists; the surprise of the *coup d'etat*, the glory of the Second Empire, the collapse at Sedan; the blazing Tuileries, the rule of the Commune again, the siege of the city by the inevitable Prussians, the rescue by Thiers, the marvelous recuperation of this irrepressible people, — all combine to make Paris the historic city that it is to the world at large to-day. "For thither the tribes go

up." More than Rome is to Italy; or London to Great Britain; or the city on the three hills, with its shining dome, is to New England; or Jerusalem to the twelve tribes which are scattered abroad, — is Paris to the restless, wandering world. Thither go the young and the pleasure-loving to find more pleasure. Thither go the staid and the sorrowing to forget their sorrows. Thither go the sated ones to find new impulses for their jaded satiety; and thither go the young students to find out the superlative excellencies of their technical specialties.

And far away on this twenty-fourth day of June, A. D. 1102, the roads, smoky with that fine white dust which is yet to be found in this district, were thronged with worshipers, and pilgrims, and busy work-day peasants, all going up to Paris on St. John the Baptist's day.

Our story has not to do with the court of kings or the high life of the landed nobility, but with the men and women of the time, from whose class priests were chosen and ordained, and nuns were solemnly sanctified and separated from the hopelessly wicked

world. It was that period in European history, and in the progress of Christianity, in which thinking men and women were beginning to feel the strong reaction from the life of supernaturalism which came from the mystical and visionary interpretations of the Word of God then so prominent, The year 1100 had actually dawned, and yet no visible conquering and avenging judge of quick and dead had appeared upon Mt. Zion. The chiliastic threatenings and warnings of those who believed in a literal secular millennium, which was to be ushered into the presence of a scoffing world on the first day of January, A. D. 1000, had lost their power, and the doubters of the eleventh were saying, with those of the first Christian century, "Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the Creation."

The former enthusiasm upon the subject of monastic life was breaking down under the pressure of human nature's continually asserted hand, and the thoughts of human love and the family life were beginning to be looked upon, even from the advice of the

confessional box, not merely as a thing to be tolerated, or as a freak of wayward nature in the flesh, warring against the life in the spirit, but, as after all, perhaps, the divine and original conception of human holiness and happiness in one. The busy speculations of the schoolmen, intricate in their discussions beyond the brain of the average thinker to conceive, were at last trickling their way down into the region of common-sense practical life. The independence of certain theological positions assumed by the young teacher Abelard, at Paris, found their answering Amen in the strife and political rebellion against the encrusted order of bad government at Rome, at Bologna, at Florence, at Verona, at Naples, and throughout Lombardy and the Papal States.

Arnold of Brescia soon appeared as the leader of the people, a man born of the stirring times in which he lived. Already in the year 1099, Godfrey de Bouillon had brought to a successful termination the first united crusade, and had been elected, by the knights and people whom he had safely led to the Holy Sepulchre, the first King of Jerusalem.

It was a period of universal striving after power. The nobility were tired of those feudal requirements, which, at the whim or caprice of their sovereigns, had drained them dry of their possessions.

The Plantagenet kings in England with their fierce blood — Henry I., Stephen, Henry II., and Richard I. — were sowing those seeds of autocratic rule and divine right, which the Stuarts, five centuries later, tried in vain to reap and sow again. The kings of France, Philip I., Louis VI., Louis VII., and Philip Augustus, were the soft, pliant, selfish creatures which the capricious line following the indulgent Carlovingian race always gave to France. The Popes of the period were, for the most part, ambitious, unscrupulous men, troubled much with competitive anti-Popes, who kept them busy in the defence of their boasted monopoly of holiness and of St. Peter's keys. To strong, hard men of common sense like Anselm and Bernard were given the great bishoprics and heads of universities, and mere rhetoricians and logicians were loosing their hold upon the common mind. It was an age of power, felt and

asserted in every direction of thought. Men and women were thinking, planning, hoping, doubting, fighting, for themselves, and the traditional blessing and the conventional ecclesiastical curse were like old fire-arms, curious as relics of the past, but powerless in the necessities of the present.

At this period, William of Champeaux, Archdeacon of Paris, and master of the cathedral school, had been enjoying the highest reputation as a teacher. But he found among his pupils a certain young scholar, who had given him great trouble, by the ease and pertinacity with which he answered his master's questions, and asked deeper ones in return. At last the school became more of a debating society than a lecture hall, and when the Archdeacon William expressed his desire that this style of teaching should come to a close, the young student, cheered by his followers and applauded by the crowd, retired to Melun, which was then a royal residence, and set up a school of his own. Thither flocked the young men of the neighborhood, and, wondering at his eloquence, listened, as to a re-

vived Plato, to the marvelous dissertations of the young Peter Abelard. The chagrin caused by this movement on the part of his younger rival towards the once popular archdeacon, when he saw that his halls were emptied and that Melun was crowded, induced William to resign his archdeaconry of Paris and to become a canon-regular at the abbey of St. Victor, outside the walls of the city.

In the meantime the wit, pathos, eloquence, boldness of speech, and clearness of thought displayed by Peter Abelard at twenty-five years of age, drew crowds of admiring hearers of both sexes to his lectures. His bold and startling opinions were detailed in the innumerable houses and gatherings of the neighborhood. Men came from far and near to listen to him. Now and then a courtier would be present in his lecture hall; sometimes a disguised ecclesiastic of prominence would help to form his audience; while traveling doctors and philosophers from Bologna, Canterbury, Florence, or Padua, would appear in the auditorium.

In the midst of all this wonderful success,

he was stricken down by an illness caused from overwork. It was necessary for him to seek rest and recreation, and to abstain from all further study. And thus it came to pass that he retired to his home at Nantes.

Five years had passed by in silence. Abelard was talked about and not forgotten. His enemies declared that this illness was a just judgment of God upon the bold and reckless youth.

The former archdeacon appeared again, from time to time, in the old cathedral school at Paris, and the antique ecclesiastical Bourbons, as has so often happened in that country of many changes, reappeared upon the field.

But the young teacher was destined soon to return as master. Having regained his health, notice was given by his many friends, that, on the feast of St. John the Baptist, he would appear again in Paris, discoursing on the faults of the philosophy and the theology of the day.

The service of the day being over, Felix Radbert, the young medical student from Lyons, who had been Abelard's pupil, met his

friend, the Père Du Blois, with whom he had conversed on the road, and who, as we have seen, doubted about this leader.

"Ah, Felix, my young friend," said the father, "did you heed the psalter, *Beati Immaculati*, as it was chanted in the cathedral for to-day? 'Blessed are those that are undefiled in the way, and walk in the law of the Lord. Blessed are they that keep his testimonies and seek him with their whole heart. For they who do no wickedness walk in his ways.' It is the life, my dear young friend, which tells, after all; it is not the doctrine only, or the novelty of the expression, which avails."

"True, my father," replied the young physician; "but did you not notice the last sentence in the matin psalm? 'I will run the way of thy commandments when Thou hast set my heart at liberty.' It is freedom of the mind we need first of all, and then we are to run in the way of God's commandments."

"Nay, my son," answered the father; "it is duty we all need first, and freedom afterwards. Would that I could feel that this

new teacher could be trusted! The prophet Malachi, in the lesson for to-day, declares, (you remember it was sung this morning in Latin, in those good old Gregorian tones, though I confess the priest sang a little flat,) 'I will come near to you to judgment; and he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap, and he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.' So, at least, St. Jerome's script hath it. I do not like this man's doubts. I cannot stand his down-pulling of everything that hath been fixed and settled by the councils of the Holy Church. He destroyeth too much, and I fear it is not in the name of God, and he laugheth to scorn the sense and traditions of the fathers and the primitive church. I would do the man no harm, but I cannot trust him until that day when the refiner of all souls shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver that they may offer unto Jehovah an offering in righteousness. But we shall see. *In te, Domine, speravi, non confundabar in æternum.*"

By this time they had reached the gates leading to the grand auditorium of the

cathedral hall. This school had not yet assumed the proportions of the famous institution which it became afterwards, when it was known as the University of Paris. Yet even at the time of our story, the large hall, arranged like a theatre, or Roman circus, was capable of holding three thousand persons. It was unroofed, save as a huge awning, or tent-covering, coming to the apex in the centre, screened the auditors from sun and rain. A simple rostrum with a circular rail around it, raised about three feet from the ground, stood in the centre of this amphitheatre. A few steps with a latched gate at the top conducted the speaker to his stand. A carpeted walk leading towards a heavy purple curtain indicated the pathway from the vestry, or retiring-room, to the pulpit. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon as Felix Radbert, the wealthy young student of medicine from Lyons, and his old friend, the Père Du Blois, entered the hall. What a scene met their astonished eyes! There was only standing room to be had. Long before the hour the hall had been filled with eager listeners. Around the circular wall of the

amphitheatre could be seen many gay and fashionable ladies, well-known in the gatherings of Paris and often found at the court of Louis. Their bright scarfs and overhanging shawls of brilliant hues and many colored dyes added to the rich drapery of the huge tent. One would have thought from the gayety of the scene, and the chatter of conversation, with the calling of boys and servants selling their light wares, and the flapping of innumerable feather fans, that the place was Spain, and that these thoughtless spectators were soon to witness the sanguinary conflict of that national sport — the bull-fight. But back of these gayly dressed spectators was a wall of gray, and a deeper wall of black, just as the rich colors of some wonderful sunset shade off, at evening time, into the drab and leaden hues of night.

Monks and friars with their gray and yellow serge, and shaven priests with their black cassocks and waist-cords, sought the shadow of the galleries, and stood up in rows around the hall, behind this vast assemblage of people.

"Truly a grand sight, my father," said

Felix. "What a welcome to the absent master! I feel as if I were at the play, and as if something strange were going to happen."

"*Dominus regnavit*," replied the priest. "We shall see. Would that I could put my faith in this strange uprising of the people. But they cannot be trusted; they turn continually out of the way; they make a molten calf at Horeb; they sit down to eat and drink, and rise up to play."

Just then a hand clapped Felix upon the shoulder, and welcomed him with a loving embrace. It was Genseric, a pupil of Abelard, who had conducted his master from Nantes to Paris.

"Dear fellow," he rattled on, "isn't this grand! and the master is so strong, and happy, and well again. I have left him with Leitulf in the vestry. Leitulf has made him wear the order of the Christian Doubters, our old club, you remember. He has given him a solid silver cross to wear on his breast, but there is a serpent twined over the cross, and it forms a question-mark thus, (rudely making with his hand the monogram of a

cross and a question-mark). The crowd will think it is the sacred symbol I. H. S. in one letter, but we know what it means, for it means, *Non credendum nisi prius intellectum*, or, doubt leadeth to inquiry, and inquiry leadeth unto truth, for even the cross hath the mystery of the serpent over it, you know. But see," he continued, "yonder sits Canon Fulbert with a party of disguised nuns. They have come all the way from Laon to hear the great teacher to-day. Do you see that lady with the lace over her black hair? the one next to the canon; there, she is stooping over. She sees me now, but she does not like to speak. Well, that is Leonora Montreux. Her father and husband have gone to the Holy Land in the last crusade, and she, with her friend Helen Martini, the niece of the Bishop of Bordeaux, has entered a convent, until their party return from the war with the Turks.

"They are in a temporary retreat until the troops come home from the East. Canon Fulbert has left his lovely niece behind; she is very bright and charming, but she is a mere child yet. And Felix, man, look there,

at the extreme right! who would have believed it! the Archbishop of Paris himself is here. *Arma virumque cano*,—ecclesiastical arms,—you know. And over his head, in the first gallery, that elderly matron there, with the silver-gray Grecian knot of hair, is Abelard's mother; have you heard the news about her? She is really going to enter a convent next fall. What do you think about?"— Here a bell sounded a deep, rich tone. There was a rustling movement of the purple curtain; presently it was drawn back, and the remark of Genseric was unfinished, as the lithe figure and elastic tread of a young, yet matured, man announced the arrival of the popular teacher.

A hearty welcome of applause, which consisted in the waving of handkerchiefs and the clapping of hands, greeted the orator as he walked from the curtain to the central rostrum and mounted it with a firm step, latching the gate or bar, which shut him off from the outside world, and threw him, as it were, upon himself. He stood for a moment surveying the vast assembly, while the din and murmur of the congregation settled

itself into a silence which could be felt like the lull of nature at some sunset in the summer time, or the forced stillness of the waves, when the first pencil of light from the rising moon beats them into submission, by its powerful but unseen will.

Three thousand eyes were at that moment fixed upon a tall form, with a large, round head, firmly fixed upon square and composed shoulders.

A piercing black eye which told of intellectual power mixed with a certain love of mischief; a high forehead fringed with tight, curly, black hair; a nose that broadened as it seemed to rest upon distended nostrils which looked as if they were in a chronic state of disdain; a forbidding mouth, with dark, heavy, overhanging lips, and a chin which, in asserting itself, seemed to show a will which was figured by the lower jaw it buttressed up, as if in defiance of public opinion, — were the salient features of this leader of the men of his time.

He was dressed in a frilled and fluted cassock, with a rich silken cord and tassel tightly binding his waist. On the left breast,

over the heart, was the heavy silver cross already referred to. He stood for a moment without any book or manuscript in his hands, and then grasping the rail of his circular stand, he slowly uttered these words : —

"And when Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."

Then followed a masterly dissertation, filled with strong common sense, mingled with bold flights of imagination, and all encased in the most profound and faultless logical order, to prove that, since the kingdom of God was so near to every man, every man in order to find the kingdom of God within him must keep very near to human nature, since God was nearest man when man was most himself. At the expiration of two hours, during which period he had at times closed his eyes upon the vast assembly, and seemed to be rapt in a higher world of utterance and expression, he closed with a lament over the church of the present, quoting in the Latin, so well known to all devout worshipers of the time, the entire eightieth psalm, *Qui regis Israel*, as the fittest confession of the needs of the age,

and the truest prayer to God for help, from the degenerate and superstitious period upon which the church was stranded.

"Hear, O thou Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a sheep; show thyself also, thou that sittest upon the Cherubim.

"Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt, thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it.

"Thou madest room for it, and when it had taken root it filled the land. The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedar trees.

"Why hast thou then broken down her hedge, that all they that go by pluck off her grapes?

"The wild boar out of the wood doth root it up, and the wild beasts of the fields devour it.

"Turn thee again, thou God of hosts, look down from heaven, behold, and visit this vine; and the place of the vineyard that thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that thou madest so strong for thyself.

"Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts; show the light of thy countenance and we shall be whole."

The effect of this pathetic exordium, referring as it did to the strong natural life of the Jewish church, overgrown with Canaanitish superstitions, as the picture of the church of that period, was magical; and before the congregation could recover itself, the click of the latched gate of the rostrum, and the rustling of the curtain, told that the speaker had retired, and the oration was over.

Canon Fulbert, in the gallery with his ladies, hastened to congratulate the flushed and excited mother, who met their compliments only with a suppressed sigh.

"This is Leitulf's doings," she said, as if in extenuation of the secular surroundings and appearance of the hall. "That young man is a scene-master; he has studied all this effect; it is not my boy's work. Leitulf ought to have been a court actor. I do not like it."

As the crowd was emptying itself into the streets of Paris, — noisy with the cry of sedan-carriers, postilions, and venders of fruit and

small wares, — Felix Radbert, meeting the Père Du Blois, exclaimed : —

" What a welcome, my father, was this ! Did I not tell you Paris would turn out to greet the return of the master ? "

" Yes, my son," rejoined the priest with a sigh, his face heated with the mental exhilaration of the spectacle, and himself wearied with that fatigue which is always the accompaniment of a crowd. " But do you remember Solon's words to Crœsus, ' Count no man happy till he dies' ? "

CHAPTER II.

Strife Again.

"It is hard for us to live up to our own eloquence, and keep pace with our wingéd words, while we are treading the solid earth, and are liable to heavy dining!" — George Eliot.

IT had been a day of triumph in Paris. Abelard, the exile, had returned, and Paris lay prostrate at his feet.

Not to Condé, returning from the field where he had swept his enemies before him; not to Henry IV. with the hearts of the people in his hand, forswearing his faith in the creed of his fathers for the love of a nation and a crown of quietness; not to Napoleon come again from Elba, with the old enthusiasm of the people kindling into a flame which burst into one long ovation upon the Champs de Mars, — were the loyal hearts of the young more completely given, than to Abelard on this great day of his triumph.

Before this ovation on St. John the Baptist's day, he had been looked upon in the

past as a technical metaphysician and teacher in dialectics. But now it was evident that he was deserting the secular field of philosophy for the more popular arena of theology. His enemies were justly afraid, for they argued that if he already held the hearts of the people by the intricate subtleties of his philosophical teaching, what would his influence be in the popular arena of that every-day theology, whose tenets and principles were the common property of the masses.

But Abelard, with a modesty which was one of his most striking gifts, applied at once to become a pupil in the school of philosophy, which William of Champeaux, now canon regular at the abbey of St. Victor, outside the walls, still conducted within the city limits.

There he might be seen day after day, side by side with the other students, taking notes, and learning from the old teacher, just as if nothing new had ever happened, and as if he were not already both the teacher of to-day and the prophet of to-morrow.

But this state of things could not last very long. In a thoughtless moment the young student engaged once more in a discussion

with his master, as he was lecturing upon universals, and compelled him publicly to renounce his former theory. Hereupon many of William's pupils deserted to Abelard, who was formally invited by William's successor to lecture in the cathedral school.

But the pressure of those in authority, was again brought to bear upon the young scholar. The new master who invited Abelard to lecture in the university school was dismissed, and before it was publicly known, Abelard had retired to Melun.

The Paris school of philosophy was hereupon well-nigh broken up by the crowds which flocked to hear the rising teacher, and William of Champeaux, feeling that it was in vain to contend with the coming age, or to seek any further to legislate against such a drift, retired to the country, and was soon afterwards promoted to the bishopric of Chalons on the Marne, where he sank from philosophical aspirations and untempered speculations not in keeping with the wants of the times, into the ecclesiastical technique of episcopal routine.

Before this promotion, however, induced

by his followers to come back again to Paris, Abelard in his own words, as he himself has given us the account in the history of his calamities, "pitched his camp on the mount of St. Génévière without the city, as if to besiege the teacher who had taken possession of his place."

Here the lectures went on as usual, and many were the debates between the followers of the rival teachers, representing as they did the old régime and the new age. At last the long expected mitre came to the conservative, and the retirement to Laon for the purpose of studying theology happened as the next step in the pathway of the liberal.

The news of the appointment of the canon of St. Victor's to the bishopric of Chalons, had been already circulated through Paris, when, on a dull November evening, an aged form, wrapped in the conventional ecclesiastical cloak of the time, might have been seen entering the cloister of the canons-resident of St. Victor. A short but resolute knock upon the brazen knocker of the heavy, oaken door, was answered by a lay brother in a rough and homely cassock, who shuffled his

wooden sabots clumsily over the tesselated floor.

"I have come to see the new bishop of Chalons; is he at liberty?" was the question of the caller.

"I will see the father," was the reply of the attendant.

He clattered his way along the stone pavement, leaving the new comer standing by a brass tripod in the hallway, in which were placed some red-hot coals of burning charcoal and turf.

The old man held his hands over the tripod and warmed himself, until the sound of the returning messenger awoke him from his reverie with the reply, "The father wishes to see you in the St. Denis chamber. I will conduct you thither."

Saying this, he preceded the visitor, holding in his hand a swinging lamp which hung from three chains, and looked as if it might have been of doubtful origin, partly resembling an Etruscan lamp, and partly looking like some worn-out censer. The visitor, by pushing aside a curtain, entered a large stone chamber with narrow, cell-like windows

in it. A spacious fire-place running up into a heavily built chimney, sent forth a cheerful glow, caused by a fire of peat and huge logs. A large oaken table stood in the centre of the room covered with manuscripts, maps, and charts, and the piled up debris of a scholar's desk. An ink horn, made out of a boar's tusk mounted with silver, was placed in the centre of the table. A Welsh harp stood on one side of the fire-place, and near it, on a smaller table, might be seen the peculiar square red and black notes of a Gregorian score-book, with the words of the chants and psalms written below the notes in Latin. Two or three Glastonbury chairs were placed upon the opposite side of the great brick chimney, while on a little table directly in front of the fire, were standing a tankard of goat's milk, a bread-board covered with an oaten loaf and some layers of cheese.

A tall, spare form with sunken eyes of piercing gray, and a fringe of whitish hair around the sides of his tonsured head, was bending over the tables on which the maps and charts were lying. He had one finger

on a certain spot on the map, and was measuring distances with a pair of iron compasses with the other hand.

"*Pax vobiscum*, my father, and now, my father in God," said the visitor. "I have come to see you, like Nicodemus of old, by night, and like him for fear of the Jews. God be with you, my beloved."

"Welcome, thrice welcome, brother," replied the canon. "Sit you down. I am trying to find my new see upon the map, for there I am to pass the remnant of my days. But come, share with me my supper which has been standing here ever since my return from vespers, and then I will show you the latest score of chants which Conaro, our new precentor, hath just left with me. Perchance you will try them over with us for to-morrow's even-song. Sit you down, my friend; right glad am I to look upon the face of so true a friend as that of Père Du Blois."

The father, who had been Felix Radbert's companion on the road to Paris, on the famous St. John the Baptist's day, and who, as we have already seen, had stood by the

side of the young medical student during Abelard's oration in the amphitheatre, laid aside his cloak and seated himself in a chair. The host and guest having reverently crossed themselves, and having said grace over the brown bread and goat's milk, fell at once into conversation about the map of Chalons, and the new Gregorian chants. At last in answer to a summons made by a loud blast upon a chamois horn which hung over the mantel-piece, the lay brother, who had answered the priest's knock at the cloister gate, appeared and carried away the stone pitcher and the bread-board.

"Well, my father," said the old priest when the curtain of the chamber was drawn upon them by the retiring attendant, "what think you of these times? What will the end be to us when you are gone to your new field. '*Domine, quid multiplicati inimici*, many are they that rise against me; many there be that say of my soul, There is no help for him in his God. But thou, O Lord, art my defender: thou art my worship and the lifter up of my head.'

"Truly, with St. Paul I can exclaim of my

countrymen, 'O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?'"

"True my friend," replied the other, as he surveyed the father who was beating the chair arm abstractedly with his bony knuckles, while vacantly gazing into the flames upon the great hearth, as if he were looking into futurity for an answering voice, "I am wearied with all this strife, and so I am going to Chalons to serve my Lord and Master as a bishop in the church of God. I feel with Elijah, as if I only were left, and now they seek to take away my life also. It costs me a thousand heartaches to tear myself away from Paris, and the many associations which have grown around my life here, like running vines upon some old oak tree or castle wall, and go away to so wild and unknown a region as my new home will be, so near as it is to the mountains and forests of Ardennes. But I can stand this strife no longer, and so I go, saying with Hezekiah of old to Isaiah: 'Good is the word of the Lord which thou hast spoken, for there shall be peace and truth in my days.'"

"Alas, alas!" replied the poor father with

a sigh, shaking his head in a melancholy way as he still peered into the fire. "'Why do the heathen so furiously rage together, and why do the people imagine a vain thing?' It is the pride of intellect, it is the spirit that denies, which is abroad to-day. 'The prophets prophesy falsely, said Jeremias of old, 'and the priests bear rule by their words, and my people love to have it so, and what will ye do in the end thereof?' Could you have seen the crowd that day, hurrying up to the lecture hall when that ensnaring youth spoke of the nearness of human nature to God; could you have heard how the young men, even the medical students in Paris, raved, for I met that day a certain Felix Radbert from Lyons, an honest youth, it would astonish you.

"Tennis court is nothing. The playhouse is forsaken. The masquerade is void of men; and I am told that women have to act men's parts to carry on the mummer's show. Even the weekly shooting of the archers with their new cross-bows before the king's palace seems bare of people, save a few low varlets who crowd the place with their ugly

bludgeons, and the leathern jerkins of the Port St. Denis quarters. It seems as if the devil was snared on his own ground, and as if some one greater than Beelzebub had locked up the very devil and had captured the blessed church of Christ, against which the Master himself saith: 'The gates of hell shall not prevail.' Ah, my father, what will become of the church when we are taken?"

Here the bell of a neighboring convent tolled the hour of nine at night, and after a few more words of affectionate counsel, the newly appointed bishop and the venerable priest embraced each other and parted. The lay brother came shuffling over the tile flooring again, and having unlocked the rusty iron bolt of the cloister gate, holding up his swinging lamp high above his head with a "*pax vobiscum*," held open the door, while the priest passed out into the street.

It was a cold, blustering November night, and the aged father wrapped his cloak tightly about him, and bent his head as if to meet and overcome the opposing gusts of dust and wind and dried bits of leaves and straw which were whirled along the pavement.

Thinking, perhaps, that he might make better headway against the dusty current, the Père Du Blois, after passing over the single bridge which then united the island with the bank of the city near where the tower of St. Jacques now stands, pursued his way to his home, close by the gate which opened toward the hill of St. Génévière. Suddenly he heard angry shouts and loud calls, which were followed by cries, as if of persons in distress. A crowd of men were fighting in the street over what seemed to be an overturned litter. Several long, broken boxes were scattered on the stones, and from one of them extended the grim and ghastly head of a dead woman, her long, black hair reaching out upon the curbstone. Horrified by the sight, and yet irresistibly drawn on by that peculiar fascination which is inherent in a crowd, the old priest ran until he came into the very midst of the fray. A strong youth, clad in the frock of a peasant, with two or three women by his side were struggling frantically in their endeavors to cling to one of the rude coffins, marked with the sign of the cross at its head, and stamped upon

its side with the seal of the prefect of the poor. The father tried in vain to stop the struggle, and to keep back the blows which were mercilessly dealt upon the back and shoulders of these clinging, shrieking peasants.

Presently a shrill whistle sounded; a number of lamps waved in the night wind, and a dozen night watchmen or guards *de la paix*, appeared upon the scene, and began an indiscriminate flogging of all concerned in the affray.

There was an instantaneous scattering of the crowd in all directions, and just as a stalwart guard was about to seize the father, making no discrimination of prisoners in the melée, a strong hand grasped him by the right arm, lifted him as if he had been a child, and placed him upon a horse which cantered rapidly away under the call of the driver of this cavalcade, who urged on his escape by the constant cracking of a most energetic whip. The horses dashed away, nearly overturning a group of peasant's carts as they rounded a corner, and whirled along the river's bank, and out of the city's gate.

Before the astonished priest could collect his wits, or take in the situation, a striking of flint in the company, which resulted in the lighting of a huge horn lantern, showed him the faces of three young students as his companions, and a familiar voice called out cheerily: "Don't be alarmed, Père Du Blois, you have fallen into the hands of a resurrectionist party, only some of the relatives have been watching the morgue gates, and they made a set-to to rescue the body of their mother. It's bad business all around, but then you know, this is a scientific age, and we must have specimens for the medical school. But you may thank your stars I recognized you and whisked you off, or you would have spent the night in the guard-house."

"It was a badly managed affair all around. Was it not, Theodore?"

"That it was," replied the fellow student. "Those novices began their attack with the clubs too soon. Such a noise would be sure to bring the guards. However, we're well out of the way by this time, at the rate our man is driving us."

The father recognized at once the first speaker as his former friend, Felix Radbert from Lyons, and having become composed, said with a faint smile: "So I'm a captive of war, am I? Pray whither are you driving me so fast?"

"Why, to tell you the truth," answered Felix, "it would never do to let you wander around these streets again, you would surely be arrested a second time, so you must go along with us to Mount St. Génévière.

"Master Abelard leaves for Brittany to-morrow, and we are bound thither to spend the night with him. He will give you a warm welcome, so have no more fears, only be thankful we have snatched you from the hand of the justice of the peace."

There are times in life when we feel the utter incongruity of attempting to live our old life, which is our only natural life, in new and unnatural surroundings. Motives fail us. Expression seems lifeless. Utterance is departed. The struggling salmon landed on the bank, by the swirl of the angler, is not more completely out of the water, and consequently out of his natural element of

breathing, than is the nature, fixed by custom in rigid habits of thought, helpless in trying to live and think in a new and unfamiliar mental world. What can an old man do but be silent in an intellectual world, where even the common and accepted definitions and current phrases have to be defined and spelled over again, as happens to the new learner of some foreign tongue?

The Père Du Blois inwardly felt that the guard-house would have been a relief, compared with this compulsory visit to the school upon Mount St. Généviève. What was he to say? How could he talk? Not twenty minutes before, he was closeted in the St. Denis chamber with William of Champeaux, the *true* teacher of the age. In twenty minutes more he would be sitting as the enforced guest, an ecclesiastical hostage, in the camp of a man whom he detested with all the scorn of theological bias, a man in whom he had no faith — Peter Abelard.

The situation seemed strange, almost ludicrous. He had gone to help a poor peasant boy who was down in the dust with a torn smock frock; the guards had nearly arrested

him, a priest fighting in a street row in the interests of peace, and now he was snatched from the officers by a former friend, and was carried off as a theological prisoner of war to the home of his great enemy — the arch-heretic of the day. He went through all that range of sensations we experience when we are annoyed, but must perforce be silent. He was first angry, then vexed, then amused, then resigned, and last of all, despite himself, he found himself beginning to be curious and interested in the coming surprise. At any rate no harm could come of it, and it would be something to relate and to think of afterwards.

He managed to thank his young friends for the kindness they had meant to show him, but at the same time begged them to let him off at a little inn for travelers, the Tête d'Or, just outside the city's gate. This request was most good naturedly refused, on the ground that the inquisitive guards would soon have him again in their power, and the old man, with a sigh which ended in a laugh, resigned himself to the inevitable night before him. It was the wish of Felix Radbert

to lead his old friend into an amiable and playful frame of mind, for he justly considered that it would defeat his own purpose, if his prisoner should continue hopelessly enraged. And it was just as the captive was thawing out into a sweet and kindly spirit, in harmony with his new environment, as the situation might best be described in the scientific language of to-day, that the crack of a driver's whip and a loud blast upon a long hunting horn, announced the fact that they were at the camp of Mount St. Geneviève, as Abelard himself was pleased to call it.

A loud gong sounded, as the cavalcade drew up to the arched entrance of the house. A group of hostlers and stable boys seized the horses' heads, opened the doors of the tower, and crowded the visitors with their packages in a boisterous sort of hospitality into an open hall where a large fire was blazing upon a great stone hearth. Small knots of students were walking up and down the hallway, some with the silver badges of the medical school, and others with the brass insignia of the school of law. Here and

there a strange looking creature, half ecclesiastic, half brigand, in his make-up, appeared, booted and spurred and wearing a sash with a sword in it, and yet with a mermaid-like effect, the upper portion of the body was clad in a tightly fitting cassock, which with the tonsured head gave them this amphibious look — half cavalier, half priest.

"Here we are," shouted the young student whom Felix had called Theodore. "We are rousing hungry, for we've been in a street-row, and we've brought a victim of good intentions."

"Yes," added Felix, as he mounted the steps. "Master Abelard, let me present to you my old friend, the Père Du Blois."

Abelard, with an easy dignity, took the venerable priest by both hands, and leading him gently forward with true hospitality, placed him by the side of an easy chair directly in front of the fire. Presently a servant appeared bringing a pair of large, warm, fur shoes, while another spread a small table before him, on which was placed some smoking hot Burgundy wine and a dish of most savory venison with toast soaking in cream.

The poor old father, who was hungry and faint from his night adventure and his light repast of goat's milk and bread in William's chamber, obeyed the monitor within him, and fell to the work before him with a hearty good will.

Felix and Theodore meeting two of Abelard's students, already mentioned at the ovation in Paris, Genseric and Leitulf, fell into a conversation over another small table, on which was placed some substantial refreshment, giving to them, with many a wink and laugh, a detailed description of the night encounter with the resurrectionists and the guards *de la paix*.

Abelard listened to all these particulars with a quick ear, while doing the honors of the mansion to his enforced guest, who by this time was feeling very well disposed to the world in general, as the glow of the hot Burgundy reached to the extremity of his vitals.

Soon the scattered members of the place rallied around the chair in which the father was comfortably seated, while Abelard, giving the huge logs a poke, which set them

into a thousand sparks, mischievously opened the conversation as follows: "So you don't believe in me, Father Du Blois, do you? And I don't wonder, with such a set of secular troopers as I have around me. They want to be knights errant you see," he continued, slyly touching the fur slipper of the priest, and giving him a knowing toss of the head, "but really I believe they are afraid to go to the wars, so they have made a sort of philosophical camp of Mount St. Généviève, and leaving law, medicine, and theology, they want to dabble in metaphysics. Look at my cavalry squad there," he went on, seeing that his guest looked pleased and was apparently feeling warmed within, and consequently at peace with the world. "Look at those horsemen, my father, they have to ride on horseback they say every afternoon, to jog down the effects of the morning's lecture. They say I drive them too hard, and their brains ache.

"Howbeit, they give their money freely, and keep this place alive, and I am only a lecturer. So you found Radbert and party rifling the morgue, did you? A fine ending

for a day's reflection on universals and particulars. A beautiful corollary, to be sure, to a discourse this afternoon on Nominalism and Realism. Tell me, father, don't you pity me now? What am I to do with such men?"

"I like that," broke in Felix Radbert, with a laugh; "come now, did you not say last week that it was only by facts, and analogies from facts, that any science could stand the test of later discoveries? We cannot go on in medicine studying Galen, Hippocrates, and the Moorish doctors down in North Africa. We must have facts by which to learn our science. I am sure I thought when we galloped off with that box from the morgue, (behold the practical result of this new philosophy,) the day is coming when we shall have all this dissection openly acknowledged as a great benefaction instead of its being frowned upon as a hidden crime."

A merry shout of laughter greeted this reply in which all present joined.

Presently a dull-looking, dark-bearded man spoke out in bad French, mingled with Latin phrases and Italian: "True, O king, live forever! We all want new principles; we

are tired of this endless repetition of old and worn-out truisms. Why, down in Bologna at our law schools, there is never a new case, or the suggestion of any new interpretations of old maxims. Even the murderers in the courts kill in the same old fixed way. Stealing, lying, frauds, and assaults never vary in their methods.

"I would rather go at once to Cordova or to Alexandria or Damascus, and learn from the Mohammedans, whom our brethren are slaughtering, than attempt to study with these worn-out books, and worse than worn-out teachers.

"One can study philosophy from Alfarabi the emanationist at Bagdad, or medicine from Avicenna at Bokhara, for his 'Medical Canon' has never yet been surpassed. And surely the scepticism of Algazel who taught at Bagdad, has got more of the essence of truth in it than the barren truisms of our Christian teachers with all their orthodoxy."

"I told you so," chimed in Leitulf; "that is why I planned that *coup de l'eglise* at the amphitheatre the other day. Paris was ready

to be taken by storm by any man who had freshness and a new method. I have been roundly abused and criticized for it. Your own mother, Master Abelard, told me it was too stagey, and that I was born to be a court-jester. But what care I? It matters not whether it were a horse-tamer, or a new dancer, or a fresh mummer, or a tumbler. Paris wants something new, the world wants something new, for Paris is the world, and the flesh, and the devil too, for that matter. So whether the new man comes from the side of the devil, or the side of the church, what care I? It makes very little difference so that a man appears who is able to handle the age he lives in — and you're the man of to-day, Master Abelard, though the devil only knows which way you are going to give the world a kick."

Here a loud round of applause broke forth from the assembly, while Abelard, seeing a frown spreading over the features of the old priest, exclaimed: "Really, young men, you are passing the limits of the laws of St. Généviève. Our guest is tired, and I am to go to-morrow on a long journey to Brittany.

"I must ask you to retire; it is getting late. Bid me farewell at the gate to-morrow at seven o'clock. Good night." He waved them an adieu, and the noisy crowd retired.

"I will show you to your room, my friend," said the master to the astonished old man; "only let me speak with you a few words. You have come from William of Champeaux this evening, have you not?"

"Why, what makes you think so?"

"I passed by his gateway at seven o'clock as you were entering."

"Indeed! I saw you not."

"What did he say of me? Does he bear malice in his heart towards me? I am sure I wish him well, with his new honors and his new field."

"He said not a word about you, my young friend. But I fear you have wounded him for the rest of his life. Do you not remember what Jezebel said to Jehu as he entered in at the gate all dust-begrimed with his fast driving: 'Had Zimri peace who slew his master?'"

"I have not slain my master," said Abelard, rising from the couch before the hearth

on which he had been leaning. "Indeed I have not. It is not every man who can teach; it is not every man who can control and master the crowd. Alas, alas! my dear father," he continued, giving way to a sob that would not remain stifled, "I can teach others, I can govern and control the masses, but I can not teach my own fiery nature; I can not master myself. To-day I envy the new Bishop of Chalons the quiet life before him, and his nearness, through the flight of years, to death. Who can make out the meaning of the blackness of this evil from the pit? Who would not be glad when Heaven's state of confirmed holiness is an assured fact! But oh! this long stretch of life between the past of innocence and the future of holiness! I leave St. Généviève to-morrow for Brittany. I shall never return here. This place must be broken up. I shall try to give myself to God once more, and to the study of theology. To-morrow I go to Brittany to visit my mother who is about entering a cloister. When I return I shall study at Laon under Anselm, and then I shall preach and be a priest, '*sacerdos in æternum secundum ordinem Melchizedek.*'"

The aged priest arose and embraced the man whom he had so recently held in such disdain; and, yielding to the sympathetic attraction of his fascinating presence, gave him the kiss of peace upon his forehead.

Hereupon the master of St. Génévière conducted his guest to his chamber, and having himself lighted his hanging lamp and the turf upon the red brick hearth, with a farewell charge to him to sleep late, since Felix would conduct him to the city in the morning, and with a message of regard to the father's friend and his own antagonist, the new Bishop of Chalons, he left the tired old man to go to sleep, pondering over the eventful scenes of this memorable day, which had made him a guest in the house of his enemy, and had melted his hatred by the fascination of that enemy's presence, just as the congealed ice in some dangerous mountain pass does not argue with the rising sun, but simply disappears.

CHAPTER III.

The Threshold of the Cloister.

"But one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."— *St. Luke*, x. 42.

"GALLIA est omnis divisa in partes tres," every school-boy remembers when, with this opening sentence, in his first study of Latin classics, he begins to read Cæsar's Commentaries.

But the three divisions of Gaul, as Cæsar described them, have given place to many later divisions and boundaries, both geographical and historical. There are the distinctly different mercantile districts of Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Lyons. There are the wonderfully marked natural formations of Savoy, Nice, and the Rhenish boundary, that lapsing frontier, which, beginning with such beauty of scenery, loses itself at last in the rugged majesty of the Alps — the Simplon, the St. Gothard, and the Bernese Oberland.

Alsace and Lorraine, with the cathedral of Strasbourg, which has been wreathed in the smoke of so many conflicts, and has looked down in turns upon the Tricolor of France and the Black Eagle of the House of Hapsburg, tell the story of later strifes. Normandy too, with its castles and convents, its cathedrals and its walled towns, is like an outline map of the days of Ragnar Lodbrock the sea king, and Godwin the Dane. It shows us in successive pictures, as we name the towns and rivers of the district, the events in the life of Rollo, Robert, William the Conqueror, and the Norman dukes, the battle-fields of Cressy and Poitiers, the siege of Calais in the days of Edward, the arrival of the French fleet at Honfleur and Havre, and the crowning glory of the English arms under Henry V. at Agincourt. The peninsula of Brittany, formerly one of the largest provinces of France, though visited unfrequently by the tourist of to-day, is a unique and interesting country in itself. Washed on three sides by the Atlantic, and blown upon by the southwest trade-winds, which follow in the current of the gulf

stream, it is nautical throughout, in its trade and character, and is like a little piece of England buttoned on to France. In fact it is supposed to have received its name from the Britons, who were driven out of England and took up their abode here in the fifth century. At the time of our story it was one of the duchies of France.

It was not until the days of Francis I., in 1532, that it was united to the crown. Separated on the south by the Gulf and River Loire — skirted around its coast by islands and inlets, by innumerable bays and beaches — isolated from Normandy by the wall-like department of Manche, joining Poitou, Anjou, and Maine upon the east, it seems to stretch out longingly towards England, over the bay of St. Malo, and the Cape de la Hague, by Jersey, Guernsey and the Channel islands, to the Scilly sands and Land's-End on the English coast.

It was to this historic province of Brittany, so well known by the stories and legends which have had their origin there, and so graphically described in the chronicles of Sir John Froissart, that our hero was bending

his steps on a pilgrimage of filial devotion. He was going to the home of his youth, to visit his mother before she entered the convent of St. Helena, in the neighborhood of Nantes.

At the hour of seven in the morning, while the constrained guest at Mount St. Génévière was sleeping over the strange adventures of the preceding day, a well-equipped horse, with holsters and packages tightly strapped to the saddle, was pawing the ground in front of the doorway of the castellated building which had been known as the camp of Abelard. Presently the master appeared, booted and spurred, with a cap of gray fox fur and a thick riding coat of the same material, the gift of a devoted student. Surrounded by a number of his followers, after many hand-shakings and embracings, he waved a final adieu, and sallied forth from the arched gateway.

Descending the hill, to the road which led to the south and east of the city, he looked back again, as he came to the last turn in the road, at the camp of Mount St. Génévière. Like some knightly cru-

sader of the period looking back at his castle and his home, knowing that he might never return to the old familiar spot, the young master with the brilliant present in his own hand and the unknown future before him, was at this very moment executing a retreat from a false position, only that he might the more successfully gain the heart of the combat. He let his reins drop for a few moments upon the saddle-bow, as he looked back over the zigzag pathway which led to the gate of the former castle, and despite himself and his brave and resolute spirit, strange thoughts and feelings, singular symptoms of home-sickness, mingled with an intellectual and moral inertia, which, making him averse to the thoughts of further achievement and enterprise, took possession of his mind, and began their chilling, depressing effect in arresting his will, and making him irresolute and undecided. Perhaps, he thought to himself, it might be all in vain, this effort to reach the heart of Paris by the religious teaching and life. Already he was firmly seated at St. Génévière, why not yield to his present surroundings, so full of

success and prosperity? Why abandon the sureness of that which was already fixed, for the uncertainty of a new departure?

As he was thus musing to himself, at the turning of the road which was so soon to shut out from sight the well-known towers of the school he had just deserted, a cloud of dust and the tramping of horse hoofs announced the fact that some cavalcade was approaching. In a few moments a group of horsemen were at the spot, who, with a large retinue of servants and soldiers on horseback, came to a halt at the corner of the road, opposite the spot where Abelard was resting for his final view of Mount St. Génévière.

A rude wayside fountain trickled lazily its slow drops into a large, stone basin, and thither the postilions drew their horses' heads. In a moment the party alighted from their steeds, when, to the surprise of the solitary traveler, he found that he was standing in the presence of royalty. Instantly dismounting, he removed his cap and bowed fittingly towards the king.

The ruler of France at this period was Philip I., whose reign extended from A.D. 1060

to the year 1108. A rough, bold soldier, he bore the family likeness of Hugh Capet and was a true follower in the Capetian line.

Presently one of the royal group, recognizing the young teacher, accosted him. It was the secretary of Cardinal Pettzoli, an Italian, who stood well in the eyes of the court. Approaching the king he spoke a few words with him, and then beckoning Abelard to him, said: "Your Majesty, this is the teacher who has made such a stir in Paris — Master Peter Abelard."

The young student of St. Généviève made a profound bow, but was instantly brought to himself by the bantering tone of the king, who was clad in a richly embroidered hunting suit of fur, and played with a small cane in his hand. "So you are this new teacher I've heard about, are you? Well, how does it feel to know so much? Come men," addressing the postilions, "don't be so long with the horses, we're near an hour behind now. *Diable*, how stupid those varlets are."

Abelard, hardly knowing what to do, retreated towards his horse's head, without, however, turning his back to the king.

After a vigorous volley of curses upon the grooms, for their general slowness and inefficiency, as his majesty tumbled clumsily into the saddle again, he called out to Abelard, who was standing erect by his horse, with his fur cap in one hand, and the reins in the other, "*Au revoir*, my friend, let me know when you have another exhibition, or oration, or whatever you call it, in Paris. The hunting is dull, and the plays are stupid, and I'm ready for anything new. Only keep the curs down, don't let the crowd get the upper hand. The people are mere beasts, they must be flogged and fed just as dogs and horses are served, according to their deserts. Mind my words now, young man, keep with the doctors as much as you choose, but let these mad rascals who are trying to crawl up, alone. Get on, you lazy dogs, don't wait here all day. Zounds! what fools." The remainder of this malediction on the unfortunate postilions, was lost upon the ear of Abelard, as the horse hoofs clattering over the stones, and the cries of the drivers, mingled with the whip cracks and the confused orders, drowned the irascible voice of the kingly speaker. The

lonely traveler waited, until the dust of the cavalcade had lifted from the highway, and then by that splendid combativeness which is inwrought in our human nature, and is at times Heaven's best gift to man struggling in a world in which right and wrong are everlastingly opposed; by that resolute combativeness pictured to the world in the forces of nature, the storm on the mountain side, and the gale in mid-ocean, the young master, no longer undecided, not even looking a second time at the distant towers of St. Génévière, girt his coat about him, pulled down his cap with a purpose, as if to shut out from view all else, save the straight pathway before him, and putting spurs to his horse galloped rapidly after the royal cavalcade on the way to the palace. As he went on, he muttered to himself words of righteous resentment against this specimen of royalty, and settled finally, and as by an impulse from above, in his own mind that from henceforth he would be the voice and the champion of the down-trodden masses.

By easy stages on his journey westward, Abelard passed through the towns in the

neighborhood of Paris, and traveled past Melun, Chartres, Courville, Le Mans, Angers, and Nantes, until he arrived at his old home. As he was passing over the mountains which separate the district of Mayenne from that of the Loire, he took shelter for the night in a cosy roadside inn.

This entire journey from Paris to Brittany, had revealed to the thoughtful mind of Abelard the wonderful resources of France. As he journeyed over the mountains, which lie between Chartres and Orleans, and traversed the rich valleys of the Loire, crossing and recrossing that vein-like river, and passing the villages and castles of picturesque France, he was more than ever impressed with the fact, which is the wonder of that nation today, the measureless power of fertility and recuperation which the French people everywhere exhibit.

Who that has traveled much through that land can fail to be impressed with these very features which were then making themselves felt upon the mind of Abelard? The rich and cultured fields, the hill sides, covered on their rising terraces and slopes with

the different vines of the many grapes of the region, the castles and residences of the nobility, the picturesque hamlets and cottages of the poor, the wayside crosses, the shepherds' huts, the thick forests untouched by the axe of later civilization, the shrines of the Virgin and the saints in the niches in the walls at notable turnings, the green meadows dotted with the gay dresses of the peasants who work in them, all combine to attract and enliven the mind of the tourist, who finds in all these differing elements the rich material upon which his mind can feed.

As Abelard drew up his tired horse at the roadside inn on the last evening of his journey, hoping that the next day would bring him, from this spot in the mountains in the east of Angers, to his home at Palais, near Nantes, he was warmly welcomed by the provincial host. As the guest entered the square hall, a tall ecclesiastic who was walking up and down eyed him askance, and then stepped out on the stone piazza which encircled the white Moorish building with its red tile roof. A comfortable supper followed, composed of broiled boar's steak and

wild fowl. This was the gift of a couple of archers who had been home on sick leave, and who had stopped for a day's hunting in the mountains of Mayenne, as they were wending their way back again to Marseilles to join their companions on their voyage to the East. A turf fire on the hearth warmed the wearied travelers and huntsmen, and made this cold November evening cheerful enough indoors. At intervals, a servant-woman would bring a bundle of fagots and dried branches, gathered from the neighboring forests, and would pile them upon the great stone hearth.

Against the wall were placed a couple of cross-bows with half-emptied quivers. Some broken arrows, together with the tusks and skin of the slaughtered boar, were scattered on the ground. Two young hunting dogs, proud of so great an achievement as this day's hunting, were nervously running up and down in front of the fire-place, smelling the smeared skin and fierce looking tusks, as though they were expecting that every moment it would start into life, and renew the combat.

The stamping of the horses, the braying of asses, and the tinkling of innumerable cow-bells, mingled with the noise of bleating sheep in the cow-sheds near by, were, for a time, the only sounds that could be heard; for these stables and cow-sheds were joined to the inn, and were covered by a long line of the same red tiles, which were upon the main building itself.

"A fine night this for some of those Spanish brigands," remarked the elder of the two archers, a bright, black-eyed little fellow, clad in a yellow, leathern jerkin, a man of that peculiarly French genus, known to the world to-day as the light zouave.

"They might take off our beasts before we knew it, they are so nimble, you know, half gypsy, half Moor. You keep a guard up all night, don't you, landlord?"

"That we do," replied the host, pouring out some hot mulberry wine, which was a home-made beverage, into the pewter tankards of the assembled guests. "But you see," he continued, "it's a little early yet, and there have been so many crusaders gathering at Tours for the last six months

that these rascals are afraid to come very far over the Pyrenees."

"These are very evil days," groaned the strange priest, a tall, lean, sallow-visaged man of the Spanish type. "The devil seems to be having his own way right and left. We must be very near the end of the world."

"Why so?" asked Abelard, preserving thus far very successfully his character as a traveling merchant. "Oh," sighed the priest, "because everything seems to be going wrong. The rich people are away fighting the Turks, instead of staying at home and fighting their sins. The nobility care only for pleasure, the peasants care only for greed. The confessional box is deserted, and the great teachers and doctors are arch-heretics. It does seem at times as if the world could say with those at Ephesus, whom St. Paul found, 'We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.' And yet we are told this is the age of the Holy Spirit. *Dicit qui testimonium perhibet istorum: etiam venio cito. Amen. Etiam veni, Domine Iesu!*" The young

archers seemed surprised at the turn the conversation was taking, and looked somewhat awkward and constrained.

Hereupon the host, after refilling the tankards, endeavored to rally the spirits of his guests by saying, "Well, friends, come now, let us drink to the health of these young soldiers: a good voyage to you both from Marseilles."

The tankards were lifted and drained, while Abelard and the host, and the two soldiers, carried on a general talk upon the merits of the crusades and the advantage that would accrue to the world in general and to France in particular, from a successful termination of the war in the East.

After this, the soldiers thinking they heard strange noises in the cattle-sheds, seized their iron-pointed staves and went out from the hall to inspect the horses, whereupon the priest began again his lamentation over the degenerate age in which they lived, mourning over the ignorance of the peasantry and the heresies of the teachers.

"Why," said he, addressing the host, "don't you remember the last time I was here, when

this place was so full; there was that old priest and the medical student from Lyons, and a canon something or other, with his niece and friends. Do you not remember how they went on about the way things were in Paris."

"Aye, man, that I do well enough," replied the inn-keeper, poking the logs with his gnarled stick. "Did you mind how the young doctor fell in love with the canon's niece, that black-eyed girl with the long hair down her shoulders? It was as good as a play to see that boy trying to talk with the young one, and the old uncle and the women heading him off all the time." And the jolly old countryman stamped his club on the warm flag-stones, and laughed heartily.

"I do not remember any such light conduct," responded the priest, "but I do bear in mind how the old priest agreed with me that the world was waxing late, and the days were days of sore evil. But the young doctor and the canon and the women were full of talk about the new teacher who had driven the holy William of Champeaux clean out of Paris. They said the people were all rising

up around him. But mark my words, he will die excommunicate yet, if the Holy Father can gather a council."

"Which Holy Father do you mean?" innocently inquired Abelard.

"Ah!" replied the priest, "that's the rub, sure enough; *which* Holy Father, Pope or anti-Pope; by St. Michael and all the archangels in Heaven, what a strait we are in."

"What did they say of this new leader?" inquired the unknown guest.

"Oh, they said many things!" answered the priest. "The women folks, and especially the black-eyed little one and the canon and the young doctor were full of him; but the canon told me, after they had left the room, that his teaching was the work of the very devil himself. Mother of God, defend us!"

"Well, all I can say is," broke in the host, a rough looking man dressed in a coarse skin clothing, with a red cap on his head, "it's bad enough every way; there's no money anywhere, except what the king and the court spend; the poor peasants are worse than pack-horses; and folks that used to travel are

all off fighting the Turks, and I say, if the priests, bishops, monks, and friars can't do any more for the world than they've done all these years since the Virgin Mary brought forth her Son, it's time there was a change all round. What say you, master?"

Abelard was relieved from making any reply, by the return of the two archers, who brought back a report that the moon was shining outside, and that the suspicious men whom the stable-keepers had arrested, were only gypsy fortune-tellers who were on their way to Paris to join the army of the Beggars' Kingdom there.

"Why, that's very strange," said the priest; "don't you mind, Balthazzar, how the last time I was here, some fortune-tellers arrived, and scared the canon and the girls, by saying that his little black-eyed niece would be known throughout the world by her sad history? Why, the blasphemous wretches actually quoted a text from the holy gospel, and said a sword would pierce through her own bosom, and that by her sorrow many hearts would be made known."

"I remember it well," replied the host, "the

canon up with his cane and gave the curly headed Jew a-whack over the shoulder, and they went off without their money." Here a loud knocking at the gate was heard. A couple of greasy looking gypsies, dressed in tawdry finery, such as one sees to-day on the campagna at Rome, doffed their caps and, making a low curtsy, entered the hall.

Their bronze faces, burnt with the sun, were streaked with layers of actual and inherited dirt. They shuffled clumsily their wooden sabots, as they slowly and with a stealthy tread scraped their way into the room without the effort of walking.

The soldiers were for having a good time of it, and after a season of bantering held forth their palms for examination. This was too much for the priest, who, muttering to himself the words of the 68th Psalm, "*Exurgat Deus et dissipentur inimici ejus*," left the room with an angry and resentful tread. This was a relief to Abelard and the rest of the company, who were quite ready for any diversion after the solemn malediction of the saturnine ecclesiastic.

The young soldiers were greatly amused

and delighted with their fortunes; one of them was to be taken prisoner by the Moors, but was eventually to marry a princess, and become a ruler in Arabia. The other was to be detained at some Christian port in Asia Minor, Venice, Trieste, Naples, or some spot in Sicily, and was finally to reap a great fortune.

Abelard, who had been somewhat disconcerted by the talk concerning himself, and by the strange incident of the fortune-teller's prophecy about Canon Fulbert's niece, had managed thus far to conceal alike his impressions and his personality. Assuming a reckless man-of-the-world air and tone of voice, he exclaimed, "Come on, old man, try your hand on me." The elder of the two gypsies, a dirty, ragged old man with a long, gray, greasy beard, and heavy, dishevelled hair, took his palm, and after examining it a long time in consultation with his companion, with many whispers and shrugs of the shoulders, let it drop as if it had been the hand of a leper. "Nayesh, nayesh!" exclaimed the old man in the gypsy patois of the region. "What is the matter?" asked

Abelard. The host colored, looked abashed, drew back a few steps and said, "He says you are unclean, unclean!"

Abelard tried to rally the company by a supreme act of the will, remarking, with a forced laugh, that he hoped the prince in Arabia, and the merchant in Venice would not forget him when he came asking for alms; but the guests were too much overcome by the startled manner and bearing of the gypsy, to rally as easily as he had hoped.

"We must bring in Fatima," the elder fortune-teller remarked, as he left the room, "we cannot make it out ourselves."

Abelard improved the occasion by making himself master of the situation, as far as five minutes' time allowed him to do so, by suggesting with a laugh that three fortune-tellers to one man involved a threefold fee.

He then followed with a dissertation on the devil's hand in soothsaying and witchcraft, from the days of the witch of Endor, and the Greek oracles, to the present reign of these Spanish gypsies. Before he had finished, the door opened and the two men returned, bringing with them an aged wo-

man, dark-hued and sallow, fantastically dressed with a shabby turban, from under which the long, gray hair fell down upon a necklace of boar's teeth set in silver. With a wild sort of croon she curtsied towards the stranger, and eying him from head to foot, began the examination of the outstretched palm. Abelard in an unterrified manner bore the scrutiny without flinching.

In a few moments Fatima fell into a swoon, slowly muttering out, "He will become — oh, he must become — the greatest and the weakest teacher of his age. But a spell is over him. He cannot fight — oh, he cannot fight — against the demon of his fate. A prophet hath said — oh, a prophet of the living God hath said — of one born under a like conjunction of planets — but I know not where it is — oh, I know not where it is, Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming. How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!"

Here the woman, with a groan, fainted utterly; the archers, terrified, drew their swords from under their gabardines, when,

in a moment, the lights were put out, and the room was enveloped in utter darkness. A door was slammed to and bolted, and when the assembled party lighted the lamp again from the smouldering ashes on the hearth, Peter Abelard was gone.

Our hero, on emerging from the room, quickly locked the door after him, and in an instant was at the stable. He seized his horse, which was tied in the cattle-shed, and before he could be discovered had saddled and bridled him, and with his packages under his arms was galloping in the full moonlight through the forest trees which tufted the sides of the mountain. It was about twelve o'clock at night, and the marvelous stillness of the atmosphere was disturbed only by the rhythmical sounds of the measured horse-hoofs. In the early gray of the morning, as he passed a shepherd's cot, which had been comfortably filled with straw ever since the lambing season, the tired rider, first fastening his horse within, and then bolting the rude door behind him, flung himself down to sleep—horse and rider alike tired out by the midnight flight. Fear rules us in exact pro-

portion to our temperamental sensitiveness. The moods of man correspond to the moods of nature. Even the dumb cattle show that inherent fear which they have in common with man, when exposed to the storm, the whirlwind, or the suspense which precedes some alarm of nature. Even the strong lion and the fierce tiger show that quality of fear which everything creaturely exhibits at times in the sense of oppression with which the mysterious spirit in nature asserts itself.

But when deep calleth unto deep, when the spirit which is in nature evokes the spirit which is in man, in the temperamental expression, in the conscience, in the nervous cast of character, this sense of fear is not cowardice, but is simply man amidst the forces of nature, yielding before the compulsion of those driving forces.

The company the next morning thought that the mysterious stranger who had blown out the light and disappeared was an arrant coward. At least so the archers said, as with the full light of the certain day, they laughed over the adventure of the previous night. But Abelard knew that it was not cowardice

which drove him from the presence of the weird gypsies, but an indescribable correspondence between their vague prophecies and those of his own troubled breast.

The evening of the same day brought our traveler to the end of his journey, and late in the afternoon, he entered the well-known streets of his native city, Palais, near Nantes. There were the same old church towers and red-tiled roofs, the same familiar nooks and corners of the town, the same river on whose banks he had played when a boy. At every turning of the road there came upon Abelard's mind the countless associations of boyhood's days. But between that time and the present, there had happened that experience which happens to every one who lives out in a new world, and away from the old life of childhood: the world seemed very large and wide indeed, and the old home seemed very cramped and small.

That evening Abelard, with his mother leaning on his arm, strolled down the garden walk of the old home, to a bower on the banks of the Loire, which had been a favorite place of play in childhood. His father,

Berengar, had long ago entered into cloistral life, and his brothers and sisters, living the life of their surroundings, were busied in their shops, their strifes and their homes.

The mother, with her boy at her side, strolled down the garden walk, until they came to this familiar arbor, once the scene of many busy plays, but now deserted, and over-grown with briers, and tall rank weeds. There, on that moonlight evening, though it was not a cold night, the mother wrapping her square-cut gown of serge about her son with that maternal instinct which always travels back to the period of babyhood, and fancies the grown-up man a child again, and the son giving back to the mother that which is the boy's first and latest love, they talked together about the strange events of the past, and the solemn service of the morrow.

He told her of his career in Paris, and at Mount St. Génévieve, of the perils and difficulties of his situation, and of his resolve to give up the speculations of philosophy, for the special field of theology, and the life of the monastic order. As he finished the story of his life as a teacher, he asked her, with an

earnest and inquiring tone, why she had made up her mind to enter into cloistral life, and also if there was anything in the past history of the family which might entail upon him any evil fate or hidden mystery. After a few moments' silence the mother said: "My son, I am, to-morrow, to enter into cloistral life, in fulfilment of a long cherished vow. Your father, Berengar, a man of noble descent, after serving in the army of the Duke of Brittany, and having done all in his power to give you the elements of a good education, grew tired of the world and its ceaseless strifes and entered the monastery of St. Nicolas in Little Brittany. Though you were destined for arms, the dream of the bee gathering honey, which I had on the day of your birth, was fulfilled in the later realization of your eloquence. Hence I called you my Peter Abelard — my honey-gatherer. Your father said that at the feet of Minerva he should sacrifice all the military pomp which blazed round the god of war.

"And yet, my son," continued the mother, "I have not been without my secret fears

about you. I know your waywardness and passionateness as a child. An astrologer whom I consulted before your birth, told me that you would be born under the sign of the Libra, and that this would imply great alternatives for good or for evil. Moreover, he told me that you would influence most powerfully your age and nation, and that your name would sparkle, or would appal those who in after days would read in you the history of the church in France. I have watched you with a trembling eye; I have held my breath over all this popularity and success. I was appalled in Paris the day I saw the multitude hanging upon your lips, and witnessed your wonderful command over men.

"And to night, my son, like another Monica warning her boy who became a St. Augustine, I have told you the reason of my long cherished purpose, and the secret story of your birth. France to day calls you to her service; the church to day needs your defending presence, but above all this, my darling one, you need the protecting care of the church. For myself, I give the rest of my life to my God and to you. I shall follow you with my prayers,

it is all I can offer in this period of trial through which I feel that you are to pass. You are like the apostle of old, whose name you bear, rash, impetuous and wilful, but, strengthened by the spirit of God, methinks I can hear the Lord of the vineyard, saying to you for France, as he said to his strong but erring disciple of old, for the world as it then was, '*Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram ædificabo meam ecclesiam.*'"

Mother and son—sinning and sin-producing—alike fulfilling the autocratic decree of Nature: "To every seed its own body,"—embraced each other, with many tears and kisses, and prayers to God for success, and with promises of help and cheer.

"One promise more," said the son when they returned to the house, as with tear-bedewed face, he kissed his mother for the last time, in that nursery where he had so often looked up into her face for the farewell kiss of evening, and had, even as a child, wondered why she sighed and dropped a tear over him, and not over the other children, "it is this. When to-morrow's service is concluded and you, with your vows of

renunciation fresh upon you, pass out of the church, where we have so often been together in days that are gone, promise me that you will raise your eyes to the little stone gallery near the belfry, where I used to sit when Ludovico, the old ringer, would let me toll the bell for good behavior, when a boy; and let me see in your eyes, the assurance that you have prayed for me that my faith fail not."

The day following, the church was filled with the gossiping townsfolk, with the attending priests and nuns, and the brethren of Abelard and their children. No one could understand why the Madam should renounce the world at the eleventh hour of life. "Did you ever know anything so foolish," remarked a fat shop-woman, whose husband was a Brittany fisherman, and whose very presence was redolent with the salt of dried herring, "I have known that woman all my life; and what has she done that she should enter a convent, I should like to know."

"O," whispered her companion, who was dressed in the costume of the district, and was heeling a coarse red stocking, so as to

lose no time by this extra religious service, "it's her son's doings. He's a doctor in Paris, and he's come down to see her take the veil."

"Which is he?" inquired the wife of the toiler of the sea. "I don't see him with the rest. There's Eugene, and Joseph, and Carlotta, and Maria, and Henrietta, with their children, and see, Maria has even brought the baby, but I don't see any strange one. I don't think I ever saw this Peter. They say he is wonderfully grand looking, and acts as if he were the son of a prince. But, well-a-day, by the Holy Evangelists, they say there's nothing like learning to make a person proud."

The solemn service was over by noon. The long gray silken hair of the matron, was cut from that erect and well-poised head. The cap of the Order was placed upon the brow; the long white veil fell down before the face, reversing the order of the bridal veil, which, thrown back when the ceremony is ended, falls over the shoulders, as the bridegroom lifts it to look into the face of her who has become his own. Her arms

were folded across her breast, tightly grasping a black crucifix upon which her eyes were bent intently. Slowly the nuns retired down the long aisle, while the choir sang, as a recessional, to the solemn minor tones of the organ, that hymn of the Italian, Venantius Fortunatus, known by its Latin name— *Vexilla Regis.*

"Vexilla regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Quo carne carnis conditor,
Suspensus est patibulo.

"Impleta sunt quæ concinit
David fideli carmine
Dicens: In nationibus
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

"O crux ave, spes unica!
Hoc passionis tempore,
Auge piis institiam
Reisque dona veniam.

"Te summa Deus Trinitas
Collaudet omnis spiritus
Quas per crucis mysterium
Salvas, rege per sæcula."

The eyes of thirty-nine nuns looked only at the crucifix held in the hand before

them as they slowly walked out of the church; but the eyes of the fortieth were slowly raised from the crucifix before her, to a distant portion of the church, as if in search of something, and as if the voice of the Master had spoken through the pale face of the crucifix in that solemn hour, and had said: "Woman, behold—thy son."

The beseeching eyes of the mother met, for an instant, the longing eyes of the son. It was only for an instant, and then the long procession of sisters in white passed out of the church.

But the over-wrought frame of Abelard could stand it no longer. He thought of those familiar words in the gospel: "And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter,"—and when he thought thereupon, like him of old whose name he bore, "he went out and wept bitterly."

CHAPTER IV.

Sacred Theology.

"There's Heaven above, and night by night
I look right through its gorgeous roof.
No suns and moons though e'er so bright,
Avail to stop me: splendor-proof
I keep the brood of stars aloof:
For I intend to get to God,
For 'tis to God I speed so fast,
For in God's breast my own abode.
Those shoals of dazzling glory past,
I lay my spirit down at last."

Robert Browning. — *Johannes Agricola.*

THE cathedral town of Laon in the district of Aisne, close to the mountains and the forests of Ardennes, on the borders of what is now known as Belgium, was at the time of our story the seat of a famous theological school. Here resided the leading theological teacher in France, Anselm of Laon, a namesake and formerly a pupil of the great Archbishop of Canterbury. The famous cathedral of this place still enshrines in its magnificent Gothic architecture the name of this French Anselm, and rescues from general oblivion the local traditions of a name which

is dwarfed by the side of its great English counterpart.

Within the walls of this picturesque town were gathered many students, embryo priests and monks, and the lazy theological dilettanti of the period, who were forever hanging upon the lips of celebrated teachers, and absorbed a mass of doctrine and philosophy, which weighed them down helplessly to the earth under the ponderous systems of the scholastics.

This Anselm, now an elderly man of the mechanical ecclesiastical type, was a canon and dean of the chapter, and had numbered, in his day, among his many pupils, some of the most distinguished doctors and bishops of the age. De Champeaux himself, who had so long been the head master of the cathedral school of Notre Dame in Paris, had sat at his feet, and had been a faithful disciple of this master. From Flanders, from Burgundy, from Lombardy, and even from Spain and the Mediterranean cities, young and old made pilgrimages to Laon, to learn the methods and receive the instruction of this man whom the Gallican church held in such reverence. One

morning, in the spring of the year 1103, Anselm was lecturing as usual to the students before him. His subject was the book of Job. The seven thousand sheep which belonged originally to the upright man in the land of Uz, he said, stood for the seven deadly sins which were innate in human nature, as its inherited substance from the Devil; the three thousand camels represented the tripartite nature of man, — body, soul and spirit; the five hundred she-asses stood for the five human senses, and by the four messengers who came to tell Job of his calamities, were meant the fourfold method of revelation, — the reason, the conscience, nature and the church. The three friends of Job represented the three dispensations of the Old Testament period. Eliphaz, the Temanite, was a type of the age of the patriarchs. Bildad, the Shuhite, represented the priestly line of Aaron. Zophar, the Naamathite, was the representative of the prophets. Elihu, the Buzite, was the image of the apostles. The whirlwind was the day of judgment. The war-horse was the Saracenic power, because the Mohammedans were

famous for their horses, and by Behemoth playing in the waters of the Nile, was no doubt meant the heretical churches of Egypt and the Thebaid which were in the habit of rending creeds, and tossing to the wind orthodox confessions. The seven bullocks and seven rams which Job's friends offered at the last in sacrifice, meant the sevenfold gifts of wisdom, and the three daughters born to Job after his trial—Jemima, Kezia, and Keren-Happuch, were types and images of proximate contrition, remote contrition and absolution, these being the three later gifts which came to every man, or were born in him after a thorough confession.

It was a dark afternoon in April, and by the time the learned theologian had finished in twenty-seven particulars his opening survey of the book of Job, and had distributed it into eighty-one parts—that number being the ninth time of nine, and nine being the third time of three, and the figure three standing for the Trinity, it had grown quite late. The five hundred students had been listening most attentively to the professor, as he hugged his knee and swung to and

fro, somewhat after the manner of a whirling dervish, if we could imagine one of that sacred order seated.

The even-song for the day was sung, beginning with the 144th psalm — "*Benedictus Dominus Deus meus, qui docet manus meas ad prœlium et digitos meos ad bellum.*" Then followed the final collect, and the large assembly arose, each man gathered up his gabardine and cowl, and having collected his stylus and parchment, went out from the doors of the building. Anselm himself followed the retiring students as they dispersed from the court-yard of the building, and alone took his steps toward a hill outside the town, in the direction of Montcornet. The river Oise, like a silvery thread, twisted its way before him, over meadows which were already green with April's showers. The sprouting willows along the little brooks, which chattered on all sides, the chirping of sociable robins, and the bleating of distant sheep upon the hillsides, with a confused chorus of jangling bells from innumerable goats and cows, spoke the voices of opening spring. Already loud peals of mut-

tering thunder might frequently be heard, and in the distance, to the west, could be seen the frequent zig-zags of the forked lightning. Heavy clouds of leaden hue seemed to roll themselves along the ground, driving the dust and chaff and twigs before them. That strange stillness, that feeling of suspense which so often precedes a thunder-storm, was perceived alike by the hurrying peasants and the dumb cattle. The sky seemed green and livid; a few heavy drops of rain fell upon the parched ground, thirstily licking up the dry white dust, while a group of frightened sheep and goats were bleating piteously, as if in terror of some approaching calamity, as in vain they sought some place of shelter.

Anselm was hurrying towards a deserted castle on the hillside before him, when a terrific crash was heard, and in an instant a tall poplar tree, in his very path, smoked and was shivered into pieces, a huge limb falling upon the frightened sheep and instantly killing two or three ewes and a bell-wether ram. The theological doctor ran at once with all speed towards the deserted castle, followed by the terrified sheep, while the rain,

which had been kept back thus far with a coy reserve, was now falling in torrents. On entering the doorway of the old castle through a ponderous drawbridge which had been sunk for years in the overgrown moat, he was accosted by a tall stranger, who had evidently preceded him for the like purpose of safety, with the words: —

"Quite like the slaughter of Job's cattle, master, is it not? Only in this case the sheep and goats simply stand for the animals they are and not for abstract doctrines and qualities."

Anselm, surprised by this blunt reception, eyed the stranger, and after recovering his breath inquired if he had come from the lecture at Laon.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "I was on my way to see some friends. I hear they are lodged at the mansion on yonder hill; but I preceded you here, I did not follow you as these sheep of the pasture have done. But come now, tell me if this storm simply means a storm and the sheep here are only sheep and the goats are ordinary goats, and *that* simply because we see them with the sense of sight,

our natural sense you perceive, how comes it when we read about a storm and a whirlwind, and sheep and oxen and camels in the book of Job, they become types and images of all sorts of doctrines and qualities and sentiments, simply because they are recorded in the canon of Scripture?"

The aged professor colored, looked abashed, and with a half timid, half derisive air replied: "Young man, is there not a supernatural world as well as a natural one, and is there not the sense of the Church quite as truly as there are natural senses? Is not all Scripture given by inspiration of God? If so, then according to Aristotle's syllogism with the distributed middle as the synonym for the whole, must there not be mysteries in the interpretation of revelation which are hidden from the wise and prudent and are revealed to babes? Hath not St. Jerome said, in which he was approved by Tertullian, Cyprian, Basil, Theodore of Mopsuestia, and other fathers: '*Non ratio sed ecclesia fulg*'"—

Here a party of riders dashed up to the ancient drawbridge, and several loud voices

cut short the unfinished sentence of the great doctor.

"Ho! Genseric, tell Leitulf to hold there," cried our old friend Felix Radbert. "Here is a horse for you, Master Anselm, Canon Fulbert is in town and he waits for you at the ford to take you home, for the storm is over. But whom have we here! By all the saints in Heaven, Master Abelard, how came you here? Have you dropped from the skies in the midst of all this thunder? Here we have been a fortnight going over this stupid hole of a place looking for you, and at last we find you in old Don Joachim's haunted castle where witches whistle at night, a spot which is known as the devil's own retreat."

The old doctor had not overheard this last salutation. On hearing that Canon Fulbert was waiting for him below the hill, he hastily left the place in the company of Genseric and Leitulf, who were studiously polite in their attentions to the old man. As he gathered up his cassock to mount the palfrey, in company with his old friend Fulbert from Paris, Felix Radbert, running to the top of the hill waved his crimson scarf from the

end of his club and called out to the group below: "Come to the mansion to-morrow. Master Abelard is here!"

After the events described in the last chapter, Abelard had lingered about his native Brittany, visiting his old haunts and meeting the friends of other days.

The winter passed in this way, and in the following spring, as has already been described, he journeyed to Laon, to begin the systematic study of theology. Before making this journey, however, he had written to his companions upon Mount St. Généviève, telling them of his changed plans of life, and of his purpose to study for the priesthood. He had only received in reply many remonstrances, and the assurance that he would be discovered at Laon and carried back again in triumph to Paris.

Abelard had already been at Laon one week. He had secured a room in a remote corner of the town, and by wrapping himself in his cloak and by taking a low seat in the lecture hall had thus far escaped detection.

But his old friends from Mount St. Géné-

vièvе, those who had listened to him at Paris and had followed him to Melun and Corbeil, were upon his track, and effected at last the discovery which we have seen was made at the deserted castle of Don Joachim.

The news which Felix Radbert communicated to Anselm and Canon Fulbert, as he shouted down the hill that he had discovered Abelard, was very astounding. To Fulbert, who was at variance with the men and the system of the age and who, with that generous feeling of hopefulness, which at rare intervals some old teachers show towards young and rising men, the news was exhilarating and full of surprise. To Anselm it simply meant the transferred inheritance of woes from which William of Champeaux had escaped, by his appointment to the Bishopric of Chalons. This doubter, this denier, this hungry wolf rending and tearing the sheep of his school, who followed him as faithfully and as completely as the frightened sheep of the pasture had done in the tumult of the storm, was now let loose at Laon. The jackals, the hooters, the pack of jeering curs who followed Abelard from place to place would

soon be here, defiling the sacred spot with their presence, and running riot with their wild speculations and rationalistic problems.

Canon Fulbert tried to cheer the disheartened Anselm by telling him that it was not so bad as he was painting it, but in vain.

"Alas, my brother, that I should live to see this day. Can I not sing the *Deus venerunt* with the captives from Babylon? 'Oh, God, the heathen have come into thy inheritance; thy sacred temple have they defiled, and made Jerusalem an heap of stones.'"

"Nay! nay!" replied Fulbert. "Think not so badly of this age, and the men who are born into it, and reflect their times. Why, you groan like the poor old Père Du Blois, who believes that the Devil is let loose at last. The new Bishop of Chalons told me the other day that he was looking out every moment for the appearance of anti-Christ in the East; but I do not feel so. I like to hear these young men. They have got more in their heads than we old fellows are thinking of. We each have our day, you know. Envy them not, my good friend. Let us grow old wisely. Let us not be jealous of

those who must take our places. Besides, you know, you can forbid his lecturing, if it comes to that; and if he distresses you, I'll hie him to Paris again, for already I have my mind fixed upon a plan. For him whom you despise at Laon, Paris delighteth to honor."

"Ah," replied Anselm, as the towers of the monastery and cloister of Laon appeared in sight, while Fulbert was urging forward the horses over the grass-grown stones of the old town, "but to think that this trouble should come to me in my old age. I had rather let the long-haired German robbers from the Black Forest, on the other side of the Rhine, sack the town, than that this viper should be let loose in my fold. To hear the man trip me up in that horrid castle, in his pleasing, smiling way, as if he meant nothing, while all the while he was stabbing me to the heart, was simply dreadful. I had often heard it said that the place was haunted, that witches lived there, and that it was the devil's own. But though I have passed it many times, I have never entered it until to-day — and there I met this arch heretic and arch fiend in one. Oh, dreadful fate! oh, miserable

curse! what have I done to deserve such a visitation as this."

The poor old professor broke down at length into a torrent of tears, and when Canon Fulbert drew up before the door of the monastery, his friend was completely unstrung. But after he had assured him that it would not be so bad as he had feared, and having pointed to the glowing sunset after all the rain as a token of cheer, Canon Fulbert, inwardly amused, though outwardly pitying, left the venerable doctor and retired.

Abelard's friends at the castle of Don Joachim, after Anselm and Canon Fulbert had departed, conducted their old master to the mansion upon the adjoining hill, in which they were lodged. It was a fine old building which belonged to the uncle of Felix Radbert, and here the young men were made welcome. Genseric, Leitulf, and Felix had much to say about events which had taken place in Paris, since Abelard left Mount St. Généviève on the morning when he met the king. Mount St. Généviève was deserted; the students were scattered, and Paris more than ever before was given up to gayety. Then

Abelard told his story: his visit to Brittany; his decision to study theology and eventually to enter the priesthood, and his utter disgust at the method of teaching which one week at Laon under Anselm had revealed to him.

Six weeks passed by, and Abelard could stand it no longer. He began to desert the lecture hall, and, despite himself, could not keep back criticism upon his teacher.

The students in the grove, as they walked to and fro after the lectures and before the recitations, were loud in their condemnation of Abelard's free censures. "Could he do better?" they asked. "Was there any better method than that which the renowned Anselm had for years adopted? Were not tradition and the sense of the church the essentials in any system of interpretation of theology?" At last it was suggested by Anselm's admirers, that they should select some difficult book of Holy Scripture, and ask Abelard to interpret it to them at once. Abelard willingly accepted the proposal, and a lecture room having been secured, he began his interpretation of the chosen book,—the obscure and intricate prophecy of Ezekiel.

Only a few were present at the opening dissertation, but in a few days the place was crowded, and it was the old story over again, which had been enacted with the ill-starred William of Champeaux, at Melun, Corbeil, St. Généviève, and Paris. Anselm and his friends were caught by their own proposition. The theological school at Laon was deserted, and like the old barbarian Teutons, the king chosen from among men, and raised on the buckler of the people's will, was ruling a kingdom, in the place of lineage, or custom, or inheritance. But such an interpretation of the dark and mysterious prophet Ezekiel — that labyrinth in which it was hoped the upstart reformer would be hopelessly lost — was never dreamed of. With a keen, clear clue, such as the trained expert or the skilled magician possesses, the fascinating teacher, by charm of expression, by sympathetic voice, by clearness of insight and naturalness of interpretation, soon won four fifths of the students to his side, so that it was evident to all, that here was one, from the outset, who was wiser than his teachers, and had "more understanding than the ancients."

The burdens of Ezekiel, he declared, were those moral calls which every true man feels at critical moments of life. The vision of dry bones had nothing to do with the far-off resurrection of the just, but was the waking of the church from formalism into life. The whirling cherubim was not a composite animal, articulated and ticketed in the language of biological museums. It was the angel of civilization, the messenger from God which went before great epochs to prepare a highway for God's purposes. They turned not when they went, and under the complicated wheels could always be seen the hand of a man and the spirit of a Divine Helper.

In a few days, we are told, the entire town flocked to hear him. A larger hall was secured, more frequent dissertations were given, and the victor of William of Champeaux and the cathedral school at Paris again conquered at Laon.

The dismay of Anselm as he saw his school melt away under the warm rays of this rising sun knew no bounds. His worst fears were more than realized. Canon Fulbert had retired to Paris. Laon was bewitched. Even

the students in whom he trusted had gone over to the enemy. The tide of feeling towards the former teacher was at such a low ebb, that the old man did not know where to begin to look for a supporter.

At this juncture two opponents appeared, in the persons of Albericus of Rheims, and Lotulphus of Novara, in Lombardy. These were two of Anselm's scholars, whom he particularly esteemed. They could not stand this sudden elevation of one whom they considered a theological upstart.

Like Haman with his heartache, all their past record availed them nothing so long as they saw this Mordecai at the gate: this rival crowned by the popular applause. Their jealousy was aroused, their theological hate and bias were inflamed, and they resolved to unite with their master in crushing Abelard.

It was with joy that Anselm listened to the proposals of these two men who, in their unrelenting hatred of the new teacher and the new age, persecuted him, as we shall see later on, up to the heated bar of church councils. Darius could not hear of a plan by which Alexander would be overcome—

Pompey could not hear of a mightier than the Cæsar who had despoiled him—with greater pleasure than did Anselm, when he listened to the suggestions of his faithful pupils.

Canon Fulbert was not on hand to mediate. The canons and chapter of the cathedral still supported Anselm, for they felt that they themselves were the administration and that in the fall of Anselm they also suffered. Albericus and Lotulphus secured the co-operation of the town authorities, and the final plan of suppression was at last adopted.

It was then, when the fame of Abelard was at its height at Laon, when the people were crowding to his lecture room, besieging the doors for hours in advance of the dissertation, just at that period in his lectures when he was midway in his interpretation of the mysterious prophecy of Ezekiel, that the decree went forth that he should be ecclesiastically prohibited.

On a Monday morning in June, the scholar was wending his way to the lecture room, along the quiet, crooked streets of the old cathedral town of Laon. This was a town filled with covered ways, nooks, and arcades,

and blessed with many open courtyards, paved with hard cobble-stones. It was furnished with a fountain and well, and with stone horse troughs and wooden benches, for the refreshment alike of weary beast and tired peasant.

As Abelard, in company with the faithful Felix and Genseric, approached the familiar stone steps which led up to the deserted church of St. Catherine, in the cloister of which was his lecture hall, a pale, thin youth with short yellow hair, picking up his cassock around his feeble legs, came running towards them, holding up both hands and crying out, "Alas! alas! my master, the place is closed."

"What meanest thou, Petrus?" inquired Abelard, pausing on the top step while Felix and Genseric ran forward to the great wooden gate of the church, which was closed and bolted, and guarded by a company of six watchmen, or guards *de la paix*, who, with their yellow leathern jerkins, and their heavy bludgeons and iron-pointed staves, gave a military appearance to the place. In fact the sergeant of the guard had run his gonfanon, or flag-on-a-lance, deep into the

ground in front of the church door, as if the place had capitulated to him with all the honors of war.

"Thou wilt learn soon enough, my master," answered the pale-faced youth, "but we will follow thee anywhither: to Paris, or to Canterbury, or to Rome. Thank God there is no prophet left, to move back the world's sun-dial fifteen degrees to-day."

By this time the entire party had arrived at the closed and barred gates of the church. Upon the door was placed the following placard, with the red ecclesiastical seal of the cathedral chapter: —

JURE ORDINIS
ET AUCTORITATE MIHI IMPOSITA
PETRUM ABELARDUM
INTRA LANDUNI MUROS
DISSERERE AUT IN PUBLICO
ORATIONEM HABERE
SUB POENA ECCLESIAE
EX HOC VETO.
ITA ME DEUS JUVET.

ANSELMUS,
Magister.

ALBERICUS, Remiensis,
LOTOLPHUS, Novaræ,
} TESTES.

✠
In hoc signo.

"This ends matters," said Abelard, "I shall leave Laon to-night."

"Yes, master, by the Holy Evangel, that you shall," answered the indignant Felix. "You shall ride my beautiful Clorinda to Paris, and I will ride with you by your side, on one of my uncle's horses from the mansion. Great soul, it's only Paris that is large enough for you! Did you not find this out a year ago this very month, when Paris welcomed you back again on St. John the Baptist's day? Here goes the dust of our feet, shaken off upon an unworthy city."

Saying this, Felix seized a huge clot of earth, heavy with mud and small stones, and hurled it at the staring placard on the church door. It struck heavily in the centre of the parchment, completely disfiguring it. The heavily armed watchmen started to run after the offender, but the nimble student was down the stone steps which led up the hill to the church, in a trice, and was off. Genseric, who had remained quiet thus far, hereupon exclaimed to Abelard, "My master, I have forgotten to give you this letter: it came to me last night from Canon Fulbert."

Abelard opened the packet which Genseric gave him, and read as follows: —

FRIEND ABELARD:

Thou must leave Laon. It will not do. Thou must not yet suffer martyrdom, and Anselmus will surely brew up a terrible storm. Thou must come to Paris. My house on the island, near the cathedral and close by your old school, shall be your home. My little Heloisa will welcome you; and you shall teach the child. Come then, and leave this strife behind thee.

Tuus amicus, FULBERT.

Written from the Island, the 10th of June, A. D. 1103.

"Let us leave the place to-night," said Abelard. "Go thou, Petrus, and tell masters Anselm, and Albericus, and Lotulphus, that I leave Laon to-night. Tell them I will pass out under St. Catherine's gate here, at sunset, on my way to Soissons. Perhaps it would please them to see me depart."

True to his word, that evening Abelard, mounted on Clorinda, with Felix and Genseric by his side, passed out under the gate near St. Catherine's Church. The students of Laon and the townspeople had heard of the prohibition, but they knew not what to do to prevent it, and before they were able

to put their baffled resolutions into effect, the morning light of the next day shone upon Abelard's party in the city of Soissons, on their way to Paris.

As the horse hoofs clattered on the cobble-stones, along the streets which led to St. Catherine's gate, a party of four might have been seen on the terraced height which overlooked the arched gateway. If it had been the leaders of a beleaguered city, watching the raising of the siege and the evacuation of the hostile camp by a disheartened and vanquished enemy, the joy on the faces of these ecclesiastics could not have been greater. Anselm, Albericus, and Lotulphus looked on the scene, as Hezekiah and the Jews must have looked upon Sennacherib and the Assyrians, struck by the blast of the destroying angel. They were quite ready to enter the church and chant a *Te Deum* of praise for this unexpected deliverance, as they watched the retreating horsemen lost in the enveloping cloudage of dust. But the fourth person stood mute and sad. It was the thin, pale-faced youth who broke the news of the prohibition to Abelard, whom

the master called Petrus, or Parvulus Petrus, — "the little Peter of the school." With a long, last look, which was broken by a suppressed sigh, for he was standing very near to the rejoicing ecclesiastics, he muttered to himself: "Woe is me, that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech and to have my habitations among the tents of Kedar." It was Peter Lombard, afterwards the author of the famous "Sentences."

CHAPTER V.

Kingdom, Power, and Glory.

"And the Devil said unto him, All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them, for that is delivered unto me; and to whomsoever I will I give it. If, therefore, thou wilt worship me, all shall be thine."—*St. Luke*, iv. 6, 7.

IT is Cousin who says that Abelard was "the principal founder of the philosophy of the middle ages, so that it is at once France that gave to Europe in the twelfth century scholasticism by Abelard, and at the commencement of the seventeenth century, in Descartes, the destroyer of this same philosophy and the father of modern philosophy."

In another place this same author says, "that which is peculiar to Abelard, is his facile and elegant style rather than the strictly dialectical form of his reasoning. In comparison with the rigid orthodoxy of Anselm he shows a strong rationalistic tendency."

Among some of Abelard's popular positions were these:—

1. That the Platonists were the nearest of any sect in antiquity to the Christian faith.

2. That the *world-soul* of history, and poetry, was one and the same with the Holy Ghost.

This was one of the points in the accusation which Bernard of Clairvaux made against him at the Council of Sens, as we shall see later on.

3. That the unity in essence of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit in the Trinity, was the unity in the syllogism to the three parts of the syllogism.

4. That Christian ethics was simply a reformation of the natural law of morals.

Abelard's written works, his "Sic et Non," the history of his Calamities, and his principal theological dissertations, were written later on in life, in the quiet of the life as a monk at St. Denys, and as Abbot of St. Gildas. But during his intellectual reign at Paris, throughout the five years in his history which covered his retirement from Laon and his reappearance in the gay and busy capital, many of the propositions with which his name has become familiar, and which were bandied back and forth at the Councils of Soissons and Sens, appeared in those popular dis-

courses, with which he charmed the bright and busy Parisians.

Averroes, the Arabian interpreter of Aristotle, and the most familiar name of all the Saracenic philosophers, had not yet appeared. Born at Cordova in the year 1126, he was a boy when Abelard was sighing over his Calamities and was beating his restless life out in the solitudes of the Paraclete, or in the monastery of St. Gildas-de-Ruys, on the desolate cliff overhanging the Bay of Morbihan, in the province of Lower Brittany.

In the East had already appeared Al Kendi, the famous mathematician and astrologer; Alfarabi, the neo-Platonist, and head of the sect of Sofi, or Buddhistical emanationists; Avicenna of Bokhara, the author of the "Medical Canon," and Algazel of Bagdad

In the West, Avempace of Saragossa, author of a work on "The Soul," and on "The Conduct of the Solitary," and Abubacer of Andalusia, who wrote the famous dissertation on "The Living One, the Son of the Waking One," were the names most familiar to Christian scholastics.

Already a reconciliation of Jewish theology with Aristotelian philosophy had been attempted by Abraham Ben David of Toledo. But the most celebrated of all the Jewish philosophers of the middle ages, Moses Maimonides, was a contemporary of Averroes, and was but a child when Abelard died. Maimonides lived, 1135-1204. Abelard lived, 1079-1142. The Jewish philosophy of this age was partly the mysterious Cabala, and partly the transformed doctrine of Plato and Aristotle. The Cabala was in essence a secret philosophy of emanations, and consisted of two books: Jezirah—"Creation," and Sohar—"Brightness," or revelation through emanations.

Anan Ben David, A. D. 761, who philosophized on the basis of the human reason; Saadja Ben Joseph al Faijumi, A. D. 942, the rationalistic defender of the Talmud, who contended for the reasonableness of the Mosaic and post-Mosaic articles of Jewish faith, and Solomon Ibn Gebirol of Malaga, in Spain, the author of the much debated book "Fons Vitæ," a neo-Platonist, and called by the later schoolmen an Arabian,

were the best-known names among the Jewish philosophers of the age preceding Maimonides.

Among the schoolmen of Europe, Abelard stood midway between the earlier and the later doctors. Boethius, Paschasius Radbertus, Godeschalcus, Scotus Erigena, Lanfranc, and Anselm of Canterbury, were before him; Hugo St. Victor, Peter Lombard the pupil of Abelard, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, Bonaventura, Alexander of Hales, and Roger Bacon, came after him.

But the essential power of Abelard the Schoolman, which distinguished him above all his fellows, consisted in the fact that he was a man of the people, a born leader and commander, an orator and religious teacher for the masses, in the line of Savonarola, Bossuet, and Lacordaire.

France in every age has had her hero and her glory, and Paris, in this far-off day, adopted Peter Abelard as her child, her darling, her pet, the diamond on her fair hand, the signet ring, the gift of her fresh but fickle love.

It was of Abelard at this height of giddy power that his contemporary, Fulco, wrote: "No distance of country, no height of mountains, no depth of valleys, no intricate journeys, beset with perils and thieves, could withhold your scholars from you. Rome sent her children to receive your instruction. She who had been the mistress of every science now confessed her inferiority. The youth of Britain crowding to their shores were not intimidated by the sea which met their eyes, or the billows which broke at their feet; in spite of danger they cleared the dreadful pass. The more remote islands dismissed their savage sons. Germany, Spain, Flanders, the people of the North and South, flocked to you. In their mouths your name only was heard. They admired, they praised, they extolled, your abilities. I speak not of those whom the walls of Paris enclosed, nor of the inhabitants of our neighboring or more distant provinces. From you they as ardently sought for wisdom as if all its treasures had been there locked up. In a word, moved by the splendor of your genius, by the charms of your elocution, and by the acute-

ness of your penetration, to you they all approached, as to the source from which science flowed in the purest stream."*

These five years at Paris reveal to us the great Schoolman, in all the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, of his intellectual reign.

The island in the river Seine was at this period the great depot of theology, literature, and politics. Around the cathedral were as many as fifteen or eighteen churches. Palaces, monasteries, royal parks, and fête gardens crowded the narrow limits of the island, and dotted the river banks on the adjacent sides.

"There under the shadow of those churches and the cathedral, in solemn cloisters, in vast halls, or on the turf of the courtyards, walked to and fro the sacred band who seemed to live only for science and faith, yet were animated equally by the love of argument and of influence. Along with these priests, and under their sometimes jealous but often impotent oversight, went the turbulent crowd of students of all ranks, of all callings, of all

* Fulco ad Abelard, p. 218.

races, of all countries, whom for studies, sacred or profane, the European renown of the school of Paris had called together. In this school, and in the midst of this attentive and obedient nation, was often to be seen a man, of broad forehead, quick, proud glance, and noble bearing, whose beauty still kept the bloom of youth while it bore the darker hues and the more decided lines of mature manhood. His sober yet carefully ordered costume; the severe elegance of his whole exterior; the simple dignity of his address, by turns affable and lofty; an imposing and graceful manner, marked by that indolent ease which follows the confidence of success and the habit of command; the deference of his attendants, haughty to all except to him; the curious eagerness of the crowd who made way as he walked along to his lessons, or returned to his dwelling, followed by disciples still excited by his eloquence,—all gave sign of a master most mighty in the school, most famous in the world, most popular in the *cité*. Everywhere they talked of him. The throngs of the street, anxious to look at him, stopped while he passed; the people in

their houses came down to the threshold of the doorway, and women drew back the curtain from the little panes of their narrow window." *

But we must return to our story. When Abelard re-entered Paris after the expulsion from Laon, he took up his abode in the island, near the scene of his former disputations with William of Champeaux. But the memory of other days, and the secular associations of his former student-life, broke in upon his hours of meditation and study.

The many interruptions, the visits of former friends and pupils, the fashion of the hour, and the intrusion of the tide-impelled public upon this popular idol of Paris, compelled him at last to accept the invitation of Canon Fulbert, and seek for shelter in the seclusion of his retired home. Here he was screened from the rash visits and the intrusive tread of admiring pupils, and, in the stillness and seclusion of the canonry, secured that repose which was so necessary to one who was continuously and conspicuously before the public gaze.

* Abelard. Par Charles de Rémusat. Vol. 1. p. 43.

After six months of this quiet life in the home of Canon Fulbert, Abelard strolled forth one evening for a walk along the river's bank. It was the king's birthday,—a fête of unusual splendor in the city.

Paris was, even at this far-off day, a scene of general dissipation and gayety. The king and the court made Paris their headquarters, and the unruly youth and boisterous multitudes of many nations, poured in upon the city a dark torrent of depravity and excitement of every description.

The escapades of the students; the lavish display of the nobility; the criminal fascination of a brilliant but corrupt society, opposed only by the weak and harmless expostulations of the clergy,—were well known to this man, who felt so keenly the pulse of his age.

The splendor of his public career, as it made him so conspicuous an object in the society of the day, gave him a free entrance into the highest circles of Paris. He was continually sought for: his powers as a conversationalist were brilliant; his voice was winning, and he was always eagerly welcomed

to charm a company with music, and with the bewitching songs of his own composition. Flattered, gifted, conscious of power, — the kingdom, the power, and the glory of the world, lay at the feet of this intellectual leader of France.

On the evening of this fete day, Abelard, as we have seen, strolled forth for a walk along the Seine. He was sauntering alone; for he had found it necessary for him to refrain from the company of Genseric, Leitulf, and his former pupils at Melun and at St. Généviève. Felix Radbert had accepted the situation which was involved in Abelard's change of position from a teacher of philosophy to a teacher in theology, and had refused to allow himself that familiarity with the great teacher which he had formerly enjoyed. Moreover, the attentions of the young medical student from Lyons were now bestowed upon no less an object than the canon's beautiful niece, — the young and fascinating Heloisa herself. Abelard had already perceived this when, as teacher of the girl at the canon's home, he had discovered that her recitations were sadly interrupted by the

frequent visits of the young student from Lyons.

On the night of our story, Abelard sauntered down the river's bank along the terraced wall which led to the water. Great bonfires were lighted in the direction of the Royal Garden, while lanterns swinging in the air, and long greased poles covered with pitch and tar, were roaring and flaming upwards with the fire lighted on them from below.

Loud calls were heard in the direction of the garden, mingled with shrill whistles, and the shouts of laughter, and the clapping of hands. The noise of a multitude is always an overpowering sound, from the day when Moses and Joshua, descending from the presence of God, heard the shouting of the people and the noise of war in the camp, to the latest cry of the latest rioters, sounding in the distance as the voice of many waters.

This noisy, shouting mob made Abelard feel more alone than ever. His old companions he had been compelled to throw off. Felix, and the more sensible of his older pupils, were making their own friends and homes and future. The public, which col-

lectively honored Abelard, could not individually love him, or be his friend. Among the older ecclesiastics and doctors he was by turns hated and feared.

Public life was to him, after all, becoming a very lonely thing. The crowd saw him disappear at night and reappear in the morning; but of his inner life, which was after all his true life, the public knew nothing. He had himself to contend with; for he had always hanging before him, as his every-day ideal, his former self and his past reputation. To this he must continually conform, summer and winter, by night and by day, in sickness and in health. The masses that applauded him, and then forgot him, as they scattered to their homes and places of amusement, knew nothing of his true life; of the moods of depression, the strain and the tumult, the fatigue and the reaction, which, like a troubled sea, beat with its fretting billows upon the rock-bound coast of his lonely personality.

And thus, in the midst of this scene of gayety, the more the crowd shouted, the more alone Abelard felt himself to be. As he

approached the crowded garden along the lighted grove, which was hung with lanterns, deafening sounds of music were heard, interspersed with the frightened cry of wild animals. Archers, lancers, and bowmen mingled with the vast concourse, as if they were seeking to regain their respective companies; here and there a guard of the city appeared with a cross-bill and bludgeon, muttering words of threatening to the surging crowd.

It was evidently some very great occasion. In the far-off distance could be descried the royal pavilion, with its white banner and streaming pennants. There were knights and squires from Gascony, from Aragon, from Navarre, and from Brittany, in conspicuous seats. The Bishop of Pampiers, and the retainers of the Dukes of Burgundy and Anjou, were present. In a tent adjoining the king's, were seated the Seneschal of Toulouse, and the Constable of Paris, with the gay draperies and bright colors of their ladies' robes.

A collection of wild beasts consisting of bears, trained pigs and monkeys from Hai-

nault and Auvergne, and some richly caparisoned camels and elephants from Damascus in the East, were furnishing the people and the court with the amusement of the hour. Maskers, dressed as wild boars and armed with lighted torches, were dancing in the ring with the bewildered bears, who, every time they gave up the contest, were goaded to it again by the sharp lances of the keepers. One bear had been covered with pitch, and in his contest with the lighted masker had purposely been set on fire. It was his vain attempts to put the fire out by rolling over in the tan, which had caused so much merriment and applause. This performance was followed by some tumblers from Morocco, who were in the midst of their acrobatic performance when Abelard arrived upon the spot.

As he surveyed the immense throng of fifty thousand people, he recognized here and there a friend and acquaintance, or some person of note, scattered among the lookers-on at the exhibition. Presently he ascended a raised platform, from which, on the payment of a small sum, he could obtain a complete view of the scene. From this point of

view he could survey the entire spectacle, under the blazing, suffocating lights of tar and pitch which swung overhead. Beneath him, to the left, he noticed a group of students, among whom he soon detected Genseric, Leitulf, and Theodore, together with his former pupils at Mount St. Geneviève. They were drinking heavily, and were bantering with some flower girls, who were trying to sell their light and perishable wares. Another group of students in the same booth were gaming with dice, in the intervals between the performances; the money being placed in the hands of an umpire, who was looking on, from time to time, and giving his decision as to whom was the winner in disputed throws.

To the right of these, his eyes fell upon Heloisa, with her friends Agnes and Agatha, all under the devoted guardianship of Felix Radbert, who was endeavoring to distribute his attentions to each alike. They were seated in a booth or arbor by themselves, and had been partaking of some fruit and light wine. They seemed to be more interested in watching the thronging spectators,

than in the distant performance itself, which was, in fact, so far away as to be scarcely discernible, save by straining the eye and standing on tip-toe.

The true reason of Radbert's neglect of Abelard was now plainly visible to the latter. It was not so much an unwillingness to disturb the scholar, as it was his devotion to this new object of regard, which had kept Felix from his former friend. This was plainly visible to Abelard in every act and look of the young student towards the canon's lovely niece. It was plain to him that his former friends were scattering. Each was going to his own future; one to the church; another to the young heart's newly discovered affections; another down the precipitous steps which led ultimately to hell. Every man was going his way to his own house.

As Abelard, appalled by this sense of loneliness, looked around upon the surging sea of faces, he perceived a familiar form approach him. It was the old Father Du Blois, whom he had not seen since the night of his enforced captivity upon Mount St. Genevieve.

"Well, my father," exclaimed Peter Abe-

lard, "are you here, too? Methinks all Paris is let loose to-night to see this maskers' show, in which bears and men are in the ring together, so that it is hard to tell the brute from the one made in God's image."

"Why, yes, Master Abelard," replied the courtly priest, "I confess I like to come where the people are. I want to like what other people like. Did not Simon Peter say to Cornelius, 'Stand up, I myself also am a man'?"

"But Simon Peter and Cornelius were not in a bear ring, with an archbishop and a king looking on in common with a vulgar crowd," said Abelard. "I confess a sight like this makes me despair; it makes me reckless. I can almost hear the evil one at my very side, saying, *cui bono*. Father Du Blois, what is the use of all our preaching and our teaching? Doth not St. Paul say, 'Then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain'? Why, these people laughing at a poor, wretched bear on fire in a ring, and applauding Moorish acrobats, are the very ones who to-morrow will applaud me in the grand hall. Mother of God, and saints in Heaven, have these curs

souls, or are we all alike jugglers and manikins of Fate?"

"Nay, my brother, talk not so rashly," said the venerable priest, gathering his skirts together, and watching the blush on the cheek, and the indignant eye, of Abelard. "We all have our fears, and doubts, and wonderings. Every man is haunted by his evil genius, as Saul the king of Israel was pursued by his unrelenting demon. Doth not the apostle say, 'There hath no temptation taken you,' as the Vulgate hath it, 'but such as is common to man'?"

"True, my father," replied Abelard, "but a terrible doubt hangs over me at times whether, after all, the crowd can be taught; whether, after all, it pays to be above our instincts; whether human nature can possibly be regenerated; whether society can ever be elevated, or whether it shall not be always in the future as it has been in the past, since the days when the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and took them wives as they chose. Society is very little improved, I tell you, from what it was at that far-off day. Look at this sight to-night,—

brutes and men in a ring are one in trying to make fifty thousand so-called immortal souls laugh."

"Nay, my brother, speak not so," replied the priest, "people must be amused, and innocent enjoyment is one of those good gifts which is from the Father of Lights above. I like not these cruel sports; but it is a thoughtless age. We must make our influence felt. We must work on and despair not. It is the little leaven of the divine truth of the Great Master which will one day leaven the whole lump. Pardon me, my illustrious friend, (if I may venture to speak the word,) you are suffering from a lack of Christian effort. All this splendor and fame, this glory, and pride, and reputation, will harm you. It is the lust of the eyes, and the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life, which St. John tells us is not of the Father but is of the world. There are three great stairways to power: there is the way of the king, and the court, and the army; there is the way of the scholar, and the midnight lamp, and the orator; and there is the way of the herald and the teacher of Christ among those lands which know him not. You

are on the giddy stairway of the intellect alone. Beware, lest you grow dizzy at such a height. You may call me a fool, but my words to you this night are, (and remember, the blessing of an old man can do you no harm,) turn your lecture hall into a mission; set your doubting theological pupils to work; organize a true crusade of the church for the heathen in North Africa or the far North of Europe, and your doubts will scatter; for they cannot live in our presence when we are much in the presence of our Lord. Lay down your pen and parchment, my friend, and take up the crucifix for the heathen, and"—

Here a loud scream, and the bursting away of the crowd in every direction, swept the priest from the side of his companion. One of the flaring poles or trees of fire had tumbled over on the crowd, and had ignited the other end of the long platform.

Abelard stepped to one side until the frightened multitude had swept by, and then began his solitary walk towards his home. But it seemed to him as if an evil presence was at his side, and as if in the recklessness

and despair of the moment, in his soul-wildness, and in the strong reactionary protest of his nature against the unnatural life he was living, he could almost hear the evil one whispering in his ear, "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

For it was in speaking of himself at this period, that he afterwards wrote, in the history of his Calamities, —

"It is in the lap of prosperity that the mind swells with foolish vanity: its vigor is enervated by repose, while the indulgence of pleasure completes the victory. At a time when I thought myself the first philosopher in Europe, nor feared to be disturbed in my seat of eminence, then it was that I, who had been a pattern of virtue, first loosened the rein at the call of passion. In proportion as I had risen higher on the scale of literary excellence, the lower did I sink into vicious depravity. I quitted those paths of virtue which my predecessors had trodden with so much renown. Pride and pleasure were the monsters which subdued me."

CHAPTER VI.

The Canon's Niece.

"That man of double nature, whom the worst side ever wins,
Whose soul was with his Saviour, while his heart was with his sins."
Cecil Frances Alexander.—*Legend of the Council of Nice.*

IN an old house in the northeast corner of the Island of the City resided Canon Fulbert,—an ex-canon of the cathedral of Notre Dame. Once a fiery and vindictive youth, he had injured for life in a youthful squabble a friend and fellow-student, who, after some years of suffering and ill health, died at his friend's house, in great need and poverty. Fulbert thereupon took to his own home the mother and two sisters of his injured friend. The mother died within a few years, and the sisters—Agnes and Agatha—secured positions, one as teacher in the adjoining convent school for orphan girls, and the other as teacher of embroidery work in the *école de l'église*, where every description of rich vestments and ecclesias-

tical hangings was made by the sisters of St. Veronica, of which order Agatha Hildare was a member.

Fulbert's brother, a traveling merchant, who frequently visited Messina and other cities in Sicily, was at this period missing. It was never known whether he had been lost at sea in a certain September gale, which raged fiercely about the time he was expected back at Marseilles, or whether on an expedition to an orange plantation in the interior, he had been seized by a party of Sicilian brigands who infested the country in the neighborhood of Mount Etna, or had perished in some unknown way. During these hours of painful suspense, there was born to the merchant's wife a little daughter, whom the dying mother in her despair named Heloisa, — "God's child," — since she was to be a waif in the world, without father or mother.

The canon took the infant to his own home, on the death of his brother's wife. There she was the pet and the idol of the household, during those months and years of waiting for the father's return, until at last that father's name was never mentioned, save as it was

coupled with that of the dead wife. The widowed Madame Hildare, and her two young daughters, cared for this little stranger with a motherly and sisterly affection. She grew by degrees to be the hitherto missing link between their sad, dependent lives and the busy world. Here was a field for the display of their affectionate regard towards the generous-minded canon; and in the happiness and unity of purpose shown in this family of refugees, was fulfilled the prophet's sure and human utterance, "A little child shall lead them." The child grew in interest as she grew in years, and was the first thought of every member of the family. The widowed guest died, when the little girl was five years old, so that from that time she was under the care of the two devoted sisters. Agnes, the elder, was a tall, thin, fair-haired, blue-eyed creature of the saintly feminine type, such as are represented to us in the medallions and tapestry work of this period, — the typical face of Fra Angelica's angels, or Andrea del Sarto's maidens, with palm branches and lilies in their hand. The younger sister, Agatha, who taught in the

embroidery school of the sisters of St. Veronica, was of smaller proportions, with vixenish, yellow hair and merry, twinkling, hazel eyes, which told of great sympathy, largeness of appreciation, and a backlying soul of humor.

At the time of our story, these foster sisters had left the canon's residence, but were frequent visitors to their darling ward, whom they looked upon with mingled feelings of pride, affection, gratitude, and care. Heloisa herself was now seventeen years old. Short in figure, plump, compact, quick in speech and in gait; restless, impulsive, at times vehement, full of manner and gesticulation, —her face changing its expression at every turn of conversation,—with a bewitching little mouth, whose lines went downward and looked sad, even when the small, piercing black eyes were on fire with life and merriment; her head covered with a mass of raven black hair, which was bound up in a Grecian knot behind with a heavy chain of solid gold, —this waif-child, without father or mother, brought up under the doting care of an ecclesiastic, in the sombre walls of the canonry,

was a true picture of the sprightly daughters of France. She stands in history to-day, the first of that long line of brilliant literary women France has never lacked in the changing epoch of any new and bustling age. Heloisa, the prioress of the Paraclete, and the author of the Latin Epistles to Abelard; Madame Guyon, among the Jansenists of Port Royal, and the pious mysteries of Fénélon; Madame Roland, among the politicans and philosophers of the Gironde; Madamè de Staël, banished from the court of the First Napoleon; and George Sand, the willing exile from the court of the Second Empire, — show us, in very differing surroundings, this same birth-right blessing of feminine literary strength, which France has so lavishly bestowed upon her gifted daughters. At an early age this precocious child had exhibited, in a very marked degree, her fondness for study and knowledge of every description. But it was in the after years of retirement, in her long conventual life, that she acquired such a scholar's reputation for her mastery of the ancient languages, and the sciences and philosophy of the day, — Saracenic, Jewish, and Christian.

The morning after the fête upon the king's birthday, Agatha Hildare went to see her dear Heloisa. She found her reading in Latin to her uncle from Augustine's "City of God." Some tapestry work, on which were embroidered two white Grecian heads, upon a background of olive silk, was thrown to one side, as if the worker had come to a difficult stitch, and had thrown down the piece for the purpose of taking up some other occupation. "Well, Agatha, my child," exclaimed the canon, as he sat in a large, easy wicker-chair, which completely covered his head with its overhanging drapery, "I am glad you have come, for I fear I have tired Heloisa. She has been reading to me for two hours from St. Austin. Is it not strange that Plato, in his 'Republic,' and St. Austin, in his 'Civitas Dei,' and St. John the Mystic, in his 'Vision of the New Jerusalem,' should alike conceive this idea of a city of God among men? Master Abelard takes up this subject, I am told, next week. He is going to show that the Divine commission of Moses—but I will tell you all this another time. It is late now, and I must have my

walk down the garden path, but you will stay awhile. Heloisa does not understand this tapestry stitch, so help the poor darling." Saying this, the canon took down his broad *padre chapeau*, and opening a small lattice-door which led out upon a stone balcony, went down the steps to the path leading to the garden gate by the river. When the canon had left the room, Agatha exclaimed, "First of all, let us have light." Saying this, she threw open the lattice-window, which threw light, not only upon the rejected tapestry work, but also upon Heloisa, who was in tears.

"Heloisa, darling, what *is* the matter with you? You cannot hide yourself from me; I know you better than you know yourself,—what is the matter?"

"Nothing, Agatha, dear; I tell you, nothing," she replied.

"O yes, but there is something the matter. You are absent minded, and distraught; you've dropped your sandal under the folds of this olive silk, and yet you do not know it. You have put your gold hair-chain around your left arm, and you have put your bracelet

around your hair knot. And what is that heavy silver cross you wear? I never remember that. There, don't hide it. For shame, not to tell your own darling Agatha what her birdie is thinking about. I knew it all along; it's something about Felix Radbert: yet you were hardly civil to him last night, and answered his questions mechanically, and without any spirit, and you kept your eye on the elevated platform behind you all the time. Who were you looking at?"

"Why, Agatha, dear, I saw a great many faces that I knew, and I did not want to look at those dreadful bears and the tumblers," replied Heloisa.

"No! no! There's something the matter with my love," said Agatha; "it is either the young student from Lyons, or it is that merchant from Marseilles, who knew your father when he had his trading vessels on the Mediterranean, or it is the other medical student who came with Felix, or that dreadful Theodore,—but it cannot be he; or, perhaps it is that mumbling Italian law student from Bologna. No, it cannot be that man, either. Tell me, Heloisa, why you should be reading

to your uncle from Augustine's 'City of God,' and yet should be in tears. Let me see the book. I wonder if I can find any such thrilling passages in the book." Saying this, Agatha Hildare sat down at Heloisa's feet, to inspect the ponderous parchment which was spread open on the ground, first throwing to one side the heavy, olive tapestry work, and carefully buckling on to the little foot the lost sandal, which was hidden in its folds.

"No, Agatha; don't look there!" cried Heloisa; "you will find nothing. Some day I will tell you, but not now; only do not talk to me of Felix Radbert. Ever since that night I spent at the mountain inn, in Brittany, when he offended me so with his words, and the wandering fortune-tellers frightened me, I cannot bear to have you bring our names together, or to jest with me. But here comes Agnes with a little girl. Whom have you here, Agnes?"

The tall, pale, saintly looking girl, with her light flaxen hair tucked away behind her black hood, had opened the door, unperceived by the others, and had already

advanced a few steps into the room, leading by the hand a poor, barefooted little girl about five years old.

"Whose child is this, Agnes?" exclaimed her sister.

"A stray child I found in the street, yesterday," replied Agnes; "she speaks a Spanish patois, and I cannot make it out. The Mother Superior thinks she is some gypsy's child. We have advertised her at the prison and the morgue; in the meantime she clings to me, and I let her follow me. She will not play with the other children at the convent school. But what is the matter here? wherefore these tears and blushes? why this unfinished book and this unfinished embroidery? What is the matter?"

"O, nothing!" exclaimed Heloisa, arising from her chair and straightening out her dress. "I cannot make out how these medallion heads are to go on this dark background. You see, I was going to have them for Monica and Augustine; but now I think I will give them a Grecian cast and make them out to be Orpheus and Eurydice, or perhaps Pericles and Aspasia. There is more character

to the Grecian face than to the Roman ecclesiastic's. You know I am reading Grecian history along with Virgil's Æneid, under my new teacher."

"How fortunate you are!" said Agnes; "everybody is envying you. But I wonder Master Abelard can find the time to instruct you, with his daily lectures and dissertations. Does he keep his appointments?"

"O yes," said Heloisa quickly; "he has not missed me now one day for a whole month. But of course he is very busy and can give but little time to me. Here comes uncle."

"Yes, here I come. Why, here are our dear sisters," said Fulbert, as he opened the lattice-door. "Welcome always, my dears. I have brought Master Abelard, to arrange finally about your studies, my child. Come in, my friend."

As he said this he held the door open, and the tall, erect form of Peter Abelard appeared. With a pleasant bow and a gay, man-at-his-ease manner, the visitor spoke a few words to the sisters and to Heloisa.

"What are you at now?" he said. "St.

Augustine or the tapestry work? Whose faces are these you are making on the silk?"

"They are not named yet," replied Agatha. "Perhaps they will be Orpheus and Eurydice, or they may prove to be Dido and Æneas, or possibly Pericles and Aspasia. You see, Master Abelard, your pupil transcribes to the canvas-frame the characters she is studying in history. Now, for my part, I think they ought to be the heads of some saints; but Heloisa says there is more character in a Grecian face. However, that depends, after all, upon what we mean by character: weeping Madonnas are giving place to-day to armed Minervas."

"Whose child is that?" asked Abelard, as he pointed towards the gypsy girl, who, with her tattered clothes and her curly head, was hugging close to the calm and tender Agnes. "That is the true face of a daughter of Ishmael; no weeping Madonna or armed Minerva face there. What a wild looking creature."

Hereupon Agnes told the story of the lost child, while the stray little one, conscious that

the conversation was about herself, hid her face in the lap of the sister.

"That is just like Agnes," remarked the canon: "she is always finding the lost, or healing the sick, or doing good in some way. Those sisters have made my home a perfect Bethany. I want my Heloisa to be like them, so as to bless me in the lonely days of my old age. She is doing very well, Master Abelard, very well, indeed. She read to me to-day for two hours from St. Austin. Only she ought to be under your care for a longer time. Now then, master, why will you not come and live here and keep the child under your eye? You are constantly being interrupted and can have no time for yourself. I thought you were coming to us when you left Laon; you know how I begged you to come when old Anselm was so troubled about your being there. Why not come and help me train up my darling for her life work?"

At these words Agatha gave a perceptible shudder and darted a quick glance at her sister, who in return acknowledged it with a slight raising of the eyebrows. They both looked at Heloisa, whose face was lighted up

with an anxious, expectant gaze. Before Abelard had time to reply, a loud knocking was heard at the door. Hereupon a Moorish servant — a large-framed black woman, with a broad sable face adorned with huge, hanging ear-rings and a red silk head covering — entered, and informed the assembled company that an officer of the city was at the gate, with some strange looking foreigners. Before any answer could be given loud voices were heard in the hallway, mingled with angry tones and words of rage spoken in a foreign tongue. In a moment the entire party were in the room, and with a single glance of the eye, like the darting of a hawk upon the lost chicken from the brood, Fatima the gypsy of the Pyrenees, with the men her companions, had seized the child and dragged her from the lap of Agnes.

Heloisa trembled, and uttered a piercing scream, which found a suppressed reply in the beating breast of Abelard. Each remembered a lonely night spent on the mountains, on the way to Brittany; each remembered a prophecy which seemed like some dreadful nightmare dream, as the hated and repulsive

features of this excited group recalled that night's surprise.

Canon Fulbert tried in vain to explain the circumstances connected with the finding of the child, and the way in which Agnes had been like a mother to it. The city soldier, with his iron-pointed staff, ordered the party out of the house, and suggested to the canon that it would be better to let them go without any further remonstrance. But, as the men with the child passed out at the door, following the guard to the street, Fatima — fantastically dressed, shaking her head with its long snaky curls, rolling her toadlike eyes, and brandishing imaginary lightning bolts with her shrunken, sallow fingers — exclaimed, before she slammed the door, as she directed her gaze full upon Canon Fulbert's face: —

"Ah! the curse of God will rest upon you! Yes, the curse of all the gods will break upon your wicked head! You have stolen my lamb from me! Look ye to it! — look ye to it! — for your lamb will be stolen from you! Be ye warned! be ye warned! Ah! but you are blind and cannot see, till the red curse of the wrath of all the gods

smites you down among the dead — the dead — the dead."

Abelard sprang to his feet to strike the wretched creature down, but Agatha was between him and the door in an instant. The monotony of this long sing-song curse, which had riveted the entire party spell-bound, as the hag pointed her long bony finger towards the trembling canon, was broken by the beseeching voice of Agatha: —

"No violence, oh! no blows, Master Abelard. Let the witches go: control yourself: be calm."

"My God! what have I done?" exclaimed the stricken canon, in a flood of tears: "why is thy wrath so hot against the sheep of thy pasture? Come, my dear Agnes and Agatha, with me awhile; take me out to the stone seat by the garden gate: this room is very warm. I want to talk with you. Heloisa, darling, try and forget these words: no doubt the woman is mad. Go on with your studies, my child. Read to her, Master Abelard, from your Grecian history; it will divert your minds after this horrible scene." So saying, he drew the sisters towards him, and taking

his heavy oaken cane, went out the lattice-gate down into the garden walk.

"What means this horrible warning, my dears?" said the old man, when he had taken his seat between the sisters on the old stone bench overlooking the river. "Tell me what I am to do. Here I have lived all these years under the shadow of yonder towers of Notre Dame, and yet, save in that one thoughtless act to your brother, (of which I can never speak,) I have tried to live a Christian life. Can it be vengeance for that act of sin, that the woman means? Surely I have repented for this a long time ago, sitting in sackcloth and ashes. I have done penance: I have been scourged by the lay brothers of the cathedral monastery: I have never kept back my sin at the confessional, when I have been asking for forgiveness. We know that God forgives the penitent, and surely I have gone humbly all my days. What does it mean, my daughters?"

The sisters tried to comfort the old man, and led him by degrees to see that it was time a somewhat stricter eye was kept upon his fascinating niece. They told him he must

not think of this as a warning for his imaginary sins, which in his lavish repentance he had coined out of his sorrowing heart; only they urged him, by the recollections of the happy past, to keep guard over his darling child himself.

"Ah! yes," replied the canon, "she must be kept to her studies more. I must not let these many students have such free access to the house. I fear that young Felix Radbert from Lyons: he has been here much of late. Tell me, my children, what I ought to do."

"Do?" replied Agatha, in an earnest tone: "there is but one thing to do. Enter Heloisa into some cloistral school; put her away in some retreat for the present; do anything with her to part her from her present teacher."

"What!" exclaimed the indignant canon. "Do you mean Master Abelard?"

"I do," answered Agatha, calmly.

"What does your sister fear, Agnes?" inquired Canon Fulbert. "Tell me, my children, what do you mean?"

"Agatha fears the influence of Master Abelard," replied Agnes. "She says Heloisa is

a prodigy of to-day. You know her quickness of thought, her vehemence of attachment, her power of receiving impressions. Some one is influencing her. Some strong, sympathetic current has already reached her, and she is silent and secretive now, and you know she never had any reserve. Father, dear father," added Agnes, stroking the canon's silvery hair with her soft hand, and speaking in a gentle, beseeching tone, "do not let our child be taught by this man any longer. He is drawing Heloisa to him as the moon draws the tides. He has conquered hearts wherever he has gone. He is selfish in his fascinating greed. He must have everything he touches. He absorbs all who come near him into his own swollen greatness. O father, stop this, I beg you! Stop this powerful influence before it is too late."

"Nonsense! you poor, silly child," replied the canon, with a derisive laugh. "Is this all? Ha! ha! what a doves-cote you have lived in, to let your fears run away with you. Why, if I did not know you better, I would put this down to female vanity. Master Abelard, the dictator of Paris, — soon to be a

priest, — stopping in the midst of his brilliant career to pay attention to this child, his pupil; who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Why, father, dear," replied Agatha, "you have read history in vain, if you have not seen many a great man's career diverted by just such a tender love. Was not a woman's love the cause of the war of Troy? was it not a Helen who arrayed Agamemnon, and Achilles, and Diomed, and Ajax, against Hector, and Priam, and Æneas?"

"But, my children," protested the old man, "only think how I am honored. Of all the families in Paris, mine is the favored one; of all the hundreds of private pupils, from the nobles at the court, down to the humblest peasant's home, who crave a few moments of this scholar's time, I alone am accepted and honored, wherever I go, as the friend and confidant of Peter Abelard. Really, my daughters, you must not trifle with your father's highest ambition: you must not trample upon his latest pride in life, — the exceptional honor of having Peter Abelard as my darling's teacher. I know what they say. Have not Anselmus at

Laon, and the poor old Father Du Blois, warned me about the dangerous teachings of the man? But then, they are old men who belong to another age. They have no sympathy with this dawning revival of learning and common sense."

A loud rapping from the knocker at the garden gate interrupted the conversation at this point. Agatha went, like Rhoda of old, to open the gate for the apostle. This time it was not an apostle escaped from prison. It was Felix Radbert, who wanted to see Canon Fulbert for a little while. Thereupon Agatha and Agnes slipped out of the gate, and left the canon sitting with the young student on the stone bench under the arbor, where they spent a long time together, — in fact, until late into the afternoon, — engaged in very animated conversation, as the black servant remembered, when she was questioned afterwards about it.

The lesson indoors was also somewhat longer that day than usual. This may have been owing to the unexpected apparition of the Spanish gypsies, for it took some little time to recover from the fright occasioned

by their presence. Or it may have been because the subject of the lesson that day was of peculiar interest. But whatever the cause of the lengthened discourse on this particular day, it happened that, during the long three hours in which the canon and Felix Radbert sat on the stone bench by the garden wall, while the sun of that September afternoon approached the hill-tops on the other side of the Seine, outside the gates of Paris, the fair young pupil and the illustrious teacher sat together, poring over a hard lesson-book between them.

St. Augustine's "City of God" was put away in the room where the company had been sitting; but before the tapestry work was laid aside in its heavy folds, for it was to be made into a screen as a Christmas gift for Canon Fulbert's study, the teacher remarked, "Why did you choose these Grecian heads for your central medallion?"

"Because I like the Grecian face," replied the pupil: "it is feminine, you see, and there is power in it, and it always means conquest. You know my uncle will let me do anything I wish."

"But," replied Abelard, "you said that it represented Orpheus and Eurydice, or Dido and Æneas, or Pericles and Aspasia. You know with what intensity of search Orpheus followed the shade of Eurydice. Only the other day we read together Dido's lament over the departing Æneas, and her sacrificial funeral pyre seen by the inflexible voyager. You remember the lines you stumbled over so?

'Felix, heu, nimium felix! si litora tantum
Nunquam Dardaniae tetigessent nostra carinae.
Dixit: et, os impressa toro, Moriemur inultae!
Sed moriamur, ait: Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.'

But these are very different characters from the relationship of Pericles and Aspasia. Do you know the social and political character of Aspasia's influence over the Grecian ruler?"

"Why, I know a little," replied Heloisa, somewhat surprised at the severe tone of her teacher, and not daring to look at his full, black, lustrous eyes. "I know Cleone said in one of his letters, 'Take heed, Aspasia, all orators are deceivers, and Pericles is the greatest of orators.' I forget the rest,

only towards the end he says, 'Love of supremacy, miscalled glory, finds most, and leaves all, dishonest.'"

"Why did you not forget that, Heloisa, and remember something better?" replied Abelard. "Surely you do not believe it?"

"I do not know yet," said Heloisa. "I know but little of the world. I am not *sure* of very much as yet. I am learning, however, by degrees, to see things with my own eyes."

"Have you read any more of their letters in Greek?" asked Abelard, in a tone of disguised interest. "I am sure I have not read them myself."

"Why, yes," answered the pupil. "I remember in one of Aspasia's epistles to Cleone she writes, 'Fear not for me, Cleone! Pericles has attained the summit of glory; and the wisdom and virtue that acquired it for him are my sureties.' Then she goes on with some other words, which I forget," continued Heloisa, "but she ends in this way, if I remember the passage aright: 'A great man knows the value of greatness: he dares not hazard it; he will not squander

it. Imagine you that the confidence and affection of a people so acute, so vigilant, so jealous, as the Athenians, would have rested firmly and constantly on one inconstant and infirm? If he loves me the merit is not mine: the fault, however, will be mine if he ceases.'"

"What do you mean, Heloisa?" exclaimed Abelard, looking at his pupil's averted face. "Surely you have some deeper meaning in these words than you care to let me know. Do you think that because I am an orator I am a deceiver, and that it is only my reputation at the hands of the citizens of Paris which keeps me, as it kept Pericles in the presence of the Athenians, from sinking?"

"No! no!" exclaimed Heloisa, in a beseeching tone of voice. "You have misunderstood my words. I meant nothing! Oh! I am sure I meant nothing that should reflect on you. You asked me to tell you what I knew of Aspasia. I answer I am innocent of any wrong intention. I know very little. I only happened to read some of her Epistles, while arranging Uncle Fulbert's volumes the other day, when his new

manuscript cases were put up in the study. I dusted them with his feather brush, and I stopped awhile to read. I beg you, sir, think no harm of me; I meant nothing. It is yourself who forces into them a meaning I never dreamed of. Tell me something of Pericles and Aspasia. I will not put their faces on uncle's tapestry screen, if there is any harm in the remembrance of their lives."

"There is not very much to tell," replied Abelard, with a moody frown. "You shall read about her wonderful influence when you come to the history of Pericles in Plutarch. She devoted her attention to politics and social questions. Her home was the resort of the learned and distinguished men of Greece. Even Socrates followed in her train. But she conquered the heart of Pericles, the foremost citizen and ruler of the republic of Athens, so that the people used to call Pericles Olympian Jupiter, and Aspasia Juno. She was a born queen, and ruled through her powerful influence upon men."

"But why did Pericles allow himself to fall from power through her influence?" inquired Heloisa.

"Ah! I cannot tell you that," answered Abelard; "why did the calm Cæsar — statesman, author, warrior, ruler, and a king among men — stop his pursuit of Pompey, neglect his consular duties, and forget the machinations of his foes at Rome, all for the sake of the coppery Cleopatra, a girl only sixteen years old? When we read such things in fable, in Homer, or in Virgil, we know what the power of Helen or Dido was; but when the severe Pericles, and the imperturbable Cæsar" —

"Here comes uncle," broke in Heloisa, as footsteps were heard upon the steps leading up from the lattice-way. "I shall hear you to-morrow at the cathedral; it is St. Michael's day, and I suppose you will tell us something about the angels. I am coming; but what am I among the hundreds who will be there?"

"Why do you come at all?" said Abelard, with a flushed cheek and wrinkled brow, as he opened the door to pass out. "How can I forget Cleone's words, as you yourself have stung me with them? '*Take heed, Aspasia! All orators are deceivers.*'" *

* Walter Savage Landor.

CHAPTER VII.

The Rift in the Lute.

"It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening, slowly silence all.

"The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That, rotting inward, slowly moulders all."

TENNYSON. — *Vivien.*

PARIS in the twelfth century, while it was not the Paris of to-day, possessed in germ the full flower of the present gay metropolis of Europe. The walk along the Seine, from the island to the spot where the Trocadero building stood at the latest French Exposition, was at that far-off day as favorite a promenade as it is at present. Here were the garden of the Tuileries, and the Place de la Concorde, and the Champs Elysées. Here were found booths and eating places, saloons for music and dancing, oriental bazaars, ornamented with Persian goods, tents with trained animals gayly caparisoned, archery

gardens bristling with pennants, fortune-tellers whose rustic stands were adorned with mystic banners, weird hangings, and curiosities from the depths of the sea, and the bones of animals from the forest, together with Jewish exchange stalls, where Venetian and Florentine Jews stopped and weighed out the strange looking gold and silver coin of foreign lands. Lanterns sparkled at night time through the trees then, just as brilliant gas jets and electric lights illumine the place now.

Then, as now, thronging crowds of men and women sauntered along the shady avenue covered by overspreading trees. Then, as now, the sounds of music were heard in the different enclosures, while every little while the shrill, piercing tone of some female singer would be heard above the accompanying music, making some popular point, and reaching some difficult key; the last note being lost in the swamping high-tide chorus of applause, rising like the voice of a storm in the far-off distance.

In one of these rustic booths, or rude theatres, a party of actors from Byzantium

had been vainly endeavoring to reproduce the tragedy of Iphigenia. The story of Prometheus bound to the rock was to be given a little later on, after singing by a famous Egyptian cantatrice.

The player who personated Iphigenia had just ended a sad wail or plaint with these words,—

> "Oh! what is the world to me?
> Oh! what am I to the world?
> From myself I flee, in my misery;
> From peak to peak I am hurled."

A group of rather noisy students were drinking at a table in a little arbor by the side.

"Enough of this miserable tragedy," cried one. "It's nothing now-a-days but sighs and groans on the stage. We might just as well have a parcel of monks with their dirty black feet running over the boards. Enough of Iphigenia, I say. Don't let us wait for Prometheus. Let us raise the cry of Sejélma!"

"Sejélma! Sejélma!" called out two or three students in the booth. The name of this popular singer was soon on the lips of

the entire audience; and with a great racket of applause, beating of hands on tables, stamping of feet, pounding with sticks, and banging of chairs on the wooden flooring, the excited audience beseiged the show managers. The disheartened Greeks withdrew from the stage, and in a few moments Sejélma appeared, bending gracefully before the tumultuous audience.

A tall, slender girl, with an Egyptian face and perfectly bronze complexion, stood for a few moments before the spectators waiting for quiet to be restored. She was adorned with a heavy gold and ebony head-dress; a black lace veil, bound as a rope, sweeping from the left side of the head over the right shoulder, and down to her feet, like the veil so well known in statuary by the famous Grecian figure of Pudentia. An elaborate necklace of ivory and bronze ornamented her breast, while long, pendant ear-rings of pearl and silver filigree work reached nearly to her shoulders. She was clad in a rich, yellow robe with a heavy, broad, black border to it, and in her hand she held a large feather fan with long, gold tassels.

As she sang, she balanced the fan in her hands from side to side, nodding her head and swaying her body in unison with the music. The effect was irresistible. It seemed as if the graceful figure upon the boards kept time to every beat of the music, as she seemed to swing off the strange melody of the Egyptian song and the Persian dance, with the waving motion of the feather fan, now quickly fluttering, now slowly, evenly poised, like the sweep of some great bird high in the heavens.

"Is she not wonderful?" cried the excited Leitulf; for it was Abelard's former pupil who had been speaking, fulfilling in his words the prophecy of Clotilde, Abelard's mother, that he was born to be a stage manager. "Give her another round of applause," he continued: "*Viva Sejélma! viva! a bas Prometheus! viva la cantatrice!*"

This cry was taken up by the entire audience; and amid a further round of applause, the calm, graceful Sejélma, seemingly balancing herself by her irresistible fan, as it kept time to the music below her, sang the remainder of the song:—

"O short are the moments of life,
And sad are the moments of love,
For the terrible strife, with its soul-piercing knife,
Tears open the heart of my dove.

"Then sing, sing, sing,
To my queen in her bower of bliss;
And ring, ring, ring,
And the gates will swing back at her kiss.

"Were the world a diamond meet,
Which the gods had given to me,
I would lay it down at my loved one's feet,
And my darling would set me free!

"Then sing, sing, sing,
To my queen in her bower of bliss;
And ring, ring, ring,
And the gates will swing back at her kiss."

A tumultuous scene of applause followed this song. It was in vain that the graceful Sejélma, the favorite cantatrice of the hour, endeavored to retire. The age of the troubadours was beginning; and this captivating Sejélma, with her bewitching tones and sympathetic motions, — entrancing every one who came under her spell, with her mysterious Egyptian face and her calm, imperturbable self-reliance, — was the first of these *trouvers*. This song, called "The Sigh of the Lover,"

was repeated, and another one was called for, full of quick movement and beating rhythm: —

"Dost thou call?
Art thou here?
Hie thee! hie thee!
Soul so dear!
Mount my steed, love; fly away;
Linger not till break of day.
Hie thee! hie thee!
Soul so dear!
Trust your heart's love;
Never fear."

Again the fan swung to and fro, with this strangely attractive bronze face behind it. Again the swaying body kept time to the music of the piece, until one could almost hear the imaginary horse hoofs of the song. Again the richly dressed Oriental, with her flowing drapery, riveted all eyes upon her, and in a few moments, with a farewell bow, retired.

As Prometheus was the coming piece, to be acted by the dull Greeks from Byzantium, Leitulf, with his drinking companions, burst his way out of the arbor into the broad avenue that skirted the river, down towards

the spot where the ruined Tuileries now stand.

"Who is this Sejélma, and where did she pick up those songs?" inquired Theodore, the former student of Abelard at Mount St. Génévière.

"Ah!" exclaimed Leitulf, "you may well ask that. Sejélma is a captive Egyptian whom Boemond, Duke of Toulouse, found at Alexandria. A pretty hostage for a crusader, to be sure! She bewitched the Saracens at Cairo and Damascus, and she has been studying French songs at Cordova and Lyons. Poor Felix Radbert is wild over her, ever since old Fulbert refused to let him have his niece Heloisa. You know the fellow has become reckless, and he furnishes her with new songs. But as for the songs, men, who do you think wrote those lover pieces?"

The party were staggering along the broad avenue in the clear moonlight, taking up the entire street as they spread themselves across it, arm in arm, after the manner of college students going home from a supper. They were too much occu-

pied with their own muddy thoughts to perceive that two ecclesiastics were walking a little way behind them, and could not but overhear their noisy remarks. They tried in vain to find out the origin of those captivating love songs. Perhaps Sejélma brought them with her; perhaps she picked them up in Spain. They were new here. Who could have written them?

At last, with many oaths, the excited Leitulf replied, "Why, our old fool of a master wrote them — Peter Abelard. Felix Radbert found them one night, down behind a stone bench in old Fulbert's garden. That was enough for him. He knows now who has bewitched Heloisa, and cast dust in the eyes of the canon. So in his revenge he takes them to Sejélma, and out she comes with 'The Lover's Sigh,' and the rest of this love twaddle! Ha! ha! what a joke on the old lover. And to think that the bowstring all the professors and scholars could not withstand, has been quietly snapped by a girl of seventeen; and the man we used to listen to, and wonder at, and rave about, is as stupid now as a blinking owl. Yes,

it's all over with old Abelard, and the gods after all have come down in the likeness of men."

"Is it possible?" inquired the former law student from Bologna. "Has it come to this? I have wondered what was the matter with the man. He is spiritless and mechanical in his lectures now-a-days. The room is only half full, and the master yawns, and gaps, and sighs, and stutters, and is all absent minded and distraught. I have heard it said that his old sickness was returning to him; but I never knew it was a love fever the man had. Ha! ha! *sic transit gloria mundi.* The mitre, gown, and cloister are laid down for the distaff and the love song! What a fall! and Peter Abelard only five and thirty years, with Paris at his feet, and the world envying him his fame. For my part, I am done with Paris, and this maudlin love philosophy. Radbert told me the other day he was going to join Baldwin's forces at Edessa, and become a crusader. He is as stern and reckless as an Indian fakir. But I suppose Sejélma will have a word to say. Radbert furnishes her with

all the money she wants. I am through, my men, with studies for a while. I am going off next week, down to Brescia, to join Citizen Arnold's forces there. You remember Arnold, from Lombardy, that black-bearded little fellow who was at Melun and at St. Génévieve for a time. Well, he's fighting the old pope, and is going to have a republican Rome once more, with prætors, and tribunes, and fasces, and togas, and all the rest of the old regime. Abelard is done; and all further studying is out of the question; so, I say, Hurrah! for a free Italy once more, and *Viva!* Arnold of Brescia."

"Viva! Arnold de Brescia! A bas! Pierre Abelard!" shouted the noisy students

"I'll join you," exclaimed Genseric. "I remember Arnold at St. Génévieve. He said one day, after one of Abelard's lectures, that his propositions would surely work themselves out into a republican political revolution some day, and now he is at it fighting the pope and those black-hearted, hell-deserving priests! Down with the priests, I say, and up with the tribunes once more. Who knows but that we may have a republic

in France some day, the same as Arnold is bringing in at Rome!"

"Viva! Arnold de Brescia!" exclaimed Leitulf, who by this time was reeling. "Abelard has played the fool, and has given his soul to the devil. I am ready for this new republic. Down with the devil's own priests, I say. Why, here are two of them now, dogging our steps like a gloomy shadow. Let's throw them in the Seine. Heh! men, let us give them chase."

As he uttered these words, the excited students turned and ran after the retreating ecclesiastics. The old men gathered up their cassocks, and ran as rapidly as they could, making their way in among the trees towards a neighboring music arbor, where a crowd of people were standing. The excited students seeing that the pursuit would be in vain, and fearing that they might come upon some officers of the city, at length desisted, and locking themselves together, arm in arm, pursued their way down the broad avenue, singing one of the seditious war songs of the hour, which had already found its way over the Apennines and the Alps to the

seething heart of France. The strong voice of Leitulf could be heard in the distance, as the noisy party retired, singing the following popular war song: —

"O, men of the South, arise!
Remember the days that are gone;
The war god is shaking the skies,
And he must not fight alone.

"O, land of the noble past!
O, Rome, thou queen of the world!
While the breath of a freeman shall last,
Let thy standard of old be unfurled!

"Then fight, fight, fight,
And the nations shall feel the din;
And strike, strike, strike,
For the free of heart shall win."

As the sounds of the noisy students became fainter and fainter in the receding distance, the two frightened ecclesiastics emerged from the crowd around the music arbor, and came down the avenue once more in the full moonlight.

It was the Père Du Blois and Anselm of Laon who emerged from the shadows of the trees on the avenue. When they found that they were safe, and that the danger

of any further pursuit was past, the tall, thin, wiry Anselm broke the stillness by remarking, —

"What an ending is this, my brother, to the strange career of Abelard! Is it possible that what we have heard this night can be true? Hast thou known any of these students in days gone by?"

"Ah! my father," sighed the old priest, still panting from his exertion in running, "what an ending, indeed! How dismally has the sun gone down while it was yet day. Truly hath the prophet said, 'The earth is weak, and all the inhabitants thereof: I said unto the fools, deal not so madly, and to the ungodly, set not up your horn. God is the judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another.' What we have heard to-night is, alas! too true. I remember that knave who shouted for Arnold of Brescia, and headed the pursuit, when we would surely have been snared, but for the protection of the crowd at the music stand. His name is Leitulf. I remember him distinctly on a certain night which I spent at Mount. St. Génévieve. A dear young student, Felix Radbert by name,

rescued me from just such a noisy party as this. They were quarreling in the streets at night, over the dead body of some poor peasant seized from the morgue. Felix carried me off on horseback to Abelard's school on the hill. Alas! alas! that Abelard should have fallen so low!"

"But wherefore do you grieve, my good father?" exclaimed the tall, angular theologian, bending his head forward and gesticulating with his hands. "The hand of God is in this thing. He who has made a mock of the Bishop of Chalons, and of Anselmus of Laon, has been captured by a woman. It is another Samson in the lap of Delilah. For myself, I can sing with Deborah the prophetess, 'At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead.' Truly the Lord hath sold this Sisera into the hands of a woman, that the glory thereof might not be to us."

"I know all this," replied the aged priest; "I know how the Lord hath snared this man and broken his power; but it is sad to think of this wasted life. Never shall I for-

get the first time I heard him speak, on St. John the Baptist's day, some few years ago. All Paris turned out to welcome back the young master. Never can I forget the grief of William of Champeaux, and the magical way in which this astonishing young man won me to his side, on the very night in which I had been to condole with our illustrious friend, the Bishop of Chalons. It is about a year ago, I think, that I saw him last. I met him in the crowd, at the fête on the king's birthday, in the Royal Gardens. He was moody and disheartened. He had gained the whole world, even then, — I mean the world of fame and glory, — and I feared, even at that time, he was ruining his soul by dallying with this temptation. It all comes back to me now. I warned him against the pride of this intellectual life he was living. I begged him to start some form of mission work: to do something to break the spell of study that was upon him, and escape from the perils of this unnatural, feverish life. He listened to me eagerly for a few moments; his face was flushed, and his lips quivered; but a portion of the flooring gave

way, and I lost him in the crowd. I have not seen him since!"

"I do not think you would care to see him now," said Anselm, in a derisive tone; "I am sure I never was so overjoyed, as the day when I watched him ride out of St. Catherine's gate at Laon. All the students were becoming infected with his heresies. Even the wise young Peter Lombard was distraught for a week, as though he were in love. It was a good riddance to us all at Laon then, and I think it is a wonderful deliverance to the church at large. Never shall I forget the way the wretch talked to me in old St. Joachim's castle. But it has happened to him according to the words of the devil in Eden, *Eritis sicut Dii scientes bonum et malum.*"

"Did you ever meet this Italian firebrand, Arnold?" inquired the priest. "I hear he is a terrible ringleader of sedition, and that all the fiery young students and adventurers who are sick of the Crusades, and want the spoils of revolution, are flocking to him at Brescia."

"No," answered the indignant Anselm, "I

know nothing, save that which Peter Lombard has told me. He comes from that region, and is somewhat touched with the spirit of rebellion. Yesterday it was Peter Abelard: to-day it is Arnold of Brescia. Heaven only knows whom it will be to-morrow."

By this time the priests had arrived at the open garden, where the Egyptian obelisk now stands, in the Place de la Concorde.

"Here we must part, dear brother," exclaimed Anselm; "but we shall meet soon at Chalons with the beloved bishop. Lotulphus and Albericus (God bless their dear hearts!) will be there; and Bernard of Clairvaux will also be present with his scheme of the Holy Catholic League for the union of the faithful. Cheer up! my friend. The Almighty will yet scatter kings in Salmon, and will destroy all them of Bashan; and the church will yet have peace and victory over its enemies." Saying this, the father and the theologian parted.

As the old priest was wending his way home towards the gate of Mount St. Geneviève, he espied before him a female form

draped with the long, black veil of a sister's hood. As he approached the lonely figure, he perceived that she was carrying a large bundle. On coming up with her, he found that it was Agatha Hildare.

"Whither so late?" my daughter, asked the father. "Let me help you with your burden."

"Oh! it is you, Père Du Blois, is it?" replied Agatha. "Really, I am glad to meet a friend at this hour."

"What have you here, my child?" asked the priest. "Your package is too heavy for you to bear alone. There, now, let me take it." Saying this, he took the bundle from Agatha's unwilling hands.

"It is the habit of a sister," replied Agatha: "I am taking it to Canon Fulbert's — my old home, you know. Heloisa wanted it for some purpose. She says she wishes to give it to my sister Agnes. This other package is a new altar covering. I have just finished the embroidery of it. My uncle Fulbert wants to send it to his old friend, the Bishop of Chalons, for his private chapel. He is soon to have a special service

there, on the feast of All Saint's day, and a number of notables are to be present. Are you going to the canonry?"

"Why, yes, my daughter," replied the father, "I will go with you. Perhaps I can see the canon, too. I have somewhat to say to him."

"Uncle's old friend, Anselm of Laon, spent the entire afternoon with him," said Agatha.

"Indeed," said the father; "I have just parted from him. We had quite an adventure, and were set upon by a parcel of noisy students. They brought strange news to our ears, Agatha. We could not help hearing their talk. Agatha, does your uncle still believe in — in — Abelard?"

"Oh! my father," replied Agatha, in an earnest tone and manner, "will you not break this spell that is upon him? Will you not lift this veil that blinds his mind? The lecture room of the master is deserted: his visits to the canonry are the talk of the town. I am told that the very singers in the public gardens sing the love songs which I know were written by Abelard. Heloisa is infatu-

ated. She sits by the hour with her teacher. They make excursions together, to gather plants and flowers, as she declares, simply for the study of botany. Our darling has lost her head, her heart, her will, for the sake of this cruel, avaricious man, who is absorbing the dear child's very life. The fold is closed against the wolves, as Uncle Fulbert calls the young students; and yet the wehr-wolf in sheep's clothing is installed as shepherd of the household. O, my dear, good father, in God's name, break this delusion! Oh! break this spell, or we are ruined, and the peace of our once happy home is gone."

Here the poor girl broke into a flood of tears, and wrung her hands in the depths of her distress, as she stood on the bridge which led over the river to the island. A few steps more brought them to the canonry.

"Is Canon Fulbert in?" inquired Père Du Blois, as the Moorish servant girl answered the call of the knocker, while the weeping Agatha slipped through the open door.

"No, father," was the reply, "he left this evening for Chalons."

"When will he return?" inquired the priest.

"In a fortnight," the woman replied. "The Mistress Heloisa is waiting for you, Sister Agatha."

The old priest hereupon gave a sigh, and slowly departed.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Storm Breaks.

"The sky is changed! and such a change!
Oh! night, and storm, and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light of a dark eye in woman."

ON the road skirting the forest of Vincennes, by the side of the Queen's Lake, — a broad, beautiful sheet of water, — in the full light of an August moon, with no sounds to break the stillness of the scene, save those mysterious noises which nature always evokes from the insect world, the tall figure of a man might have been seen reaching over from the tufted bank, gathering water-flowers. The closed lily-pads were difficult to secure, and as they refused to surrender too easily their deeply rooted lives to this marauder of their peace, it was necessary for the gatherer to hook them with a curved staff which he held in his hand, and was using quite dexterously. Presently he returned to the shore with a bundle of lilies,

whose long stems reached to the ground. Approaching a maiden, who stood waiting beneath an overshadowing willow tree, he bound the lilies around the neck of the *petite* figure, and placing both hands in hers, bestowed upon the upturned mouth a rapturous lover's kiss.

"True, my dearest, we are having a lesson in botany to-day," he whispered; "but those lilies are not more irresistible than are you, nor are their long stems more lasting than is my firmly planted love for you. Poor things, they cannot help themselves, nor can we. We are alike victims."

"But, dearest," exclaimed the maiden, "what is your confessed love to my long suppressed affection, dating back, as it does, to that first day, when, as a mere child, I saw you, then a student in the cathedral school, passing daily by the door of the sombre canonry?"

"Did you care for me even then, Heloisa?" asked her lover, as he looked at her fascinating face, which nestled at his elbow, while they resumed their walk on the by-path between the forest and the lake.

"O," sighed the maiden, "think of all these years during which I have loved you, — my poor heart all torn and distracted, and I feeding, like the pelican, on my own bleeding breast, with no one to whom I could breathe my sighs. You have had your studies, and your fame, and the incense of the world's praise ever burning before you. You have had a thousand things to distract and cheer you. I have had nothing all these years but my lonely love, burning like some solitary taper in a deserted chamber."

"But, my dear one," replied Abelard, as he looked down upon the small figure nestling at his side, "what has been your loneliness compared with mine? Placed as I have been above the level of the masses, still I have felt the strange solitariness of a life divorced from everything that is human. It may seem to the thoughtless that a public life, such as mine has been, brings its own reward; but again and again, after my bustling hearers have left the lecture hall, I have stood alone in the lonely spot, hearing only my own heart beat, as I have yearned in this terrible loneliness for that which is human

nature's only complement: the answering voice of another soul. I cannot be alone. I cannot bear the pressure of my own thoughts, as they burn themselves in upon my mind. And yet, my mother, before she entered the convent at Nantes, told me that I would, in all probability, be known to the world through my life as a monk. But that can never be now, since I have given up all my future life for thee."

"Ah!" sighed the maiden, "I will never let you lay down your life at my feet. I will never stand in your way. Though I have loved you in secret through these long years, I shall never let myself be the stumbling-block in the downfall of such a scholar's fame. The silver cross you gave me, with the serpent twined over it, — that very one which you wore upon your breast on the day you came back to Paris, — shall never be the symbol of my love. I will not coil myself around your life, to make people wonder at, while at the same moment they cannot but admire, your career. How well do I remember the day when Uncle Fulbert took Leonora Montreux and Helen Martini with him,

and said I was too young to go! How I stole away, after all, though no one ever knew it, and saw your triumph, and looked again at the face I had not seen during those anxious months when you were ill in Brittany. And the night of the king's fête at the Royal Gardens, when Felix Radbert was vexing me with unmeaning questions, how well I remember seeing you talking with old Père Du Blois, and wondering to myself whether I was ever to see you at the canonry, since I knew Uncle Fulbert had written to you to come to our home, after your expulsion from Laon."

"But what will you do, Heloisa?" answered Abelard; "and what am I to do? I have lectured about freedom and necessity, and know all the steps of the argument for freedom by degrees; and yet, after all that I have said, I am not free. Some strange presence is in my life; some resistless impulse is imbedded in my will. I would rise above the world, and some clanking chain drags me down, like the hunting-falcon tied to the knight's wrist. The song I wrote about Iphigenia, which is sung to-day in the

music gardens, is the cry of my own poor, captive soul. I am told Sejélma sings it with all her Egyptian pathos: —

> 'From myself I flee, in my misery;
> From peak to peak I am hurled.'"

"But, my darling," sobbed the distressed Heloisa, "what can we do unless one of us unsheathes the knife of sacrifice? You remember how I quoted to you, on the day when the gypsies appeared at the canonry, and I was working at my tapestry medallion, the words of Aspasia to Pericles: 'If he loves me the merit is not mine: it will be mine, however, if he ceases to love me.' I do not say this to-day; my love has risen higher than this. I can lay myself aside now, as a thing accursed, for you, like the impaled offerings the ancients used to dedicate to the god Neptune, after some great deliverance from sea. I am coming by degrees to be delivered from myself. One of us must be a sacrifice, for the judgment day is very near at hand. We cannot long escape it. I shall enter the convent at Argenteuil, where I spent my happy girl-

hood; and after the lightning has blasted my life and made its irreparable scar upon me, I shall be forgotten, save as I have helped to drag down to the level of the sinning age we live in, the foremost scholar of his day!"

Here Heloisa burst into a flood of tears and sat down upon a rock by the roadside, while her lover stood by her side, caressing her straggling black locks. Just then a peasant boy came by, driving a couple of stolid donkeys. He was alternately whistling a merry air and singing, in the untamed exuberance of his animal spirits. Seeing that some one was in trouble by the roadside, he stopped his beasts and asked if he could assist the woman, who seemed lame and tired, on her way home. Abelard thanked this boy with his tender heart, for his willingness to help him, and said that it would be but a short distance before they would come to a palfrey which was in readiness for them. Perplexed and baffled at this unexpected ending of a lover's walk, the proud and self-reliant scholar assumed now the tone of command.

"Come! my Heloisa," he exclaimed, "arouse yourself, and be the brave woman of other days. For myself, I must cease coming to your uncle's house. I must throw myself into my studies again. The people are talking now about us, but this will be only like a light shower in summer time, and will soon pass away. Your uncle is still deceived. My ruse the other day in scolding you within his hearing worked to a charm. He told me, if need be, to chastise you when you were backward in your studies; and the rough whip of the flagellant Cistercians, which I brought with me and hung over the old brick fireplace, confirmed him in the opinion that I was only a rugged instructor to you, and nothing more. But those prying rooks, Agnes and Agatha, know the whole truth, I warrant you. They look at me with the nipping curtness of a northwest wind on the coast of Brittany — a wind which always presaged some punishment at home in my childhood hours. I cannot stand their marble fixedness! Sooner or later, the canon will yield to their entreaties, and will banish me from the canonry. This I can never

stand, with all Paris pointing the finger of scorn at me; and since I cannot carry the heavy burden of this scandal, all that is left for me is, to run away from it altogether now while Fulbert is at Chalons. So, my darling, you must now decide either to fly with me, or to stay in Paris and face this exposure alone."

"Oh! why did I stumble over those words of Dido the other day?" sobbed the distracted Heloisa: —

"'Felix, heu, nimium felix! si litora tantum
Nunquam Dardaniae tetigessent nostra carinae.
Dixit: et, os impressa toro, Moriemur inultae!
Sed moriamur, ait: Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.'

Oh! why have you crossed my path? Why have you touched upon the solitary coast of my poor life, if, like the wanderer from Troy, you must part from me to go on another way again? I cannot be yours, for it will drag you down into shame and dishonor. I cannot be my own, for my poor heart will break without you. I envy the dead in the churchyard, for they know not this beating strife of love. I envy souls in purgatory, for there the Divine mercy purges the dross and sin

out of this distracted, conflicting human nature of ours. Oh! my Abelard, I would gladly enter the brazen door of purgatory this moment, if I could burn away our sin. I would lie in the hell, like sheep, for you; I would bear the torments of the damned for ages, if I could only know that, at the far-off end, I could save your soul and reputation from the shadow of a scar. What can I do? If I stay behind at Paris, I will only be the monument of your disgrace, — a Lot's wife changed into a perpetual pillar of remembrance, — a Niobe turned into stone, and fixed forever in her unchanging sorrow. If I flee with you as the wife of Abelard, then you can never rise again, and my love will be like the iron nail in the temple of Sisera, with which the cruel hammer of a miserable Jael has pinned a hero forever to the earth."

"But, my dear one," replied the scholar, even then shaping out the pathway of future escape for himself, "you must fly with me to some refuge place, or stay behind to face the taunts of shame which will be hurled upon you. I have clipped the wing of all further ambition for the sake of human love.

To-day my name is a song in Paris, where once it was a power; and, like Belisarius sitting by the roadside begging, I, who have been as a king, am forgotten in the crowd. One hears nothing to-day but the name of Arnold of Brescia, or Bernard of Clairvaux; for it is round these two men that my poor, wrecked followers are gathering."

"Oh! tell me not of this," said the weeping Heloisa. "Remind me not of my share in your fall. Oh! my master, is there a God in Heaven, and can he be the good Lord they say he is, if he suffers our natures to be ravaged so fiercely by the destroyer? The world to me to-day is like some burnt field where once were green grass and bright flowers. I am blinded by the smoke of the burnings; yet what can I do? What *could* poor Dido do but die? I remember when I was at Argenteuil at school, late one night when the wind blew fiercely, how Sister Jacqueline told me of a Norse legend about some Scandinavian voyager, who was destined to sail on and on forever, never being able to double a far-off cape in Norway, until some willing victim in the shape of a

spotless maiden should offer to go on board the phantom ship and die out of love for the doomed commander. Every port into which he sailed learned to dread his phantom bark, for fear he might persuade some enthusiastic nature to offer herself as a sacrifice. At last a maiden came on board to die upon the red phantom vessel; for, ever since her childhood, she had seen the face of this doomed man haunting her! Surely, my darling, though I cannot think of myself as not pure in such a love as I have for you, surely I can enter this curse-bound vessel in which we are helplessly drifting to destruction, and I can break the spell for you."

"There is no need of dying," said Abelard, moodily. "People soon forget the dead, and there are times when it does not pay to die. Can you not forget me, Heloisa? Will not time and absence bring us to ourselves once more?"

"That may be a scholar's view of love," replied Heloisa, "but it is not a woman's conception of that love which reaches up through human frailty and sin to the divine idea of self-abnegation. You may coil the

serpent question-mark over the heart, if you will, as you coiled it once over the silver cross; but I shall fall back upon the pagan standard of my poor Iphigenia."

"Why do you harp so continually upon Iphigenia?" asked Abelard, as the full moonlight revealed to him the patient horses tied to a tree at a bend in the road a little farther on. 'I will soon restore you to the guardianship of your doting uncle; and then I shall marry you and retire from the world, laying my crown down at your feet. You asked me once to write out for you the tragedy of Iphigenia, and I did it; and before I had time to consider what I had done it was acted in the concert booths of the Royal Gardens; and Sejélma the cantatrice made the fickle crowd weep, as she sang that refrain I never supposed any one would see but yourself: —

> 'From myself I flee, in my misery;
> From peak to peak I am hurled.'

How it has been made public I am powerless to conceive. But why this story of Agamemnon's daughter sacrificed in the pres-

ence of the Greek fleet, at the command of Calchas the seer, as an offering to the gods to secure a favorable voyage to Ilium, should become the text and motto of your life, turning as it now is into a hopeless sadness, I cannot tell!"

"Ah!" said the convulsed maiden, "perhaps you will know it all some day, when you shall have regained your greatness and I shall have made my sacrifice. Can you not read this story aright? Listen, while I go over it once more. Agamemnon, king of men, you know, killed a young deer in the grove of Diana; and it was because of this insult to the goddess of chastity that he made the rash vow, that whatsoever most beautiful should be born to him within the year should be offered up in sacrifice to the goddess. I know it all. It was in vain that the grieving father postponed from day to day the inevitable sacrifice. The Grecian leaders demanded the fulfilment of the vow; but Iphigenia, at the moment of immolation, was snatched from death by the goddess, and was borne in a cloud to Taurus, where she was ever afterwards a priestess to the

insulted divinity. You have aroused the wrath of the same goddess, and it is in vain that you postpone the day of sacrifice. The wreath of victory shall yet be placed upon your brow, as the walls of Troy yielded to the forces of the Grecian king; but I shall have my Taurus, and shall be a sacred priestess there."

By this time the lovers had reached the waiting horses. Heloisa mounted and rode on in silence; while Abelard, guiding the horses, spent his choked feelings upon the frightened animals, which fairly dashed at a full gallop along the quiet road. In half an hour's time he reached the turn in the path where the stone drinking-trough was placed, at which, in days gone by, he had met the king when on his journey to Brittany. A peasant's cart was blocking up the way. In the distance could be seen, silvered in the moonlight, the tall towers of the distant school upon Mount St. Génévière. Abelard waited for a few moments to find out the cause of the delay, when to his surprise he found that another riding-party were waiting under the shadow of an old tower, and that

this was the cause of the peasant's obstruction of the road.

In a moment the tall form of a stranger, coming out of the darkness to give his horse drink at the fountain, pointed with his sword to the far-off towers of St. Génévière, and began a conversation with some person hidden in the thicket.

"Yes," said the stranger, "that is Mount St. Génévière, where we fools spent our money and time, in attendance upon that wretched hypocrite, Peter Abelard. We simply worshiped him, with that strange adoration young men who are students feel towards other young men, who are nearer to their ideal than they are themselves, and who are their teachers, though only removed from them in age by a few years. Mother of God! how we adored that creature. The wretch! the foul fiend seize his heart. The villain! the devil incarnate" —

"Hold, there!" cried Abelard, springing from his saddle. "Whoever thou art, thou shalt not talk thus of me. Stand! thou miscreant. I myself am the person thou dost vilify."

The clear moonlight revealed to the excited Abelard, as he hurriedly approached the stone fountain, the tall, lithe form of his former friend, Felix Radbert. He was dressed in a costly velvet suit, with cap and cloak of the same material, and a sabre richly ornamented with gems and gold workmanship was fastened at his side. In the distance, seated on a palfrey, a female figure could be seen, covered with a head-dress of lace. She spoke a few words, excitedly, in a foreign tongue, to which Felix replied in the same unknown language. The handsome, dark face of the young student from Lyons, with his large, black eyes, his finely chiseled chin and mouth, revealed a look of unutterable scorn, as he met the eyes of his former teacher.

"Is it thou, Felix?" said Abelard, in his most beseeching tone, as he laid his heavy hand upon the resolute, square shoulder of his former friend. "By Heaven! thou hast nursed thy vindictive spirit to some purpose, if thus thou dost manifest the blind rage of a beast. Why this hate, Felix? Thou who didst once love me so."

"Take thy foul hand from my shoulder!" cried Felix, stepping back and drawing out his keen scimeter, whose blade flashed in the silvery moonlight. "Stand back! I say, or I will wreak my full vengeance on thy wicked soul, thou first-born of the devil!"

"Hold!" cried Abelard, waving over his shoulder the heavy staff with the crook, which he had used in gathering the pond lilies. "This will bottle up thy foul slanders, when I tap in thy heated skull, if it is war thou wishest rather than words. For shame, Felix, thou ingrate, for shame! that thus thou dost, Judas-like, betray thy master!"

"Talk not of betrayal," said Felix, his voice softening, as he stood face to face with the happy memories of the past, which the presence of Abelard inevitably evoked. "It is thou, sir, who hast betrayed my inmost soul. You lifted me to heaven only that you might thrust me down to hell. You bade me mount the chariot of the sun, and then your horses ran away with you, — and I have fallen, like Icarus, to destruction. You found me a gay young student from Lyons: believing nothing, but yet the innocent child

of my surroundings, unsullied by deadly sin. You gave me a God, when I had no God. You told me of a father in heaven, and my soul echoed an answer to this call of God to my life. You made me believe that immortality was as real and as certain as is to-morrow's sunrise. I seemed to be treading a golden highway to a heaven which was only a little way further on. Prayer was as real to me as my daily food; angels seemed to help me on my way; and I could have died a hundred deaths in the zeal of my young manhood for the sake of Him whom you revealed to me as the Son of man. Never would I suffer a word to be spoken against you! Always would I defend you against the evil accusations of others. Yea, I was your henchman, when William of Champeaux, or the Père Du Blois, or Anselm at Laon, would fling their mud at your fame! And then, when I turned to set me down in life with one whom I loved, — even the Heloisa of my heart's pure devotion, — like a fiend from the pit, in the garb of an angel of light, thou hast stolen her heart, and hast stabbed to the death my faith in a God, and

a hereafter, and in human goodness. You gave me my God, and now you have robbed me of that very God you once gave me. My brain is on fire with revenge, and my heart is given over to the lusts which revel there. You have come to my soul like the seven devils more wicked than the first. I am emptied, swept, and garnished of all belief in any goodness, and the last state of my soul in hell — if there be a hell — will be ten times worse than the first. Oh! thou slayer of my peace — oh! thou murderer of my conscience — why hast thou come in my path this night to taunt me with the bitter recollections of that past?"

"Hush this raving, Felix," cried Abelard. "Thou wilt draw the night officers. See, here comes thy companion, in terror." As he said this, the graceful form of the veiled lady appeared by the fountain, and clasped Felix's arm in hers.

"No! no!" she cried, "come, my Felix, with me."

"Who is this woman?" said Abelard.

"This is Sejélma," answered Felix. "The same who has won the hearts of Paris to-

day, by her love songs. She sings," he continued, with a derisive smile, "some choice choruses from a new and popular version of Iphigenia."

"Did I not say thou wert a betrayer?" exclaimed Abelard. "I know thy villany! To think of thy stealing those love words from Agatha Hildare, and then throwing them broadcast to the world. It is thou, Felix Radbert, who hast damned me in the public gaze, so that I, who was once the idol of Paris, am to-day only a by-word and a song. Ah! thou traitor, it is thy revenge which makes me to-day an exile from myself."

"And well thou deservest to be an exile," said Felix. "I, too, am an exile, and your love song is the doom of fate upon each of us, —

> 'From myself I flee, in my misery;
> From peak to peak I am hurled.'

You will not see me more. I am going to Alexandria with my Sejélma; for she is my mistress, now that you have stolen her from me who should have been my wife. Her home is restored, and her father is at liberty

now that the Crusade is over; and I might as well become a Mahommedan, and believe in Fate, since you have robbed me of my God. Stand back! Sejélma," cried Felix, "until I give the villain a mark of my wrath to bear in his body, as a remembrance of the soul he has defrauded."

Saying this, Felix advanced upon Abelard, and struck at him with his sabre in fine swordsman's style, downward from left to right and upward from right to left.

Abelard parried the blows in a dexterous manner with his tough oaken staff. The sound of the blows, and the angry words of the combatants, brought to the fountain at the four corners of the road the distant Heloisa, who arrived in time to see her lover grasp the glittering scimeter from the hand of his opponent. Before she could utter a word, Abelard hurled Felix to the ground with the grip of a wrestler, and seizing the sword deliberately broke it in two, on its flat side, over his knee. Throwing it to one side, he quickly retraced his steps and, taking Heloisa by the hand, was in an instant at the horses' side. Heloisa quickly mounted, and

in a moment the pair dashed past the fountain, at whose base Sejélma was endeavoring to help Felix Radbert to his feet. A terrible curse broke forth from the lips of the prostrate student, who shook his clenched fist at Abelard, as the frightened horses dashed by.

"You will know now what it means," called out Abelard, in passing, "when your cantatrice sings in public the stolen love words of another: 'From peak to peak I am hurled.'" And the riders rounded the corner, and disappeared from the sight of Sejélma and her lover.

"What is all this?" sobbed Heloisa, as the lights of Paris came into view in the distance. "What a strange ending for a lover's walk, under the guise of a lesson in botany! Here are our baskets and our leaf-presses without a fern or a flower in them. O, Abelard, why did you fight with poor Radbert and that actress? Now it will be known all over Paris, and you will be utterly undone."

"I am utterly undone already," said Abelard, in a frenzy. "I can sink no lower in the public estimation! You must flee with me now, before another sun goes down, to

Brittany. There, in solitude, we can plan our way out of these cruel meshes which fate and love have wound around us."

"I will go with you, Abelard," sighed Heloisa, "any hour, anywhither, if you will promise me, that by my going I shall not stand in the way of a future recovery of your fame and greatness. Promise me this, and I will consent to fly with you to-morrow out of Paris."

"I will promise you anything," said Abelard, "provided you escape with me at once, to-morrow. Your uncle is away: the owl-eyed sisters are at their work; send the black servant out of the house; put on the nun's dress, which you have in readiness; meet me at Newry, at the by-road back of the stone cross by the tall oak tree there, and I will have horses in readiness; and when you are three leagues from Paris, you can throw aside the dress of a sister, and can be my wife; for then I shall be a huntsman, with cross-bows and javelins, bound for the woods of Brittany."

As the horses entered the streets of Paris, the chains were down across the principal

thoroughfares, which told, by the custom of the period, that it was too late an hour for equestrians to pass across the rough cobble-stones. Night lanterns were hanging from tall posts along the highway; and hanging-lamps were suspended before the Virgin's shrines at the street corners. The guttural sounds of the night watchmen were heard, as they paced the streets with their lanterns and staves, calling out the hour of the night. Tying his horse at a lantern-post, not far from the bridge to the island, Abelard conducted Heloisa on foot across the bridge to the city. Stealthily they pursued their way along the river street, under the shadow of the old cathedral, until they reached the postern gate of the canonry, which was opened by a cord hung over the wall and hidden among the bushes.

Heloisa went softly and alone up the garden walk, and entering by the piazza steps disappeared through the study window. Presently a light was seen in her window, which was the sign that she was safely in her own chamber; and the postern gate was closed, as Abelard gloomily departed.

CHAPTER IX.

The Flight into Brittany.

"O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive."

THE meeting at Chalons was a great success, to the minds of the faithful. The Catholic League proved to be just what was needed, and William of Champeaux, now the bishop of the Marne district, and Anselmus of Laon, together with Lotolphus and Albericus, and the Père Du Blois, and Canon Fulbert, and the great Bernard of Clairvaux, experienced great strength of soul from this opportune gathering.

The former head of the school at Paris had entered upon his new work at Chalons with great zeal, and, in the quiet absorption of the official dignities of his position, had remembered his past discomfiture by Abelard with that troubled sense of regret which a collegian shows on passing the stubborn bar of a hard examination. The ecclesiastical Bourbonism of the period rejoiced

in the shame and downfall of the great upstart, in very much the same way in which Louis the Eighteenth and his coterie contemplated the exiled Napoleon at St. Helena. Albericus and Lotolphus following their old master, Anselm, had arrived at the bishop's palace, and were already made welcome by their host. The mules, on which they had ridden to the cloistered building, were tied by chains at the front gate, and, with their whisking tails and general air of stubbornness, seemed to reflect the spirit of their masters within.

As the hour for the conference drew near, other mules, and occasionally a stray horse, brought different priests and ecclesiastics to the bishop's door. Among these later arrivals was a tall, spare man, with stooping shoulders, a hooked nose, abstracted, gray eyes, short, grizzly, iron-gray hair skirting a long, thin, tonsured head, and a firm but limping tread. Quietly bowing to the others, with his hands muffled in the long sleeves of his coarse brown cassock, whose cowl bunched itself up awkwardly around his sinewy neck, he silently entered the room,

and, bowing to the bishop, took an obscure seat in a remote portion of the chamber. Presently the kind and genial face of the Père Du Blois was observed, spreading sunshine wherever he went; and last of all, with his jolly, rolling gait and his gladsome voice, Canon Fulbert entered the chamber. The room itself was a thickly walled, square hall, with small diamond windows in it high up on the walls. Heavy curtains shut off a private chapel, which was still smoky with the incense of the mass, and the special service which had been already held to inaugurate the informal council.

Before the council began its business, the gathered ecclesiastics, standing up in groups, or walking through the chamber, or sitting in various nooks in the spacious room, engaged in broken bits of conversation, mingled with much hand-shaking, and the welcoming of different guests.

"Welcome, my good canon," said Père Du Blois, "right glad am I to see you here. Come! sit you down. What a delight it is to look upon the faces of so many friends! See, we have the great Bernard with us.

The Bishop of Chalons, God bless his true heart! has saved him from death, he was so emaciated by his fasting. See, there he is in yonder corner, with his face bent over. No doubt he is engaged in silent prayer, even now."

"Which is he?" exclaimed Canon Fulbert. "Which is Bernard, the watch-dog of the church, as he is called? I, for one, have never seen the man. Oh! there I see him now. He sits like a mummy in a case, only he rocks himself back and forth at intervals. Can it be true that he is intending to preach a second Crusade to the faithful, and be a revived Peter the Hermit?"

"I do not know, I am sure," replied the kind-hearted father. "'*Notus in Judea Deus in Israel nomen magnum.*' Think of our having this wonderful man — the marvel of the age — among us. Think of his plan of the Catholic League, reaching up even to the throne of the Holy Father."

"He is a Cistercian, is he not?" inquired the canon.

"Yes," answered the father; "and only think how the Almighty has made bare his

arm for his servant's sake. In a valley called the Valley of Wormwood, in the town of Langres, where there were dens of robbers, this saint chose a wild gorge for his home, and has changed it into Clairvaux, 'The Smiling Valley'; and at his chapel, I am told, hundreds of sick and suffering men and women come to be healed of their diseases. Verily, the Spirit of God is abroad to-day, and the age of miracles is again upon us."

While this conversation was going on in a corner between the father and the canon, the latter staring the unconscious Bernard through and through, a stranger from Ardennes inquired, of Lotulphus of Lombardy, who those two men were.

"That rosy-faced old man, with the white hair," replied the surly ecclesiastic, "is a poor old creature who forever frequents the gathering of priests, and does all the talking wherever he goes. You will find him where ever six priests and a bishop meet. And he has a word for every one. I have no doubt, even now, he is excusing that arch-heretic, Peter Abelard, whom the devil hath

snared by a woman's pretty face, when none of us could stop the wretch. That other priest is Canon Fulbert, the uncle of Heloisa, who has ensnared the accursed heretic. He will not believe a word against the villain, and I suppose the old priest is agreeing with him to-day."

Just at this moment the bishop, joining the group, said, "I have decided to open the discussion to-day, concerning the nature of Divine revelation, on the question of whether our natural instincts are from God or Satan, and whether it is always a delusion to follow the voice of nature as opposed to the supernatural sense of the church. I shall review the dissertation made by the ill-fated Abelard at Paris on St. John the Baptist's day, some years ago, on the passage, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.' Of course, our friend Fulbert will stand for his young friend, in whom he still believes; but I cannot help that. What the church must know to-day is, whether the merely pagan voice of conscience can be supreme in that realm where the sense of the church should rule. It is to-day a question of what we mean by

paganism and nature, on the one hand, and what we mean by the revelation of the church, with her *donum supernaturale* and her inestimable traditions, upon the other."

Here the bishop was interrupted by a messenger who wished to see Canon Fulbert outside the chamber. The canon disappeared, read a letter, walked up and down the road several times, unperceived by any of the members of the council, and finally mounted his horse, and galloped out of Chalons on the road leading to Paris.

The messenger brought to the canon this brief despatch:—

DEAR UNCLE,—

Heloisa has disappeared; it is all over. Come home quickly.

AGATHA HILDARE.

To go back to the thread of our story, and explain this recall of Canon Fulbert from Chalons, when the news of the abduction of Heloisa finally reached his ears, it is necessary to say that, true to her promise, at noon of the day following the excursion to Vincennes and the midnight interview with Felix Radbert, Heloisa, dressed as a sister

of one of the charitable orders, with a basket of clothes by her side, sat resting under a tall tree, on the road leading east from the town cross at Newry, just outside the gates of Paris. Peasant women, gayly dressed and glibly chattering, drew near to speak to her and ask for her blessing, as they passed, according to the custom of the day

Several kind-hearted farmers, touched by the lovely face under the black hood, stopped their beasts of burden, as they looked first at the sweet nun, and then at the heavy basket of clothes, which they supposed she was carrying to the poor, and invited her to be seated on their mules.

Towards the close of the day, a couple of riders stopped near the appointed tree. A gayly dressed gentleman, evidently equipped for the chase, sprang from the broad saddle, and invited the nun to take his place. Then, as if he had forgotten something, he sent the boy, who was riding the other horse, back to the inn with a packet, and started on.

"I will leave the horses to-morrow at Blois," he said to the stable-boy; "they will be sent back by a messenger."

The bewildered boy retraced his steps towards the town, holding the packet in his hand, while the huntsman, putting whip to the horses, was soon lost in the dusty highway. The packet was directed to "Canon Fulbert, Notre Dame Canonry, Paris."

When once Heloisa was safely without the town, she emerged from the habit of a nun; and throwing back the heavy cloak of her disguise, as her companion arranged the concealed saddle designed for her speed and comfort, she exclaimed, —

"Now, my darling, I have crossed the boundary line, and am yours."

"And a fine lady you make," said Abelard, greeting her with a kiss. "A fit companion to a sportsman, bound to Brittany by the off-route of the lower track along the Loire. They will never look for us now on this line. I have sent the packet back to your uncle, telling him the whole truth, and promising, when all is over, to submit to anything he may require. The poor stable-boy was so astonished by my haste and my feigned surprise, that he hardly saw the nun by the roadside. It is well done. We will travel

slowly by easy stages on this southerly route, and will thus be off the track of pursuit. But tell me, my dearest Heloisa, how you escaped so promptly?"

"I will, O, I will," replied Heloisa; "but give me time. Let me see! I have left my home, and am flying away from the dear ones there, and the old happy days that are past. Can it be true? It seems like some troubled dream. I, Canon Fulbert's niece, am no better after all than Sejélma, the ensnarer of poor Felix Radbert."

"Hush, oh! hush these vain regrets," said Abelard. "I have told you I should have our marriage sanctioned by the church. I have forsworn all thoughts of the ecclesiastical life. I shall become a lecturer in philosophy again, as I was before at Melun, and at Corbeil, and at Paris. I have already told you that my honors, and my future, I have placed at your feet! Come, then, repine not. Tell me how you escaped."

"O," sighed the fluttering maiden, "it was all very well planned. I sent Penelope, the black girl, away on an errand. While gone, she left the hall in charge of a friend

of hers who had stepped in, another Moorish woman from Algiers. When I came down stairs dressed in Agnes' clothing, I told the woman in charge to say that a sister had been to see Mistress Heloisa, and was sorry not to find her in. Soon I picked out my way through the streets on the other side of the bridge; and the road led me safely to the town cross at Newry, where I dismissed all fear, and then waited for you at the appointed meeting place. Uncle Fulbert is still at Chalons, and Agatha will be at the canonry to-morrow, unless Penelope tells her to-night that I have gone. But I cannot believe that I have fled. It seems to me as if the far-off prophecies of the gypsies were beginning to be true, and as if the long suspended sword were indeed about to enter my own bosom."

Abelard, master of the situation, tried to cheer the overwrought fugitive. As the night came settling down, the frightened outcast seemed to feel that awful solitariness which nature at night time impresses upon the sensitive and reflective in moments of crisis. Their journey lay from Paris, by the

south, to Blois, and then along the banks of the Loire, through Angers and the river towns to Palais, near Nantes. The country looked dreary and cheerless in the cold, bleak weather of March. On their way they met, at several waiting places, returning soldiers from the first Crusade; and at Blois they found a rallying place of the forces of Arnold of Brescia. As they entered this city, a gay cavalcade passed by them, consisting of horses and riders richly adorned, musicians and dark looking dancing-girls with rattling castanets in their swarthy hands, and tinkling bells around their ankles. A great crowd was in attendance, cheering the performers.

Abelard reined in the horses, to let the procession enter before him into the city of Blois. As one of the open chariots passed by them, the reclining figure of Sejélma, waving the inevitable fan, was plainly seen, with Felix Radbert richly dressed, but evidently flushed with wine, excitedly waving his cap at her side. She was singing the low, sleepy plaint of that song of other days:—

"Then sing, sing, sing,
To my queen in her bower of bliss;
And ring, ring, ring,
And the gates will swing back at her kiss."

"Oh! to think of it," shuddered Heloisa. "Oh! to think of those stolen love words made the jest of the public; and we ourselves, exiles, driven from Eden, like our first parents, because of our disobedience. Will there ever come peace of mind, save through tears of repentance and those dark days of suffering which await the pathway of the transgressor?"

"Cease, my Heloisa," exclaimed Abelard, as the sounds of music died away in the far distance, "cease these dark fears! We shall yet be forgiven! We shall yet be one, if not in this world, at least in death. We are not following poor Radbert's downward path! Poor boy, how I pity him. He was so impressible: so easily influenced; and he loved me deeply. May God forgive me the harm I have done him, for I have sinned against his soul, and have wrecked his faith in God, or in goodness. But I believe Satan has done his worst upon us; and our way

will be from henceforth into the light of an honest life."

Blois was all on fire because of the recruits who were hastening into Lombardy to join Arnold's forces. At night, Abelard, muffled in his disguise, mingled with the crowd around the open bonfires in the streets, and listened to the talk of the different groups. Arnold, though only twenty-five years of age, was himself in the city raising his forces, and had pitched his tent just outside the Swan gate, where a huge bonfire was blazing in front of the opened curtain. Abelard wandered thither to see if he could recognize his former pupil, for he could have been but sixteen or eighteen years of age when he was a student at the school at Mount St. Généviève. As he approached the camp fire, he saw a group of men engaged in animated conversation, sitting round the blaze. He instantly detected in the small, neat figure seated upon a log his former pupil. He was wrapped in a monk's cloak resembling a Roman toga. Everything about him — the buskins, the sword, the gold eagles on the upraised poles, the brazen

standards with the famous letters S. P. Q. R., the sandals, the closely trimmed hair, the round, ball-like head and Roman beard — indicated that of which his name was a synonym: a revived republicanism at Rome.

The members of a military guard, with short swords and Roman armor, were fussily walking up and down the path. This guard was composed of the Swiss volunteers who joined Arnold's forces during his stay in Zurich. The entire picture was like a vivid scene upon the stage, and was calculated to arouse to the greatest possible degree the youthful enthusiasm of the gathering students. Even Abelard felt a thrill of zeal, as he looked upon the warlike scene and witnessed the devotion and the ardor of the gathered multitude. A bundle of fasces was posted at each side of Arnold's tent, and flags and banners were floating over the lurid camp fires with these mottoes on them: "Tribunes restored," "The Senate as before," "A Republic again," "The Gracchi are not forgotten," "Marius has come again." In the distance could be heard the sounds of martial music, shrill pipes, and the booming

of loud drums; while every now and then the piercing strain of some popular war song, with a loud burst of applause, would break upon the stillness of the cold night air.

Abelard cautiously approached the group before the fire, and gazed for a long time at the now familiar face of his former student, whom he had remembered as a quick-eared, quick-answering, restless, questioning boy, at his Mount St. Génévière school. He felt strongly the inspiration of this scene. Here was a young monk, his former pupil, reviving the ancient Republic of Rome, and rallying to his standard against the iniquities of the papal rule, the youth of Lombardy, France, and Italy. Presently he recognized his former students, Genseric, Theodore, Boemond the law student from Bologna, and the impulsive Leitulf, his evil genius of other days. They were planning and talking with Arnold, who evidently knew how to keep them under perfect control.

"Well, sir," cried the boisterous Leitulf, "I have just seen our old friend Radbert. There was a time when the fellow would have joined us willingly, but now he is

smitten with this Egyptian actress Sejélma, and he says he is bound to Alexandria. But that woman will give him the slip yet, mark my words, and I should not be surprised to see him join us in Lombardy, after all. He tells me he had a stormy encounter with his old teacher outside of Paris, at the stone fountain under the hill of St. Généviève. By the way, Abelard has eloped with the canon's niece, they say. So he's done for; he's as dead as a buried Turk."

"What a fall was there now," said Genseric. "He who ruled Paris with his nod is to-day a song and a by-word. The poet saith truly, —

'Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat.'"

"Do not be too sure, sirs!" exclaimed Arnold, as he stood upright, and braced his short, square, tightly compacted frame against the straight tent-pole; "the sun often goes under a cloud in the course of a day; but it does not always remain there. Look at this April weather we are having now in fickle France. It is so unlike the sure, calm atmosphere of Lombardy. No! sirs, mark my

words: that mind will yet be felt on the world; and the inspiration which is in him, and which cannot be hidden, will yet show itself in other movements for the uplifting of the world, as it has made itself manifest in this uprising of the people for the regeneration of Italy. I shall never forget the day this conception of the revival of the Roman republic entered my mind. Our master had been lecturing about that freedom which was lodged in every human heart, and which, when aroused, made revolutions, overturned empires, and brought in a new order of things. It was this power of freedom, he said, which was the final cause of the triumph of Christianity over Paganism. I remember how he ended his lecture with Christ's words, 'If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free, indeed.'"

"I remember that day," said the gloomy law student Boemond. "It was a great lecture, but a rather dismal ending of it in Abelard's own career. However, it was St. James, I think, who declared that out of the same fountain there could not proceed both sweet water and bitter."

"Ah! well," replied Arnold, "our old master will come out of his spell. He will break the chain of the devil, and will yet become the true champion of the church. I remember the day so well when he returned to Paris, and you, Leitulf, arranged that oration in the huge tent. It seemed to me, then (and I was nothing but a boy), as if the heavens were in a blaze of fire, when I came out of that immense gathering. True, it was only a June sunset, but it seemed to me as if it were Abelard's eloquence which illumined the heavens on that St. John the Baptist's night. But we must retire. To-morrow, at sunrise, we will meet and arrange for our march into Savoy."

As he said this, he waved an adieu to his friends, who departed. But just as they had retired, and at the moment when Arnold was about to seek the seclusion of his tent, Abelard, carefully muffled, and disguising his voice with harsh guttural tones, approached the reforming monk, that early herald of Rienzi and Savonarola, and said to him, as he placed a packet in his hand: —

"God bless thy efforts, thou man of God.

Take this from me: wear it as the pledge of a true friend. Some day I will redeem it, and thou shalt know who I am." As he uttered these words, Abelard, wrapping his cloak around him, disappeared down the slope of the hill on which the camp was placed, and was lost to sight.

The surprised ex-monk and leader opened the packet, which contained an ebony bracelet with polished iron links, on the medallion of which was a carved sword with the inscription: "*Nullum nisi hoc.*" But before he could return answer, the stranger was gone, and the trumpet blew the hour for the putting out of the watch-fires.

The remainder of the journey to Brittany was safely accomplished. From Angers, Abelard conducted his wife to his home in Brittany, in the little town of Palais, near Nantes. A postboy had been sent ahead to inform Abelard's sister, Dionysia, of their coming. Everything was in readiness for the fugitives, who, tired out with their long journey, were glad enough when the red tiles of the old, square, ancestral home, with its Moorish belfry and its white walls, came in sight. To

Dionysia, the maiden sister of Abelard, a tall, spare matron, with iron-gray hair, and kind, large, speaking eyes, Abelard committed his wife. She knew the story of the escape (for the rumor had reached even this far-off district), and already she took in the situation, and prepared for the waif and wife.

But Abelard could not be tempted outside the seclusion of his father's halls. At night he would wander down to the river as far as the seat in the summer-house, where he had held his last interview with his mother, now in heaven, on the evening before she took the veil, and gave him her last message from the threshold of the cloister. Everything reminded him of his changed state in life. He who once had been honored was now abased. Go where he would, he could not escape from the memories of the past, nor from his wrecked and wretched self. It was impossible for him to visit his former friends. His name, which once shone so brightly, was in every place a by-word.

So, it came to pass in these days of retirement, he would wander forth disguised, with his sister's watch-dog Bruno, making excur-

sions to the hills and through the forests, and up and down the streams so well remembered by the recollection of his childish play hours. One day he had donned the rough coat of a Brittany fisherman, and taking the dog Bruno with him as his only companion, had gone down the bay, almost out to sea, in a neighbor's fishing-skiff, with its clumsy, brown lateen-sail. On his return in the evening, after beaching the skiff upon the bay shore, as he strolled over the sandy downs and marshes which separated the bay from the bluffs near his home, he saw his sister running towards him.

"Heloisa has borne you a son! bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh," eagerly exclaimed Dionysia, as she entered the gate, and ran towards her brother, who was returning from the bay. The boat from which Abelard had just landed could be seen in the distance. By his side he carried a string of fish, while in his other hand were several fishing-rods, with lines and nets hopelessly snarled. Throwing fish and lines together down upon the grass, while his companion Bruno smelled the dead fish and eyed them

intently, as if he feared they might flap themselves back to sea, Abelard entered the house, and said, "Let me see my child."

Presently Dionysia returned with an aunt and a cohort of those attendant acolytes who always throng around a new-born babe. On a fair white pillow lay the pink little face, with downy black hair, and closed eyelids, and the most delicately fashioned coral finger-tips, curled as only baby-life knows how to curl them. Taking the pillow from his sister, and throwing back his heavy fisherman's coat, he braced himself by throwing one wet and heavy boot across the other, and pushed them both against the window-frame, until his knees made a slanting rest for the pillow to lie upon. And then he looked upon the face of his first-born, and felt that strange unutterable feeling of paternity which never can be explained: which always gives the soul of the tender and the thoughtful a clear look far up into the divine meaning of God's name, revealed to us in the universal prayer, "Our Father."

He who was to have been a solitary priest was now the father of a family. She who had

been the answer to his cry for human love was a mother now, before she had ever been a bride. The unconscious little one had entered into this troublesome world through the dreadful gateway marked by the church with the anathema of deadly sin. On that sleeping infant's soul — not yet a day old — was already fastened the dire guilt of original sin, and the curse of illegitimacy. But it knew naught of all this: it only sighed a little and twisted and curled the coral finger-tips, and tried to wake under the strong, withering gaze of the father's piercing eyes, as he held the pillow off from him with both his hands against his slanting knees, and searched the face of the little stranger through and through. No one in that silent group could tell, save the beating voice of conscience in the father's heart, how the face of the little one awoke in the breast of the scholar that self-reproach and shame, which the contrast of its innocent sleep with his own careworn features could not but suggest. If the grossest and most sense-bound of men could not but feel the subtile influence of the first-born's tender power, how much

more would the influence of this hour, this dawning of paternity, impress itself upon the sensitive mind of such a nature as that of Peter Abelard?

He who had been the idol of thousands was to-day an exile from the face of men, because of a household's murdered peace. He was branded, like Cain, with the red mark of sin upon his forehead. She who had given herself to him, and was the mother of his child, had been stolen, and was without the blessing of the church upon the marriage tie. He who was so soon to be a priest was an outcast and a sinner. The prophecies of evil which, Cassandra-like, had been whispered in his ear at every turn, by priests and doctors, by impious hags and pure women, were at last fulfilled. Brittany, his home, the scene of his earlier triumphs, and the welcome retreat of bygone happy days, was now the only refuge possible for his sin and shame. He who had been honored in public was now ashamed to walk the streets in daylight, and went in by-ways, or in the disguise of a Brittany fisherman. It seemed more than he could stand, and to add to all the other links

which bound him tighter and tighter to the cruel rock on which he had dashed himself, here was this living pledge and witness of his past faithlessness and dishonor, taunting him by its innocence, mocking him with its serenity, waking the bitterest recollections of shame, mingled with that inevitable responsibility which heirship always entails, as the cherub countenance, fresh from beholding the face of the Father in heaven, met for the first time the sorrowing face of the sin-stricken, earthly father. The great tears coursed down the natural grooves which time had worn in the once fresh, handsome face of Abelard, as he looked into the face of his child. That first revelation of fatherhood awoke all that was true and human in the man. In that golden moment of transfiguration, the past was forgotten, the ambitious future was unheeded, and the one strong resolve, which burnt like caustic into his seared conscience, was the purposed redemption of the mother and the child from that entailed disgrace and shame, of which he alone had been the author.

"Thank God! Dionysia," he exclaimed, at last, as he printed a long and loving kiss

upon the child's brow, "thank God! for the impulse of this hour: for the revelation which this child brings with its sad birth. I believe I shall yet say with the Psalmist of old: 'Nevertheless, my feet were almost gone, my treadings had well-nigh slipped: yet I shall hope me still in God.'"

Of course, even with this cloud resting over the subdued family, there was joy in the household, — that joy which always comes with the enthronement of the madonna and child in the family, when a little child, in this foregleam of millennial blessedness, begins to lead them. Berengar the father, and Clotilde the mother, were dead. The brothers were absorbed in their work and their families, and Dionysia, the maiden sister, lived in the old ancestral home at Palais.

One bright May morning, when the young mother with her babe was walking out among the hedgerows of the country roads, which skirted the Loire and led on to Nantes, Abelard, no longer in disguise as a fisherman, but clothed once more in the dress of a scholar, exclaimed, "Well, my dear wife, I have heard from your poor, dear uncle."

"What!" cried Heloisa, "and you have not told me one word? Surely, what does this mean?"

"O, my wife, it means peace and forgiveness at last," said the pleased father. "Here is your uncle's letter. You are to live at the canonry, for a while. I am to resume my teaching from my own quarters. A marriage contract has been granted by the archbishop, and the blessing of the church will hallow our marriage. Dionysia will keep the child for a season, and all will yet be well."

"But what about your future as a priest?" inquired Heloisa, looking up into his pleased face.

"I shall become a secular teacher in the Paris academy," replied Abelard. "Were not the family and the tree of knowledge established before there was any need of a priesthood?"

CHAPTER X.

The Wrath of Man.

"Proud and haughty scorner is his name, that dealeth in proud wrath."
—*Prov.* xxi. 24.

WHEN Agatha Hildare returned to the home of Canon Fulbert, there was a stillness about the house which was ominous. The Moorish servant, on coming back, could tell nothing of the whereabouts of Heloisa. Together the sister and the servant searched the house, but could find no trace of the missing maiden. The garb of the nun, which Agatha had brought to Heloisa, and which she hung in a large, oaken wardrobe, was gone. The doors, which opened on scrolled hinges, revealed a certain well-known, furred mantle, and a square-cut gown, which was a favorite house-dress of the loved one in the canonry. But a gray hood, and the nun's dress, were gone; and the house seemed very silent, as if some dark cloud,

ready to burst upon it, hung oppressively over the desolate place.

Night came on, and the heaviness endured, while the prophesied joy, which comes on apace in the morning, came not with the first leaden tint of daylight in the east. The old black woman could give no clue. Her substitute, who had been left in charge, saw Heloisa for the last time, as she passed up the stone stairway in the hall. Agatha bethought her of Sister Jaqueline, the friend and teacher of Heloisa at Argenteuil. So, as soon as it was day and sleeping Paris was awake again, with eager, hurried step, Agatha Hildare set out towards the ivy-grown convent of Argenteuil.

As she entered the familiar precincts of the place, every scene and object reminded her of the missing child. The stone arbor in the open courtyard, where she had so often met the darling in days gone by, and had brought to her the loving remembrances of Uncle Fulbert and the sisters at the canonry; the chapel where the sisters Agnes and Agatha had knelt with the child Heloisa, and had witnessed the first confession and

reception of the sacrament; the playground, where already other little girls in white were playing among the trees, and walking, arm locked in arm, after the manner of the schoolgirl of every period,—all brought to the anxious searcher's mind, in its present condition of alarm, the contrasted calm and peacefulness of other days.

As Agatha entered the austere yet attractive cell of Sister Jaqueline, austere in its surroundings, yet attractive by reason of the light and charm of the sister's personality, she saw by a cloud which rested over the usually serene brow of the prioress, that all was not well.

"Tell me, dear mother," cried Agatha, as she met the passive embrace of Sister Jaqueline, "do you know where our darling is? Can you tell me anything about our Heloisa?"

"Yes, I can tell you all," replied the prioress, in a slow and measured tone of voice; "that is, if you need to be told anything. You have read so much already with your own eyes, can you not read the book through to the end?"

"What do you mean, Sister Jaqueline?" exclaimed Agatha. "Tell me, oh! tell me, what do you mean?"

"Calm yourself, my child," replied the prioress: "be strong. Now you must cheer your poor Uncle Fulbert's heart. You must be brave, Agatha: you must be self-composed and calm, for it is upon your firmness and self-reliance that your forsaken uncle must depend." Saying this, she kissed Agatha, and calmly stroked the smooth hair of the sister, who had fallen upon her knees. Hereupon the visitor buried her face in the lap of the convent mother, as some tired child sobs out the day's troubles, in the moment of evening prayer, in the mother's lap, and comes at last through the mother's sympathy to the far-off, silent God.

There are times in life when we, who thought we never could bear any sudden sorrow or cruel deprivation, such as we have seen others called upon to bear, or for whom we ourselves have vicariously suffered, suddenly, as by some revelation of power or of faith, by the intensity with which, in the light of great events, or in the presence of death,

and the reality of that world which then we perceive lies behind the fact of death, seem strong and firm, and realize both truth and duty as we never felt them before. These are the strong moments in life. We who fretted under trifles feel our strength in the presence of these great realities. It is like the whirling gusts and eddies of the storm, sweeping away, in its dry, hot, rainless breath the sticks, and chaff, and straw of the earth, while above the brewing clouds, all space, straight to the far-off stars, seems silent and serene, as if God were surely in that silence. It is like the clear-cut outline to some ocean scene. Before the storm all was murky and confused. Now the sharp and sunny outline of sea, and sky, and rock, stands out with the felt freshness and clearness of some painting that has come, while the colors are wet upon it, from the skilled yet seemingly reckless hand of the painter.

Agatha felt in this moment these two worlds, the fretting, dreary world of the routine duty, and the higher world of calmness and reality, which this storm in her soul was unmistakably revealing to her.

The anxiety and indecision which hung over her confused and perplexed spirit, as she entered Sister Jaqueline's cell, was slowly disappearing, and a clear, bold outline, like the surely growing clearness of some dissolving view, was taking the place of this confusion of spirit. She sobbed in the lap of the sister, until the flood of tears, which followed this breaking away of the long hours of suspense, gave to her troubled soul that vacant feeling of relief, which it is in the power of tears at times to give.

"There now, my child," cried Jaqueline, as she imprinted a kiss upon the cheek of the kneeling sister, "calm yourself: remember it is no fault of yours that Heloisa is gone. You have done all you could to warn your uncle, but he was infatuated by the same spell which has snared the soul of his darling. There was always that in her nature which rebelled against the Christian conception of life. Pagan heart has met pagan heart, and together these outcasts have rejected the teachings of the church which nourished and sustained them. Platonic friendship and Moslem fate have united

in disowning the faith which gave them the belief that now breaks under them. But the chapter does not end here, Agatha. The faith rejected, and the life trailing in the heavy ruts of sin, will alike re-assert themselves; and the falling away of each of them, I believe, will be followed by a rising from the grave-clothes of paganism. All that was winning in the classic stories, all that was natural and creaturely, attracted Heloisa from a child. Whenever I told her stories, at bedtime, of Grecian mythology, she always took the pagan side, and defended it against my condemnation of it. Whenever I would repeat to her stories in church history, it was always the heretics whom she applauded. She thought that the Jews, and even the Turks, showed higher qualities than Christian saints; and when the children made up packages to be sent away for the wounded Crusaders at Jaffa and at Edessa, she came one day with some bandages which she had made for some of the wounded Turks, whom nobody loved. But come, my child, rouse yourself. Heloisa will yet return to herself, and to her faith in the Christian's God. It can-

not be that such a nature should perish, and we know that it is written, 'There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.'"

"But what shall I do? O, tell me, mother dear, what shall I do? How shall I face Uncle Fulbert when he returns?" sobbed Agatha.

"He is at Chalons now, is he not?" asked the prioress.

"Yes," replied Agatha, "and it will be a week before he returns. He went to the council there. He told me that he wanted to see and hear the famous Bernard of Clairvaux: for he said there could not be two rights, and that either Abelard or Bernard was in the wrong."

"Then we must send a messenger to him," said Sister Jaqueline, "and we must send him quickly."

A servant from the convent was hereupon despatched on a fleet horse to Chalons; and the brief note which Agatha wrote to her uncle (and which, as we have already seen, brought his presence at the council to a close) was his first intimation of the blow which had fallen upon his household. Like

some baffled and defeated general, whose cause is hopeless and whose side is deserted, or rather like some gaunt and wounded wolf robbed of her whelps, the stricken priest, whose paternal heart was more sensitive than his ecclesiastical one, rode on in silence, scarcely knowing how he passed over the ground, nor able to tell night from day, until he reached Paris.

The foster-sisters were in readiness to meet him at the canonry, nerving themselves for the shock of the first interview. But Fulbert helped them not a little by the violent outbursts of temper to which he gave way on arriving at home. Oaths and maledictions, which seemed the more dreadful coming as they did from an aged man in the garb of an ecclesiastic, were followed by spells of the most bitter lamentation for his lost and outcast child. At times he would upbraid the patient sisters for not telling him of the danger he himself had been too blind to foresee; and these outbursts were followed by the severest self-accusations, in which he would use the whip of the flagellants upon himself, until the sisters, in one

of his fits of exhaustion, were forced to snatch it from his torn and bleeding grasp.

"Oh! fool that I am," he exclaimed, "do I not bear in mind how you, my Agatha, warned me, again and again. I remember now, that afternoon at the stone seat in the garden, when Felix Radbert interrupted me with those beseeching entreaties that he might marry Heloisa. She had been reading to me that day from Augustine's City of God. I broke a tapestry frame she had, on which she was working. I remember now there were two medallion heads upon it. I asked her who they were. She said she did not know: perhaps they would be Dido and Æneas, or she might turn them into Orpheus and Eurydice. I said, 'Nonsense! make them Monica and Augustine,' for we had been reading what St. Austin said of his mother's death in his Confessions. She only said that she liked heathen saints more than church saints, because there was so much more human nature in them. Then, fool that I was! — blind and reckless fool and knave! — I spent all that afternoon denying poor Felix his request,

while all the time that cruel wolf was stealing the heart of my innocent lamb! Alas! alas! wretched man that I am, what can the church do for me? What can any one do for me? Whither shall I go? What can I do? I remember now, how in one of his letters, and it was my Heloisa who read it to me, and asked me what I would say to it, the younger Pliny cried out in his hour of grief, when his wife lay dead in his villa at Pompeii: 'O, give me some new, strong, abiding consolation: something that will help me to bear my load of sorrow; for all that I have heard or read comes to my mind, but my grief is too great for these paltry comfortings.' Ah! Pliny, Pliny, poor pagan Pliny! how am I better off than thou? Where is the comfort for my broken heart?" Here the poor canon gave way to a fit of grief, which ended in a swoon; and the sisters carried him off to his bed.

Illness followed, and for a month the sick man never left his chamber. One afternoon, as he was beginning to feel stronger, and was assuming the gentle, hopeful air of the convalescent, Agnes came into the room,

with a packet sealed and stamped. It was from Abelard, in Brittany, telling the story of his shame and fall, asking forgiveness in the name of the church, and promising to abandon his ecclesiastical honors and take a secular position, first having his secret marriage made valid by a civil or religious ceremony. A few days passed after the reception of this document, when, to the bewilderment of the saddened household, into the old, familiar study of the canonry walked the erring, wayward, yet resolutely determined Heloisa!

The joy of restoration, the embraces of the sisters, the mingled sensations of present relief and retrospective anxiety, the welcome to the erring, in which, as yet, no word of blame could find its place, were alike dashed to the ground by the sternness and severity with which she whom they looked on as an outcast repelled every proposition of safety, honor and self-protection, at the expense of him who was the foremost scholar of the day. Her flight from Brittany with him who was her lawful husband, while the child Astrolabius was left in the care of

sister Dionysia, was made (though Abelard knew not the full meaning of this hurried return) on purpose that she might nullify the proposals of the letter to her uncle, and reject from the outset, with all her energy of will, the proposition that Abelard should by a public marriage cut himself off from the greatness which awaited him in the line of ecclesiatical preferment and philosophical distinction. This waked the canon's slumbering wrath again. She who had caused him all this shame and dishonor was now unwilling to abide by the one only plan whereby peace and satisfaction could be given!

"Wilt thou curse me yet again?" said the canon. "Wilt thou bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? Oh! Heloisa, why this ingratitude? Why this base return for all my devotion, and these long years of paternal love? Has there ever been aught that I would keep back from thee? Hast thou not been the one lamb of my lonely fold? I, who sent thee forth to the world as a dove, find thee returning to the dove-cote a black and heartless raven, feeding on the once warm vitals of a dying love."

"Nay, my father, talk not so," replied the rebellious daughter. "I can make any sacrifice for the one I have loved so dearly; but I cannot let him sacrifice himself for me. I cannot hang my sin and shame about his neck. I cannot pin him to the ground, from which he is never again to rise. I never will let it be said of me: Here is the woman who slew the world's master. I can go to Argenteuil: I can hide myself from the world: I can be buried out of sight, that he may live: I will suffer in this world, and will burn in hell, for my lover's sake; but, by all the saints in heaven, I will not consent to that which will blast forever the future of him whom I love and can suffer for, but whom I can never sacrifice."

Hereupon followed angry threatenings and painful expostulations from the vindictive Fulbert and the sisters Agnes and Agatha. Every form of moral and mental inquisition was brought to bear upon the hardened will of this girl of eighteen, but in vain. The joy of welcome was turned into the painful apprehension of new scenes of violence, until a chronic condition of alarm ruled the canonry.

in which confused and angry state of domestic life new and hopeless complications were continually feared.

The distance between the canon and his niece was daily widening, while the sisters were becoming more and more powerless in their influence with either side. At last, by the suggestion of Abelard himself, who had hovered round the spot once so familiar to him, Heloisa consented to the enactment of a civil marriage, on the one condition that, for the sake of his reputation and his prospects, it should be kept secret, that he might continue his studies unimpeded by secular or domestic responsibilities. So the dumb ceremony was gloomily enacted, as if it had been in the presence of some surly necessity who presided like a tyrant or an ogre over the victims caught in his cave; and the seal and sanction of the State was set upon that relationship which, up to this time, had been unsanctioned by the State and unhallowed by the Church. Only the canon's household was present at the rite; and, by that peculiar law of the mind which sends us into exile from the face of our fellow men, when we

cannot bear their presence and want to be alone with ourselves and our own thoughts, the company scattered when the ceremony was concluded. The silent canon sought his solitary library, and sank down in his well-cushioned, old oaken chair. Agatha sought the stone seat in the garden, filled with the memory of other days, and tugged violently at the stitches in her embroidery frame, as if she were angry with them. Agnes retired to her room, and, kneeling down before an upraised crucifix of white ivory upon a black background, prayed for God's blessing upon that which had been done that day; while the justice of the peace, a merry looking, plump, little man, with a nodding head and vivacious manner, having signed the parchment certificate with an iron stylus, nodded himself into a hundred courteous shakes, as the taciturn bridegroom at the curtain of the hall-way placed a solid gold coin deep into the wrinkled, fat palm of a hand that closed convulsively upon the touch of the metal.

But the storm was not yet over. This official interlude of calm could not hold back the hidden wrath that was destined to spend itself.

The ceremony was scarcely over, and the unwelcome husband had barely retired to his lonely quarters in a distant part of Paris, when the canon broke his promise of silence by publishing the event in every direction. It was in vain that the indignant Heloisa denied the fact to all her friends and companions. Fulbert had gained possession of the certificate, and the truthfulness of his statement could not be doubted, when he himself had the unmistakable evidence of that which had happened.

In this heated crisis of events, when all respect for character was lost on both sides, and when love and regard were but teasing memories of the past, when every touch of the smouldering log only knocked out new and unforeseen sparks, and every effort at peace resulted in a fresh statement of the situation, with new and ever recurring charges and recriminations,—Heloisa fled again from these maddening congratulations and the strife of home, to the quiet and repose of that refuge of her childhood's hours, the dear old convent of Argenteuil. Here she was safe from the strife of the home contests, and here

she could pour out to her absent husband the plans and purposes of her unaltered will. Sister Jaqueline received her child once more with the fond affection of other days; and in the quiet of the convent life, in works of mercy, and in the wisely planned approaches to that God and that religious life which she herself had rejected, under the fostering care of the prioress, the sin-darkened, doubting spirit of the infatuated Heloisa regained something of that calm which is inseparable from innocence, and which cannot be found in the abodes of sin.

"Ah! my mother," said the saintly Agnes one day, when she had been on a visit to the refugee, "think you that our darling will ever regain her faith, or that life of her Christian days, after such a darkening of the soul as she has suffered in her fall from prevenient grace?"

"As surely," replied the prioress, "as that to-morrow's sunrise will happen after the sunset of to-day. The pagan heart is, after all, the field for God's power to work in, and when the attraction of Abelard's crushing will is removed, her nature will right itself, and all

that is womanly and all that is Christian will come out again to the light. That man is a whirlpool of fascination. He has dragged the very church into his vortex, and his day of power has only just begun. It has all come to me as by revelation. When I knelt the other day at the shrine of St. Mary Magdalene in the chapel, a voice seemed to say to me:—

"'Guard this wayward daughter; train her for the life of service that is hers; the Master will drive out the seven devils of deadly sin, and her life will yet be a praise on the earth.' The words struck me, either because I was faint, since I had gone fasting and praying for my child for a day and a night, or it may have been that I had fallen down in sleep. However, I hung my fasting rosary of ivory beads upon the saint's outstretched arm, and I vowed that I would not take it down again until the vision was accomplished. I have said naught of this to any one; so be silent; only pray to St. Mary with me at the seven hours of prayer, that the vision God has vouchsafed to give me may be at length fulfilled."

Baffled by the flight of the returned exile, the aged canon gave way to fierce and surly moods. He did not care for food, and often at night instead of sleeping he would pace up and down the cold stone floor of his chamber, sighing and muttering fierce maledictions in a frenzy of rage. One night, as he peered out of his window, which overlooked the Seine, he espied a party of drunken ruffians returning in a boat from some midnight robbery. Two or three dark-looking Italians, a Fleming, and several Greek deserters from the forces which were gathering at Byzantium for the coming crusade, formed the party. Some were singing and others were cursing, so that their strains fell strangely upon the night air.

"'I'll sing to my fair Jeannette,'"

began one. "You sing to your maid," interrupted a voice. "*Sacre diable!* She'll break your head open! She's jealous, man."

"'And a song of love it will be,'"

continued the first voice. "Ah! man, did you ever hear the like?" broke in the voice

again. "Demetri the Greek will sing a love song — and his jerkin pocket now is as full of spoons as it can be stuffed. Demetri, bound for the Jews' quarter, stops to sing a love song! Ha! ha!"

Quick as a flash, following the evil inspiration of the moment, Canon Fulbert was at the garden gate and calling to them, and holding in his hand some pieces of gold which he clinked noisily, arrested their attention, and they headed their skiff for the shore.

"Hist! men, come hither," whispered the canon, with a harsh croak. "I have a piece of work for just such a set of fellows as you are; money, and pardon, too."

"Nay, but thou wilt tell on us to the guards. Trust him not," gruffly responded a stalwart man with bare arms, and a greasy red cap upon his head.

"My word for it," replied the canon, "and I'll go with you now to prove what I say."

Here the boat touched the shore. It was full moonlight, and only the watchful eye of Agatha detected, when it was too late, that it was the old priest himself who, wrapped in a large mantle, entered the boat and pushed off

with this noisy party down the stream and under the arching bridge which united the city with the main land.

The next day, when the canon returned to his home, he made no reference to his nocturnal adventure, and Agatha, seeing that he ignored the subject, restrained her womanly curiosity and was silent.

"I thought I saw some one enter a boat last night, down by the gate, uncle. Was it so, or were my eyes deceived?" inquired Agatha. "I heard noises on the river, and some drunken songs. A bat got into my room, too, and I had to open the window."

"Nonsense! child," replied the canon. "Your eyes are entirely too sharp. You will be seeing through stone walls next. How strange it is you sleep so lightly nowadays. Methinks I hear you overhead most of the night."

Not long after this event, Agatha noticed that her uncle was in frequent communication with an ill-visaged man, whom she had always detested, named Rainard, a sub-verger, or assistant, at the cathedral, who was conspicuous for his evil look and cruel, boar-

like tooth, which projected from his upper jaw and had worn a place in the lower lip, where it imbedded itself, save when he leered and grinned like one of the imps on the gargoyled tower. Several times she surprised her uncle, with this low creature, looking over a rough map of Paris and marking certain localities. And once she entered the room, just as her uncle, with a trembling hand, but with a flashing and revengeful eye, was giving to this truculent and obsequious servant a heavy purse of gold.

"This will do the work," she heard the villain say. "Trust to the old verger of Notre Dame, Master Fulbert. Did Rainard ever fail at the sacristy yet? And wasn't it Rainard the Ready who shouted on that Shrove Tuesday, when the names went into the Holy Father: 'Give us Fulbert to be Bishop of Chalons, instead of that poor old William of Champeaux'?"

"Hush! Rainard," whispered the canon, as he placed his finger to his mouth; "we want deeds, not words. Was not Ehud, with his dagger, the servant of the Lord quite as truly as Samuel? 'Placet Diis,' said Brutus,

as he sheathed his sword again."—A few evenings after this singular nocturnal adventure, the ill-visaged Rainard might have been seen leading a party of ruffians from the beggars' quarter of the city.

"Quietly, now. *Sacre diable!*" he muttered, "what heavy boots you have! Slip them off here under this overgrown wall, until we return. Don't you know more than this, you fools? Wait till we come to the Cathedral: I will get you some skin shoes which I have when I light the candles during mass, and have to walk over the tiles. We must creep like serpents."

"Give us our pay first!" demanded an Italian ruffian. "By the head of St. Peter, give us our pay!"

"Nay, man," replied Rainard, with a hideous smile; "you will be paid when the job is done. But here, Signore Italiani, or whatever you call yourself, here's your indulgences, signed by the canon himself, with the mark of the holy cross and the cathedral's seal. Pardon first, and pay afterwards, as the Devil said when he caught St. Anthony at the mouth of hell."

Abelard's servant Carlos had fallen asleep that night, as he sat in a wicker-basket seat in the doorway of his master's house in the suburb, near the old St. Denys gate. The scholar was awake at his desk, writing a dissertation on St. Bernard's dictum *conform* as opposed to his own maxim *inquire*.

"Carlos!" called the scholar, "you may bring me the water from the stone jar in the hall." This request was only answered by a heavy snore. "Carlos! Carlos!" called the aroused scholar, "who is that at the door? Who comes here at this hour? Poor boy, he should have retired long ago, but he is such a faithful watch-dog to his poor master. He follows me as by instinct, and with never a word of complaint. Carlos, you may retire." Still the heavy snore came from the sunken form of the boy in the wicker-basket.

"Carlos! Carlos! what means this noise?" cried Abelard again. Hereupon he suddenly arose, and going towards the entrance found the door besieged by an angry crowd of men. "In the name of St. Peter, who are you, and what do you here?" called

out the startled scholar, hastily throwing off his gown and nervously pulling his girdle tighter. A confused yell from the crowd in the street, mingled with shrieks and curses, followed this demand of the master of the house.

Hastily seizing a club which stood in the doorway of the hall, the scholar dexterously avoided a blow from the leering Rainard, and felled the Italian to the ground. The astonished Carlos, frightened from his sleep, quickly bethought himself of a huge pair of firetongs which were in the large open fireplace, and laid about him with a will, dealing heavy knocks upon the ruffians, who by this time had forced their way into the hall.

"Seize the wretch, there. The infernal villain! The evil, slippery viper!" cried the excited Rainard. "Kill him! down with him, black heart that he is! No work, no pay, and nothing to pardon."

The two lumbering Greeks hereupon stamped the resolute Carlos to the ground, and, having pinioned his feet and hands, tied him to an iron ring in the floor, which was

used as a sort of pulley in dragging bundles of firewood into the hall. Then, with the assistance of the Italian and Rainard, these four men carried the exhausted frame of the scholar into his room, and wreaked their spite and the transmitted vengeance of their employer by wounding their victim with the cruelty of wild beasts.

"Ehud over again, is it?" cried the fiendish Rainard, as he stalked down the lonely stairs, stopping in the chamber where Abelard had been writing, to rifle the place of its movable ornaments. "God be praised for Ehud's dagger!" added the verger. "Methinks I will keep this boar's-tusk sword for a souvenir of to-night. Perhaps there may be more work for me to do."

Saying this, and leaving his victim half dead from his wounds, Rainard rallied the ruffians at an obscure corner of the street, and having given them, by the flickering light of a half-burnt torch, the rewards of their crime, showed them once more the red and black markings of the parchment indulgence and dismissed them, in a mock religious tone and manner, with the well known bene-

diction of the cathedral service: "Pax vobiscum in sæcula sæculorum."

When the news of this cruel assault was made known throughout Paris, the tide of public indignation which, ever since the flight to Brittany, had been setting in towards the most unsparing condemnation of the scholar and his crime, was now suddenly arrested and turned itself instead upon the cruelty of Fulbert. The limits of sympathy are very hard to define, as between pity and condemnation. Suffering, calamity, and privation wring the tears out of gentle, pitying hearts, while preconceived malice, planned and prepared in cold blood, always recoils upon the perpetrator. And in this way, at the acme of his crime, and when human judgment was hurling into the melée the ready bolts of unsparing condemnation, by one of those sudden freaks of his life, — which in his distant age seemed to antedate that reliance upon destiny which was Napoleon's arm in the dark,— the scholarly sinner of France was suddenly transposed into a martyr, with even the faint beginnings of an aureole adorning his brow, in the minds of the fickle populace.

It was not long before ecclesiastical justice was meted to the offenders. Fulbert was deprived of his preferments and was reduced to the level of a simple priest. Rainard was publicly whipped, and was dismissed from the cathedral and incarcerated in the dungeon of St. Antoine. The sisters Agnes and Agatha followed Heloisa in her flight to Argenteuil, and the old home on the river bank under the towers of the cathedral was abandoned.

A few weeks after this event, some fishermen on the Seine were dragging up their net from the oozy bed. Suddenly it seemed to be entangled with some heavy impeding object. They tried to move it, but it would not come. At last, rigging out a rope upon a rough windlass formed by an oar and a circular skid, they dragged up the dead and bloated body of an aged ecclesiastic. "Holy Virgin!" shouted the elder fisherman, "'tis some hound of a priest. The devil fetch his soul home." "Tumble him into the ditch yonder," shouted his companion, "and empty the bad fish into the same hole with him. Let them rot together." It was Canon Fulbert; and this was his burial.

CHAPTER XI.

Monk and Nun.

"Such souls
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A Voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages."

Henry Taylor. — *Philip Van Artevelde.*

"The instinct of repose,
And longing for confirmed tranquillity." — Wordsworth.

"WHITHER art thou running so quickly, my daughter? Methinks I remember meeting thy sister, a year ago, hurrying to the canonry with a heavy packet; and now thou dost run in the opposite direction. What means all this haste and trouble?"

"I am running away from the past. Oh! that dreadful past. Stop me not, my father; I have been sore affrighted. I must have seen a vision, or else the black fiend Beelzebub dwells in the dear old home where so much love has been. Mother of God, protect us! St. Gabriel, and all archangels, defend us! Holy Michael! thou who didst

contend with the devil over the body of Moses, deliver us! Saints, and spirits of just men made perfect, save us from these red fiends reeking with blood from the pit."

Here the frightened nun, sinking down upon a horse-block on the pavement, from which hung a heavy chain fastened to an upright iron bar, gave way to her tears, and shook like a bending bough in October, when the breeze that comes before the calm of sunset gives the last rough tug at the palsied limb, and tries to tear away the bleached and nerveless yellow leaf.

"Once I was alive in the past," sobbed the trembling form, hooded in her black garb, "but now it seems to me as if, like these scattered leaves around us, I were only a relic of what was once a life. Oh! I can never, never enter the canonry again. It is haunted. I know poor Uncle Fulbert's ghost, unshrived, and deemed unworthy of entrance into rest, hovers over the place. And I know the curse of God is there, and will strike any one dead who tries to build what he has blasted."

"My daughter, how strangely thou dost

talk. Thou didst never learn such words as these in the cloister. Thou art too superstitious — over religious, as St. Paul said to the wise men of Athens. Thy sister Agatha is less enwrapped in cloistral superstitions than thou art. Tell me, Agnes, what hath happened to thee."

Hereupon Agnes Hildare explained to Père Du Blois (for they had met at the corner of the narrow street which led along the river side, on the way from the bridge to the canonry, close under the shadow of the towers of Notre Dame) how she had at that moment revisited the old home, to carry to Heloisa, at Argenteuil, some package which she desired. But strange noises were heard in the house. The chattering and jabbering of imps and the shrill calls of unclean spirits had been distinctly heard, until the overwrought nerves of the hard-worked, superstitious nun could stand it no longer, and she had fled in terror from the place.

"I tried to bring an embroidery frame which Heloisa desired, — it was one which she was working at, when the flight into Brittany took place, — but some black rooks had flown

into the stone chamber through the long casements, and a dreadful looking stork, lean and thin and ill-visaged, flapped its bony wings and came flying into the room; and they shrieked, and the doors blew to, and I heard a terrible chattering, as of laughing imps. I dropped the tapestry frame and ran; the stitch work was all picked to pieces and the medallion faces were plucked out. As I passed by Uncle Fulbert's study, I heard a terrible scream, and something blew a heated, steaming breath in my face, the door slammed to, and I heard something fall in pieces. I think it was that white bust of Diana which stood over the door of Heloisa's chamber, but I did not stop to look at it. I ran out of the house. Oh! my father, what would I give if I could only run away from the past and blot it out entirely!"

Père Du Blois had wrapped his cloak about him as he listened to Agnes' terrified recital, for it gave him a chill, as his fancy painted for him the strange scenes in the old canonry which he knew so well, and where he had so often been a welcome visitor.

"Let me return with thee, my daughter,"

he said; "it is but a few steps. I fear thy overwrought imagination has painted for thee scenes which my every-day mind could never discover. I am but a matter-of-fact old priest. Return with me, my daughter."

"Nay, my father," replied the distressed Agnes; "I am in haste to go to Argenteuil. The dreadful ceremony is to be to-morrow. Heloisa takes the black veil of the strictest vows. The Bishop of Paris comes by special invitation of the Abbess Jaqueline to bless the veil, and I fear we shall have a heart-rending service. Heloisa's friends are coming to block the way and forbid the act. They say the sullen wolf has ordered this step on the part of her who was once his wife, and that he himself is about to retire to a monastery. He cannot have the poor darling himself and so he has resolved to shut her up forever from the society of the world. Heloisa is resolved to sacrifice herself, but it is not in a Christian spirit. Her mind is filled with stories of pagan submission to fate. Only yesterday she told me the story of Cornelia's lament over the dead body of Pompey, brought to her at Lesbos after the battle of

Pharsalia. She said she should utter at the altar the lament which the poet Lucan puts in Cornelia's mouth when she met her dead lord. But I know little of these heathen legends. Heloisa knows them all and finds in her sad life daily reminders of these classic stories. I came back to-day to the old home, to carry to her a piece of tapestry at which she was working when the flight took place. She has some peculiar associations with it, and she told me yesterday she wanted to see it once more and then pack it away in a chest which was to be buried in the graveyard behind the convent. This is why I came to the house to-day. But I cannot go back to the hated place."

Père Du Blois, however, was so much in earnest that Agnes at last, though by this time it was quite dark, consented to return to the door of the canonry and wait on the stone step until the old priest should explore the house and find, if possible, the lost embroidery frame. Laying aside his gabardine, and seizing his heavy oaken staff in his hand, the old priest entered the deserted house. All was still at first, as he pushed his way along

the stone hall and entered the room which had formerly been the library of his old friend Canon Fulbert. All was desolation here. Only a few pieces of furniture were left in the room which had once been so full of life. But, as Père Du Blois ascended the stairway which led to the chambers above, he found the broken pieces of the bust of Diana scattered over the floor of the hall, and a flock of black rooks flapped their way, with heavy beating wings, through the chamber, while a huge and repulsive stork ruffed its lean and sinewy neck and chattered vigorously at the adventurous intruder. Père Du Blois found the embroidery frame upon the floor, on the spot where Agnes in her fright had dropped it, and turned to descend the steps, when a group of repulsive looking, gray-bearded marmozets sprang down from a heavy joist overhead, and seizing the tapestry work with their paws began pulling at it violently. The frightened priest gave the pack a blow with his club, and in so doing distinctly saw a sheeted form cross the floor in the next room. In a moment the entire floor was lighted with a lurid green flame, and a volley of shrill

curses, followed by a gust of sulphurous breath, drove the half-dead ecclesiastic down the stairs in one convulsive bound. All the doors in the house seemed to slam with a heavy thud, as the pale and palpitating priest, with the bundle in his hand, leaped from the threshold into the street.

"Fly, Agnes! the devil is loosed indeed!" cried out the father, and in a few minutes, without once looking back, the priest and the sister were across the bridge and were lost in the crowded thoroughfare of the Rue St. Antoine.

A month later, the prefect of the island with his guard *de la paix* dislodged from the canonry, amid the superstitious fears of the neighbors, a party of necromancers who had taken posession of the deserted house; and the escaped Rainard and his Italian accomplices, who, with their trained birds and animals, had hugged the old surroundings of Notre Dame, with its weird and impish towers and gargoyled turrets, were again committed to prison.

And, in the course of time, a new occupant, in the person of a young canon, came

to occupy the house, which for some months was haunted by the persistent rooks and storks, which flitted back and forth from the tile roof of the canonry to the nooks and corners of the gray old cathedral.

Two and a half leagues north of Paris, on the River Seine, was situated the famous convent of Argenteuil. To-day the bustling iron-works and the St. Germain railway, which connects this place with Colombes and Asnières, shuts out from our imaginative retrospect the varying history of the past. As early as the year 656 a priory was established here. Gregory of Tours, in his Chronicles, tells us that this convent held as a sacred relic the tunic which the Virgin Mary, before she became a mother, wrought for her Divine Son. This celebrated tunic was brought from the East by Charlemagne and presented for safe keeping to the nuns of Argenteuil. Certain evil reports had been brought to bear upon this community, until the administration of Jaqueline Le Roy had put to rest these bad accounts.

It was hither that Canon Fulbert had sent

his niece when she was a child, to be brought up under the fostering care of the abbess, and it was to this home of her girlhood that Heloisa had flown, after the conflict which had taken place at the canonry of Notre Dame. The lawful wife had resolved to relinquish her life of domestic happiness because she was unwilling to drag down to the every-day level of her ordinary surroundings the foremost scholar of his day, in an age which separated with a cruel hand the life of the priestly scholar from the life of the home and the family.

Complying with the stern request of Abelard, that she should take the black veil of the sisterhood in its severest form, Heloisa had gathered her relics of the past together and, on the night before she surrendered her will and life forever to the church, which she obeyed but did not love, had determined to bury them in a spot in a dense forest behind the convent, where they might never more be found. In a thick wood which stood back of the convent's central tower, all overgrown with hanging vines of the wild grape and carpeted with the cones and burrs of ever-

greens and linden trees, there was a retired spot which one could scarcely reach save by a tortuous path. It was dark even in daytime; there was a shadow on it even in the broadest daylight, and the light of heaven seemed to be hopelessly lost and darkened whenever it entered this remote and solitary thicket. Here it was that the would-be nun had dug a grave. In it she was about to bury the relics of her former life. The letters and love sonnets of the past had been burned, and their ashes had been carefully collected in an ancient Roman urn, such as were used in the columbaria, when Rome was the heathen mistress of the world, and gave her customs to the provinces and to conquered nations lying at her feet.

The keepsakes of the past — a ring, a curl of dark hair, two little baby shoes, a little lock of yellow, flossy hair, a mysterious family locket, which had been fastened and had never been opened in her memory, the dying gifts of her mother, and a necklace given to her by her Uncle Fulbert, were among these doomed treasures destined for the grave. It was not a bonfire of vanities, such as, in later days,

the reforming Savonarola demanded from the penitent Florentines, as the price of their acceptance by God, the avenging judge. It was the grave of former hopes and bygone memories. These things which had been, were now to cease to be. The grave claimed not the life or the person of the woman who had loved and had sinned in loving: the convent was to be the tomb of the living one, but the dead past, with its wakeful memories, was to be buried forever in the ground. As Heloisa, at a seat in the garden near the spot, waited for the return of Agnes and wondered that she tarried so long in the city, Agatha, her companion, hugging the beautiful form close to the beating heart which was concealed by the dress of the sisterhood, whispered to her: —

"O, my darling one, do you realize what you are doing? I would not mistrust you: I would do you no wrong, but surely, dear child, you are not entering into this most sacred of all vows with the spirit of the Christian disciple. You think you are able to drink of this cup and to be baptized with this baptism of sacrifice, and yet you show only the stolid

submission of the heathen or the Moslem. Think, Heloisa! oh! think, before it be too late and your life is filled with unavailing regrets. To-morrow's sun will set upon you a prisoner, not of Christ, but of fate, and while the service of the Master is light to those who love him, I fear it will prove a hard life to one whose spirit is not a loving submission but only a blind defiance."

"Hinder me not, Agatha," replied Heloisa. "My mind is fastened to the deed that is before me. I will come by steps into the spirit of the Master's service. I know I shall, for God knoweth my heart, and he will not shut his spirit out from one who is in earnest. God is one, but we are many, and while it is the same God who deals with his children, he does not deal with them in the same way. Leave it all to him, Agatha. To the world I shall never go back, and he will give me strength for his service, though this strength I have not now."

"But your child, my darling?" answered the sister, "your first-born, the child of your love and of your sin; and your husband; what will become of them?"

"Stop, stop, Agatha!" exclaimed Heloisa, "I cannot bear this now. Dionysia, in Brittany, will be a true mother to the unfortunate little one, a better mother than I could be. And he whom you call my husband — thank God! to-morrow he will be free and able to raise his head once more. Is it not by the sacrifice of one's self that we are able to put away sin? and am not I offering myself like Iphigenia of old? But see, here comes Agnes. Poor darling! how worn and tired she looks. I sometimes fear for her, that we may not have her long. What has kept you, dearest?"

Like some frightened bird let out of the cage which has been its home until all else is strange and unwelcome, save the little space behind the captive-bars, Agnes hurried to the seat beneath the tree and, putting down the bundle, told the strange story of the haunted house.

"I am glad to hear of this," said the astonished Heloisa; "it buries all the glad days of the past. The old home is nothing to me any more. Now I can chant that psalm of the exiles: 'They said in their hearts, let us make

havoc of them altogether. Thus have they burnt up all the houses of God in the land, and break down all the carved work with axes and hammers.' But now, my dear ones, wait at this old tree where you so often came to visit me as a child, bringing with you so many gifts from Uncle Fulbert. This is my last hour of freedom, and it is late now. Wait here until I return and then we will go back again to our rooms. The abbess has granted me these last hours, and she knows the meaning of my errand."

Seizing the torn and tattered packet, which was in shreds, Heloisa quickly darted into the thicket. The sisters heard the crackling of branches, as her light feet trod over the brittle underbrush, and then all was still again. Only now and then the call of some night bird was heard in the forest, and the rhythmic chirping of the crickets was all that broke the stillness of the night. Agnes, improving the occasion, fell upon her knees and prayed for the deliverance of the soul of their darling from the snares of a world that might extend its clutching hand within the sacred walls of the convent; while Agatha

watched at the dark entrance of the thicket for the first signs of the returning sister. At last, after an hour's waiting, a slight rustle was heard among the shrubbery, and the resolute form of Heloisa emerged from the overgrown thicket.

"It is all over, now," she said, as she sank down in the arms of Agatha, at the seat by the side of the old tree. "The past is buried out of my sight. It will never rise against me now. I gave myself to another, and he has given me to the church. To-morrow I shall be joined to the order of Sister Jaqueline, and shall be sealed to the day of death. Come, my dear sisters, kiss me a farewell tc the past. You will be with me to-morrow at the service. See, the taper is out in the cell of the abbess. Quick! we must retire."

The morrow dawned gloomy on the cloistral quiet of Argenteuil. Curiosity and sympathy drew a great concourse to the convent chapel. The Bishop of Paris himself officiated at the service. Friends and companions of other days were present at the solemn ceremony. The bishop having blessed the holy veil, which was to adorn the victim's

brow, laid it upon the altar. Presently the ponderous iron gates which led into the cloister opened, and the beautiful Heloisa, clad in the dress of her order and supported by the two sisters of her child life at the canonry, came forward and approached the steps that led up to the altar. The unmistakable touch of sorrow and sacrifice painted with the most marked effect the stony expression of her face, and gave an inexpressible softness to those decided features which had always given her such a commanding presence. The resolute step betrayed the disguised goddess of the world, yielding to the hard decree of fate; but the light and the grace of the kindling eye told of something higher in the nature, which with its reserved strength would crown and glorify the sacrifice with the light of the Christian's spirit. In a moment, as by an impulse, the vast congregation arose. Every one was thrilled with compassion. The whisper went round the assembly that the sacrifice was at the dictation of the selfish scholar, who, in shutting himself from the world, had requested his wife to do the same. The aisle was blocked by her young friends.

"Impossible!" said one. "This shall not be!" cried another. "It is a cruel sacrifice." "Carry her away to Paris!" exclaimed still other voices.

Heloisa, vainly endeavoring to force her way along the aisle to the distant altar, was held back by the thronging crowd.

"Forbid the ceremony!" "Seize the cruel Abelard!" were the loud and threatening exclamations heard in the sacred building, completely drowning the lugubrious chanting of the sisters in the choir. An old priest flung himself in the path, and seizing Agnes by the tassel of her waist-cord, cried out: —

"Oh! forbid this sacrifice! In God's name, let not this young and gifted creature be immured forever in this living tomb!"

"Stand back, Père Du Blois, thou weak-hearted priest of God, serving only the fashion of the world!" cried Agatha. "Forbid it not. She hath sinned much and she loves much, but to whom little is forgiven the same loveth little. Fie upon thee, thou hanger on to the church! Thou dost masquerade with the world under thy cope and cassock. Stand back! I bid thee."

At this juncture, with a wave of her hand bidding back the crowd, and leaving her sisters in the aisle, the resolute Heloisa, supported by the Abbess Jaqueline, ascended the steps and, placing her hand upon the veil, pronounced the vows which were to separate her forever from the world she loved so much, and from the lover for whose welfare she made this life sacrifice. Just as the bishop was about to give her his blessing, as she uttered the vow which severed her from her lawful husband, the newly consecrated nun pronounced the words of Cornelia, as with dagger in hand she addressed the spirit of Pompey, when in the island of Lesbos she received the news of his death.

"O, maxime conjux, O thalamis indigne meis!
Hoc juris habebat in tantum fortuna caput?
Cur impia nupsi, si miseram factura fui?
Nunc accipe pœnas sed quas sponte." *

As Heloisa returned to the cloister of the convent on the arm of her former teacher

* O, my noble husband, unworthy of a wife so evil fated!
Had chance such power against so great a nature?
Why did I wrong you thus to be your bride, if evil was to come?
Inflict the punishment, which I will bear in cheerful expiation.
— *Lucan's Pharsalia.*

and friend, the Abbess Jaqueline, into the inner order of recluses, beyond the precincts of the Hildare sisters, who were only sisters-at-large residing at Argenteuil, the mother superior whispered in her ear: —

"God will accept your act to-day, though you perform a Christian duty in a pagan spirit. Soon you will take my place as abbess, and your new-found responsibilities will educate you to a height of moral power you little dream of now. Are you calm, my daughter?"

"The past is buried," replied the novice. "I am waiting for the next chapter in my life, and I am calm." And the gate of the inner cloister shut after them, with a heavy and resentful iron clang.

Père Du Blois, returning to Paris that evening, to be in readiness for an ovation on the morrow to the great Bernard of Clairvaux, overtook a stranger dressed in the garb of an ecclesiastic. To him the loquacious priest poured out his soul, as he described the exciting scenes of the day at Argenteuil.

"Ah, yes," he said, "I had known the poor dear when she was only a little girl in her

Uncle Fulbert's home. I blamed the canon for his blindness and I pitied the shame the wayward daughter brought upon him. You know he revenged himself upon the vile betrayer and was dismissed from the canonry, and afterwards drowned himself in the Seine."

"I did not know this," replied his companion: "I am a stranger in Paris."

"O, yes," added the priest, "and the curse of God has come down upon the dear old canonry; it is haunted by a nest of red and black devils. St. Michael defend us! They flew at me the other day when I went through the old house. They have taken the form of unclean birds and animals, regular harpies from the pit. But I cannot forget the scenes of to-day. I flung myself in the aisle and tried to stop the sacrifice of so beautiful a victim. But I was denounced by one of Heloisa's foster-sisters in a way that was very unbecoming to a priest in the church of God. But what think you? At the very moment when the poor child — she is scarce twenty years old to-day, you know — uttered the vow of separation from her husband, she spoke in Latin the words which the poet Lucan

places in Cornelia's mouth after the battle of Pharsalia. How strangely it sounded at that Christian altar, and yet how fitting it seemed. Do you remember the passage?"

The stranger was not familiar with the Latin poet.

"Let me tell it to you: it was very fitting and sad, and wonderfully picturesque. I am sure I shall never forget the scene. You see Cornelia, the wife of Pompey, had been waiting at Lesbos with great anxiety for the result of the contest, when the sad news came of his defeat and death. She addresses his manes, with her drawn dagger in her hand, and regrets that she ever became his wife, because she is so unfortunate and drives away the gods from the cause he had so much at heart. It was very touching as the beautiful Heloisa to-day spoke it forth, veiled and girdled, leaning on the arm of the Abbess Jaqueline. Do you know the Abbess Jaqueline? A very remarkable woman, but in poor health; I doubt if she will live long. But it hardly seemed like a Christian maxim, or one fitted for so divine an occasion. However, we will soon be refreshed by hear-

ing the great Bernard — the watch-dog of the church. Do you stay over in Paris?"

The stranger did not propose to make a long sojourn in Paris. And, as they approached the St. Denys gate, the silent companion bade the priest farewell and disappeared down a side street, while the aged father hurried to his chamber to be in readiness for the religious excitement of the coming day.

Peter Abelard, for the disguised stranger was none other than he, having hugged the neighborhood of Argenteuil that day, and having mingled freely with the returning concourse of people to hear the different versions of the exciting event of the hour, arrived that very night at the monastery of St. Denys.

The abbey of St. Denys, renowned in the history of France as the receptacle of such magnificent gifts and the mausoleum where reposed the ashes of the nation's dead kings, was the place which the scholar had chosen for his own retirement. The gates of the convent of Argenteuil had scarcely closed upon one who would have been an illustrious

character in the affairs of the State, had she been born in the days of the Cæsars in Rome, or Pericles in Greece, when the dishonored and discomfited Abelard, like some wounded beast in the forest which seeks the shelter of the hollow oak, sought admission to St. Denys. The abbey at this time belonged to the Benedictine order of monks, and while the place was rich with endowments when Abelard bowed his head to its conquering cowl, the monastic discipline of its inhabitants was lax and feeble to the point of positive scandal. Dagobert, the founder of the abbey, had studded the roof of the chapel with plates of heavy silver; but the Northmen, in their ravages in the ninth century, when they destroyed Rouen and fired Paris, pillaged this rich shrine. Clovis the Second also, in a period of famine, spared not the rich gifts and gems of the place to scatter help to the sick and dying. In the open courtyard of this venerable abbey, flanked on either side by a strongly built stone wall, over which the running vines and green wallflowers were growing with a lavish exuberance, stood an old well. A rustic

arbor of wood was built over it, and a company of tall sunflowers stood round the spot, like a group of watchmen round some turret on the castle wall. Two huge vases of porphyry, and the marble image of a sleeping faun, stood at the entrance to this enclosure. Around the well there were heavy wooden seats on which some half dozen fat brothers were sitting, laughing immoderately at the antics of a shaggy black goat, which was standing on its hind legs and butting the brothers, who parried the blows from the hard head by a dexterous use of their heavy soled sandals.

"Satan is lively to-night," said one of these monks, who had received a hard butt in the back while turning to pick up his sandal; "we should try him on a heretic in the mood he is in now."

"Let us take him to the next council," cried another; "he will do more work than the holy abbot. How is that Father Adam?"

"Hush!" exclaimed the abbot, rising. "Here comes a stranger. Silence! Welcome, my brother," he continued; "you have found a few of the holy fathers at a little

sport after their long day's work, and an unusual number of masses, said for the repose of the souls of those who have died in the plague which is ravaging Bordeaux and Lyons. One of the brothers has called his pet goat Satan, he buffets them so. It is only a little sportiveness on their part. Come, wilt thou see me in the sacristy?"

Abelard signified his desire to see the abbot alone, and Father Adam, the abbot, led the way from the open courtyard to the sacristy, which led out into the gorgeous chapel of the abbey. In this room, at a carved reading-desk, or bookstand, which stood with heavy claw feet upon the tesselated pavement, there was a heavy bound vellum book, containing the names of members of the abbey. A leathern inkhorn was fastened by a brass chain to this desk, and a quiver full of eagle quills was hanging at the other side of it. A rich mirror of Venetian glass, extending from the tapestried ceiling to the tiled floor, stood opposite the desk, and in its smooth and tell-tale surface were reflected two faces: the face of a haggard, careworn man whose expression was carved

in deeply dented lines, as if the strokes of the chisel of care had cut far into the very quick of the nature, and the round, fat, full-moon face of an abbot, bursting out of the layers of flesh, and trussed and bound like some dressed fowl for the banquet.

"I inscribe my name in your order," said the stranger. "I come to seek refuge at St. Denys shrine." The mirror reflected for a moment the sad face of the stranger, and then this same face was hidden by the hands, that seemed to wring from the buried countenance a buried world of woes. And again this same mirror reflected first the gaze of a curious ecclesiastic, as he peered at the writing on the parchment, and then the astonishment of one bewildered and surprised, as, starting back and eying the visitor, who had fallen down upon a cushion on the threshold of the chancel, before the jeweled altar and under the lamp which swung from a richly carved brass censer-holder, the abbot exclaimed with his hand on his beating heart: "By the love of God and the Holy Madonna! is it St. Denys monastery which is to claim Peter Abelard?"

Scholar and pupil! Lover and loved one! Husband and wife! These were the chapters of the past. But the shadow of this night at Argenteuil and St. Denys sat heavy on two souls destined to be separated until the grave should unite them. And the morning light rose gloomy upon the dreary cells of the solitary monk and the lonely nun.

CHAPTER XII.

The Council of Soissons.

"He putteth down one, and setteth up another."— *Psalms*, lxxv. 7.

IN a sequestered grove belonging to the Cathedral at Rheims, under a spacious purple canopy, several ecclesiastics were sitting, after the service and the dinner of the day. The tall, square campanile of the Cathedral, with its fluted tiles and its richly carved frieze lodged above the stone balcony which encircled the tower, seemed to grow into the sky from amid the stiff poplar trees of the cloister, like some heroic monument in a cemetery that would not be hidden by the all-conquering mass of evergreen. The monotonous chant of some monks in a side chapel had gradually died away to the last "sæcula sæculorum, amen," like the beating of the last energetic wave upon the beach before the calm of sunset. A strolling Italian minstrel, with a cage of performing monkeys and a black kid, which he had already

placed upon a green baize stand, having ventured within the sacred enclosure in hopes that he might find some monks off duty, had just been dismissed from the grassy cloister by an administrative lay brother, who, with a bunch of keys at his girdle, and a stiff broom in his hand, was clearing up the last stray remnants of the feast. The rejected minstrel had tuned his violin for the amusement of some children outside the cloister wall, and a group of merry peasant girls, who had been washing clothes by the side of a brook, not being able to resist the fascinating strains, had looped up their bright dresses, and were mingling in a rustic dance.

Hereupon, a solemn looking priest among the group in the tent, leaving his comfortable red leathern chair, walked quickly to the gate and, shaking his hard bony finger at the laughing company, exclaimed: "Stop this light music and this unseemly dance, you wayward children! You had better be saying your beads and counting your rosaries. I know you all! You shall have penance for this freak of your wicked hearts!"

"Pardon, holy father!" exclaimed one of the frightened girls, dropping her tucked-up skirt; "we meant no harm."

"Begone, then; and let me hear no more of this light music, and these lewd words about fluttering doves and lover's sighs. Remember this new race of troubadours are children of the devil, and you will suffer in hell for this lewdness unless you are forgiven. Begone, I say, thou foul Italian: take thy goat and these ill-gotten apes away!"

The peasant women crept away stealthily to their washing-boards by the brook, and the minstrel, hurriedly packing up his performing-stand, and slinging his violin over his shoulder, doggedly retreated, muttering the smooth and limpid curses of his native tongue.

"This shows, my holy fathers," exclaimed the priest, as he returned to the company under the canopy and resumed his comfortable seat, "how much we are in need of a council of the church to condemn the errors of the age. I doubt not that these very songs of this troubadour are the love songs of the Black Wolf when he was a lover.

Poor old Du Blois once told me that a rejected lover of Heloisa, a young student from Lyons, discovered these songs in the heart of an old tree in Canon Fulbert's garden, and in his vengeance gave them to his mistress, a certain Egyptian cantatrice, named Sejélma, who had taken Paris by storm, and that she sang them all over the city."

"How long has Brother Du Blois been dead?" inquired a mild-mannered ecclesiastic, who was clad in a purple cassock and was addressed as Bishop. "It seems strange not to have him with us to-day.

"O, he has been dead a year," replied the former speaker. "He was found dead in his bed the morning after his return from witnessing the investiture of Heloisa at Argenteuil. He had been very much excited by the service of the day and had tried to forbid it; he was quite overwrought. He hurried home that night to be in readiness for the ovation that was to be given to Bernard when he returned from the Valley of Wormwood and his miraculous fasts there. But the next morning's light found him dead in his bed.

It was very strange, almost suspicious; but he was an old man and he had some trouble with his heart. You remember how easily he was flushed?"

"I do," replied the other, who was no less a person than the gentle Godfrey, Bishop of Chartres; "but I also heard that the dear old priest met Abelard himself that night, as he was retreating to St. Denys, but that he knew not that it was the man he hated so much until he reached home, and that in a wakeful fit, owing to the excitement he had been in, he took an overdose of medicine, which killed him. Do you know the truth of this, Doctor Lotolphus?"

"Brother Albericus knows more about Paris than I do," replied the professor. "All I know is that the great and the holy are passing away. Dear, faithful Anselmus, our master at Laon, is dead, Brother Du Blois is dead, and that saint of God, William of Champeaux, after all his devotion to the great Bernard, has passed away. Who will unite us now that the Bishop of Chalons has departed?"

"Great is his reward, indeed!" remarked a

tall, thin, spare man, with a chain of gold about his neck, from which a jeweled locket in the shape of a mitre fell upon his frilled and glossy cassock. "It was our beloved brother of Chalons who has saved the saint's life. Think of him, a bishop in the church of God, prostrating himself before the Abbot of Citeaux, and begging that the emaciated saint might be committed to his care for a year. I myself, when last I was at Chalons, saw the hut which the bishop had made for him, outside the walls of his own monastery. It looked like a leper's hut, and there the saint had his visions and his prayers, and was undisturbed, while the beloved William fed him with his own hands three times a day. The mind of the saint was almost gone, and when I saw Bernard he was but a skeleton."

"It is to you now that we must look, Brother Rodolph," remarked an Italian-faced ecclesiastic. "You are the Archbishop of Rheims: I am but the Pope's Legate. Yet, by these embroidered keys which cross my breast, I promise you that Conon, the Papal Legate, will never fail to help you, with the power which comes from the Holy Father and

from those faithful bishops who have given themselves up to the hard task of rooting out these heretical tares from the wheat of the true church."

"True!" exclaimed Albericus, the professor of the school at Rheims. "This was what Brother Lotolphus and I had at heart when we induced the dear departed Bishop of Chalons to call that meeting of the faithful at his own home. We had hoped to have engaged the great Bernard himself in our plans for a synod; but Canon Fulbert was recalled by the sad news of his broken household, and the saint was full of his mission as Clairvaux, and could think of nothing else. Now we are brought together by the call of our Father Rodolph. Here is the Bishop of Chartres, and the Papal Legate, and here is Brother Lotolphus, and here am I. Why cannot the archbishop and the papal legate summon the heretic to a council to be held at some place in this neighborhood. I would suggest Soissons. These people are warm-hearted and faithful. A month ago, you know, they burnt a wicked infidel who had deserted from the Crusades, and who

blasphemously declared that the god of the Mohammedans was not such a bad god after all. The populace was quickly aroused, and he was burned at the stake. I think Soissons is a warm-hearted place, truly loyal to the faith of the church. Why, my father, wilt thou not call the council there?"

"But what have you to charge against Peter Abelard? and where is the accuser who would dare face this foremost logician of the day?" said the gentle Godfrey, Bishop of Chartres. "If we could secure Bernard, it might be well to give the restless monk an admonition, but I warn any one but a giant not to enter the field against this Philistine, this revived Goliath of Gath, with his armor bearer, Arnold of Brescia."

"My father in God," exclaimed the excited Albericus, rising from his chair and pacing up and down; "is it *thou* dost ask what charges the church has against this destroyer of the faith? Hast thou not heard that the great Schoolman, Roscellin himself, (blessed be the Holy Virgin's name for the recantation of his errors!) has denounced his former pupil as a Sabellian. Think of it! a follower of the

pernicious Sabellius. Hast thou not read his indictment of the wretch's life, as well as of his latest work, his Introduction to Theology, in which the blasphemer declares that God could not do more than he has done! Hast thou forgotten his treatment of the beloved Anselmus, or of Doctor Lotolphus and of me, his unworthy pupils at Laon? How canst thou, my father, a bishop in the church of God, think so lightly of this revived pagan who is bewitching the church? I have brought here to my archbishop his latest work, filled with most damnable errors."

"Peace! peace! my brother," exclaimed Bishop Godfrey. "Thou wrongest me. It is wisdom we need in dealing with so dangerous a foe; it is not only zeal that will suffice."

"Pardon me, father," said the excited Albericus, halting before his chair and steadying himself against the main prop of the tent, "I meant no disrespect to one so worthy of all honor. But I cannot think of the new lease of power which this villain holds after all his base past without being set aflame with holy indignation. Think of that

ruined home,— think of poor Fulbert's soul, by the sin of suicide smothered in the flaming waves of hell-fire, — think of the lovely Heloisa, banished from her babe and a victim immured forever in the cell of Argenteuil, — or bear in mind how this so-called teacher has debased many a youth with his evil teaching and his love songs, — and then think that now, one year from the day on which he entered the holy abbey of St. Denys, he has been called forth again to lecture and to teach: first at Paris, then in Champagne, and to-day has three thousand students hanging on his lips at St. Denys, and thou wilt know something of my soul's righteous distress, as I fear that we will all be conquered, unless the church speaks forth her mind and with her arm of authority puts this upstart forever down!"

The archbishop and the legate agreed with the zealous Albericus. Much counsel was held the rest of that day under the canopy in the cathedral cloister, and when at a late hour the assembly broke up, a smile of triumph lighted the stern face of the priest; and meeting a remorseful penitent on the

steps of the cathedral, who happened to be one of the poor peasant girls whom he had rebuked so severely early in the afternoon, when she had yielded to the devil's snares in the person of the minstrel, being in a better humor, he quickly forgave her imaginary load of sin.

The year which Abelard had spent at the monastery of St. Denys had not been passed in the routine of the ordinary monk life. The welcome which was extended to so celebrated a character wore off in time, as the refugee began to rebuke the brothers for their laxity of morals and of discipline. They derided one whose name had become a by-word, when the penitent lover rebuked his fellows with the ascetic zeal of John the Baptist. Jealousy also creeping in did its estranging work, as the thronging students, finding out their old master's retreat, compelled him to lecture again, and besieged the doors of the monastery until, for a third time, the university halls of Paris were deserted and the rostrum of the monk of St. Denys became again the seat of authority and influence to the rising students of the day.

It was at this period, when the monks of St. Denys were at conflict among themselves between the jealousy they had for this upstart member and admiration for the honor which his name brought to their order, that Abelard received the summons from the papal legate to attend a synod of the church in the diocese of Rheims, to answer to certain charges which had been brought against his work on the Trinity.

Passing out from the monastery gate at night-fall, with the consent of the abbot, the accused scholar, with his former servant Carlos, who still followed the adventures of his former master, started out together for the distant city of Soissons, to the northeast of Paris, in the district of Aisne. Carlos, the servant of his former days, clad in a leathern jerkin, with a yellow-colored dogskin cap, and riding a nimble-footed mule by the side of his master's horse, looked like some yeoman who went to see his chieftain through the ordeal before them to the bitter end.

"My master," remarked Carlos, as, after a quiet, uneventful journey, the spires of Soissons appeared in view from the brow of a

hill on which they stood, "I fear that far-off place! For the love of God and the Holy Madonna, where are all thy friends? I like not these low Burgundians here. Every man of them wears a charm around his neck and a poniard at his side. I'll warrant the priests do the same. Let us keep well out of the town so that we can be off in a moment. Ill luck betide this whole Fulbert set. I can never forget the night the villains nearly murdered us."

Abelard made no answer, though his nerves not being the strongest just now, the suggestion of Carlos struck him quite favorably. He drew up his horse and entered a thicket by the roadside, as a gay cavalcade made up of yeomen and archers with their many-colored jerkins and doublets, and knights with helmets barred and gloves of steel, together with a group of sombre ecclesiastics, and a few ladies with rich saddle hangings and head drapery in the stiff and sparkling costumes of the period, galloped quickly by.

"We will hear at compline to-night — quite irresistible, you know — never depart alive if he resists — this time they have him" — were

bits of the conversation which reached the ears of the monk in the thicket.

"Carlos," he said, as soon as the dust of the company had settled itself, "your plan is a good one. We will stop at some place outside the city walls. Let us look for some quiet inn or hostelry where we can be safe from the machinations of these ecclesiastics. These Rheimish professors are not over fond of me."

As they moved slowly on in the direction of the city, along a road guarded by a row of tall poplar trees, which to the overburdened imagination of the monk seemed like a company of ecclesiastics about to close him in, Carlos espied a snug little châlet on the left-hand side, situated by a running stream and overshadowed by a large mulberry tree. The running water of the brook tumbled headlong over the scattered stones, and formed an attractive scene. A little peasant girl in a gay dress was unyoking a pair of white goats from the rough panniers on their backs, in which was a quantity of fresh cut grass.

"Come hither, my little girl," cried Abelard, as the quick-tongued child was alternately

scolding and caressing the restless goats who were munching the grass; "what is thy name?"

The child looked up at the horseman on the other side of the brook, and seeing his monkish dress with the cowl down and a red rose in his hand, gathered confidence, and going to some large stones on the brook's edge, answered:—

"My mother calls me Nettie, but my real name is Annette. I call my white goat Nettie."

"Where is your mother?"

"She is in the house, spinning yarn."

"Call her, Annette. Here, take this pretty red rose. It will do for a posy for your hair, or you can put it on Nettie's harness." Saying this the monk stepped out into the pebbly stream, until the current went over his sandals, and threw to the little girl the red rose, whose short stem had been bitten off as he had stood listening to the broken conversation of the cavalcade which had galloped along towards the city. The child picked up the flower, and running towards the house, soon returned with her mother, a short, stout

woman, with a gay yellow handkerchief tightly drawn over her head, and dressed in a blue woolen bodice and petticoat, with heavy blue stockings of the same material, which ended in a pair of nailed and hard-soled brogans.

"I want to ask a favor of you, my good woman," said the monk, while the woman came as near to him as it was possible for her to do with a running stream between them: "I want you to let me have a room in your châlet there. I have come to attend the council at the city yonder."

The woman bit her lip and, putting her arms akimbo, as if she were surveying a large piece of work in the brook, where the tubs and wash-boards were placed, remarked, as she gave her shoulders the national French shrug: —

"Father Antonio told us at mass last Sunday to be careful how we took in strangers this week at the council. He said the holy fathers were coming from Rheims, and that the devil's own would be here from Paris. Where are you from, sir?"

The monk laughed, and answered: "Why, I

come from the West, near Paris, but I am a monk of the holy order of St. Denys. Come, my dame, give me a room in your pretty place yonder, and I'll reward you; trust to me."

"But what will my old man Lucas say?" inquired the peasant woman. "They have taken him to be a special guard at the council; forty of the men on the Count of Soissons' demesne have been sworn in as special guards. I didn't know my old man when they dressed him up in a leathern suit, and gave him a cross-bill and halberd and a shining brass helmet. 'We must have old Lucas Genet,' the chief of the mayor's palace said, 'for the crowds have been gathering stones.' They say there will be a riot; there are so many heretics nowadays. They burnt a poor sinner at the last meeting of the synod. He was a Mohammedan, they said; and there are crowds in the streets now, they tell me."

"So much the more reason why I want a quiet place like this," continued the monk, taking a gold coin out of his leathern wallet. "Here, Dame Genet, put this piece away to buy a gown for little Annette by next feast of

Stephen, or Candlemas day. Show me where I can find a bridge or a ford, and take me in as they did in the days of old, when the holy women were not forgetful to entertain strangers."

"Father Antonio told us we could keep any who came to the council for the glory of God, but that we must have nothing to do with the devil's own, who often came like wolves in sheep's clothing."

"I have come for the glory of God," replied the monk, "and the blessing on those who receive a prophet in a prophet's name will rest upon you. Tell me where I am to cross the stream."

"You can ford where you see yonder pile of stones near the bushes," answered the woman; "that is, if you think our little hut good enough for a priest."

Crossing the ford with Carlos, Abelard followed the woman and the tripping child, who was delighted with the evident tokens of good luck which the stranger's advent seemed to inaugurate. A clean room, with a rush floor, and a couch of flag branches covered with a deerskin, presented to the mind of the

tired traveler the warmest welcome which the place could be likely to afford, and after a home-made meal, the monk and his companion slept calmly on the outer edge of the storm-tossed city of Soissons.

Conon, the papal legate, presided at the council, which was held in the burgomaster's hall. The insignia of the civil were mingled with those of the ecclesiastical and the papal authorities. Processions of ecclesiastics passed through the streets from the cathedral to the council chamber, amid signs of the most profound adoration on the part of the burghers and peasants towards the holy priests. And counter-processions of tradesmen's guilds, with their bright banners and gilded symbols, thronged the streets by night, with torches of red and yellow fire. It was a gala time in the provincial city. Hunting excursions of the nobles were an offset to the scent for heresy on the part of the ecclesiastics, and the gay and restless high-born ladies flitted between the excitement of the council chamber and the cathedral service and the feasts at the palaces of the mayor and the country nobles.

At length the hour of accusation came. On a gloomy morning, in the council room, the well-known form of Albericus the Professor rose in the hall and accused one Petrus, monk of St. Denys, with heretical statements concerning the doctrine of the trinity. He declared that the accused taught the pernicious doctrine of tritheism instead of the Catholic formula which had been the heritage of the church since the famous Council of Nice. He demanded that the book might be read by the commission of doctors appointed to examine into the errors of the monk, and that before the council came to an end the voices of the judges of this erring teacher might be faithfully recorded. With a wolfish glare at the monk of St. Denys who, wrapped in his mantle, sat on a tripod stool by the heavy curtain which shut out the crowd in the street, the Rheimish professor sat down again. Accused and accuser, they had not met since the day when the prohibition was found upon the walls of the church of St. Catharine, at Laon, when Abelard rode out of the city gates, watched by the man who now accused him, together

with Lotolphus, the other Rheimish doctor, and Anselmus, their teacher, and the light flaxen-haired pupil who, standing behind the others on the parapet of the wall, bemoaned his fate in not being able to follow the winning young teacher on horseback.

There are times in life when the eye of one meeting another's eye, which has been almost forgotten, recalls as by a single flash all the long love or hatred of the past. This flashing of the soul's light through the soul's window is an intense moment. It is like cloud meeting cloud in the thunder-storm; it speaks by two senses, by light and by sound, to eye and ear. This was one of these moments to these two men, as they met after all the long past. Abelard, with his eventful career, checkered with the glories of his success and the shadows of his sins, and Albericus, with his dull, monotonous, uninteresting propriety, met face to face at this moment and gave each other a long and sullen glance. Abelard quietly replied that he would willingly answer any questions the reverend fathers might have to propose, and the council broke up for the day.

As the curtain at the door was drawn back by the guards in charge of the hall, a heated, angry looking crowd in the street broke in upon the retiring conclave.

"There goes the heretic!" cried a fat, greasy burgher; "yonder goes the Paris sinner, the foul wretch that he is."

"Stone the atheist!" called out a ravenous looking Spanish monk. "Seize the villain! Stone him!" were exclamations on all sides.

At this juncture, one of the guards in attendance upon the council waved his halberd at the rising mob, and walking by the side of the illustrious stranger conducted him safely to the castle tower, where a company of archers was posted.

"I thank thee, friend, for this goodness," said the rescued monk. "Keep thine eye upon me throughout the sessions of the council, and I will repay thee. I will bind this blue scarf upon thine arm. Let no one take it from thee; it is my pledge that I will repay thy kindness."

At this moment there came running into the castle yard a pale, thin form, dressed in the brown serge of the scholar's garb.

"My master! oh! my long lost master, is it here I meet thee? a prisoner of war — a refugee from the council's hatred."

Abelard turned to look at the slender, stooping figure, and recognized in the aquiline nose, thin face, and grizzled hair which had once been yellow, the matured expression of his former pupil at Laon, Petrus of Lombardy.

"Is it thou, Petrus?" exclaimed Abelard. "I have not seen thy face since the day when I rode out from Laon on poor Radbert's steed. I remember now how thou didst weep upon the parapet because thou couldst not accompany us. But thou art thin, and thy face is sunken: what meaneth this wasting away?"

"Alas! my master," replied the young scholar, with a sigh, "I am wearing my life out under the inspiration of thy teachings. Peter Lombard may die, but I pray God the book which I am writing* may live, when I am forgotten in my grave. But I have come to thee with one purpose only. It is this: Mount the rostrum here in Soissons, in the

* The Sentences.

very midst of all this storm, and be the master of the populace again. Thou wilt charm the very mob which, in its overwrought zeal, would now stone thee."

This bold conception pleased the adventurous spirit of the great logician, and aroused the combativeness of other days. That very night, in a small church in the outskirts of the city, on the road which led to Dame Genet's châlet, the monk of St. Denys addressed the congregation which had assembled for lauds, and promised to speak for the six following nights on the subject of "The Yeas and Nays of Life."

"Here is thy old teaching," exclaimed Peter Lombard, as he watched the rapt attention of the crowds which flocked towards the peasants' church of St. Mary Magdalene every night. "It is thy old categories of faith and doubt, made intelligible for the people; it is thy *sic et non:* the yes and no of human life."

The heads of the council were thunderstruck by this bold appeal of the great heretic to the unbiased verdict of the human heart. The lectures of Abelard were the talk of the

town ; the little church was crowded hours before the time for the giving of the discourse, and the nobles and ladies, who were wearied with the dull pomp of the council and the restless sports of the field, experienced that glad surprise which awakens fresh life in us all, when we feel for the first time the thrill of an entirely new sensation in the routine of an existence whose latest springs of action we had supposed were exhausted. The heart of the people was touched ; a growing interest in the lonely, unbefriended monk was beginning to show itself, when an order came from the Archbishop Rudolph, forbidding the monk to speak in Soissons and to be ready to answer to the distinct charges of Doctor Albericus the next day.

The following day, in the heated council room, the synodical bishops being in the judges' seats, and Conon the Legate presiding, Doctor Albericus, in his black-corded cassock, rose from the dais on which he, with his companion Lotolphus, had been sitting, and addressing Abelard, said : —

"I have read at last, sir, your work on the Trinity, and there, my right reverend judges,"

turning to the bishops, "I have discovered a proposition horrible and damnable. There is but one God," continued Albericus, "and this one God generated his word, which is also God, and yet, sir, thou dost maintain that God cannot generate himself. This, my fathers, is the blasphemous heresy."

Here the grave judges nodded their heads approvingly, until the gems in their mitres shone in the glancing sunlight which struggled in to the council hall through the long diamond-pointed windows. Conon, the papal legate, frowned wisely at the calm face of the monk, and relaxed his frown into a smile as he met the triumphant gaze of Albericus.

"I will prove the truth of my statements, my fathers," said Abelard, rising from the excited group about him. "Listen, Doctor Albericus, in the name of truth, to my arguments."

"Avaunt thee, thou foul recreant," screamed the excited doctor. "What care I for thy reason, or thy boasted common sense. Thinkest thou that the Catholic faith of the fathers with all its sacred heritage of

tradition can be weighed in the balance of thy reason? It is authority this council wants, sir: the authority of the fathers of the church."

"Then thou shalt have all the authority thou desirest," replied the monk, with a proud and haughty scorn. "Open that volume of St. Augustine, which thou didst bring with thee, and thou shalt find it." Here Doctor Albericus took the book and, turning over several of its pages, replied: "I can find nothing; St. Augustine hath no such proposition."

"Here it is," replied Abelard, boldly grasping the book from the hands of his antagonist and reading aloud in his deepest and most convincing tone of voice, as follows:—

"'He who imagines that God has power to generate himself is the more in error, because not only God cannot do it, but because there is no creature, corporeal or spiritual, to which the capacity can belong. No being can give existence to itself.'* It is thou, Doctor Albericus," continued the monk, pointing his long finger at the abashed

* Augustine's *De Trinity*, lib. i.

professor, "it is thou who art fallen into the wild heresy of those who maintain that the Father is the son of himself."

Here a wild burst of popular applause broke forth from the crowded galleries, as the monk took his seat by the door. Albericus reddened and was silent, while the pale and astonished Legate Conon, after conferring with the Archbishop Rudolph and the Bishop of Chartres, adjourned the council for the day.

As the monk passed out of the curtained doorway, with the faithful Peter by his side, the same crowd, which the week before had raised the mob and had driven him under the care of a guard to the castle tower, now waved their handkerchiefs and shouted the wildest huzzas, as they crowded up to the monk, whose cowl, dropping over his shoulders, showed his strong and massive head.

"What a victory, my master," whispered his companion. "Thou hast conquered again. See this demonstration of the people."

"It is not over yet," replied the flushed monk. "Dost thou remember St. Paul at Melita, with the barbarous people: first he

was a murderer, and then he was a god. We must await to-morrow's verdict with its storm of wrath."

After the adjournment of the council, there was a secret conclave of the prosecutors and the judges. The wise and peaceful Bishop of Chartres was of the opinion that it would be best to commend Abelard again to the care of the Abbot of St. Denys, only urging him to be careful in the way in which he brought forth his views to the public. It was in vain, he declared, that any one should enter the arena with him. Bernard of Clairvaux was the only man who could meet him, and Bernard was too much absorbed at present in his community life, to attack the wayward, brilliant monk of St. Denys. He believed that the day and the hero would yet appear, when this defiant dialectician from Brittany would be silenced, but it was not well to forestall events, especially since this leader of the masses had reached the hearts of the people and had awakened a responsiveness on their part which it would be unwise to oppose. But Albericus and Lotolphus saw that Abelard could never again be

humbled outside of their diocese, and with the assistance of the papal legate they pressed for a judgment. They urged that the odious book on the Trinity should be condemned and that the monk should be compelled to burn his volume publicly with his own hands. This decision was at length reached by a very small majority.

The next morning, as Abelard entered the council, he was sent for in private by the Bishop of Chartres, and was apprised of the decision.

"Bear this trial calmly, my son," said the kind-hearted bishop, and thou wilt yet be the master instead of the victim of this council. Repine not, but obey."

Struggling with himself, and with his wounded pride and righteous resentment, the accused monk of St. Denys stood up when his name was called and listened to the decision of the judges in a respectful silence. A suppressed sigh was audible throughout the entire assembly, as the monk took the rejected volume, the work of his best years, given to him by the public hangman in his dire livery of office, and without a tremor

tossed it, as if it had been a log of wood, into the blazing fire on the huge hearth. Only the crackling of the sparks was heard for a few moments, as all eyes watched the advancing flame, and when the hearth blazed with the dry parchment, and the chimney roared up its rough throat by reason of the heresy it was even then consuming, another burst of applause broke forth from the galleries, which was instantly silenced by the advent into their midst of a dozen guards with their rattling cross-bills, cudgeling unnumbered crouching shoulders.

Hereupon the Archbishop Rudolph with much solemnity rose from his throne, and said: —

"My Lord Cardinal, it only remains that the accused should make a public profession of his faith. Let him profess his faith in the creed of Athanasius."

With a look of scorn and a flashing eye the indignant monk began to mutter: "*Quicunque vult*"; but he knew no more.

"Carry him, then, this volume, and let him repeat it in our hearing."

Hereupon an ecclesiastic carried to the

monk a copy of the sacred symbol, and amid sighs and suppressed tears, mingled with the exultation of his enemies, the foremost scholar of Christendom and the most brilliant literary teacher of the age, like a confused and stammering child, spelled out the long Latin phrases of the Athanasian creed, while Albericus and Lotolphus, on either side of him, held before the book two long and flaring candles, to light his unwilling eyes through this humiliating ordeal. His fate was then made known to him. He was no longer at liberty to return to St. Denys, but was committed to the charge of the Abbot of St. Medard, a monastery near Soissons, until such time as the ecclesiastical authorities should deem it safe for him to be at large. This severe sentence was unexpected, but heeding the wise advice of the tender-hearted Bishop of Chartres, the unfortunate monk obeyed; and in the year 1121, in the forty-second year of his life, he left the council chamber of the town hall at Soissons, led as a prisoner by the hand of the Abbot of St. Medard.

"Leave me, dear Pętrus," he said, as he

passed out of the heated council chamber, "and thou, too, my faithful Carlos. I will bear this unjust treatment until the authors of it are shamed by their hate. Where is my guard, the kind-hearted yeoman who shielded me from the rabble? There, I see him now! Ho! there, guard, come hither."

The compassionate officer ran from among his comrades to the side of the convicted monk.

"Wilt thou go with me to the châlet where I have spent my days while at Soissons?" asked Abelard. "I see thou hast still the kerchief round thy wrist. I have something for thee in my pack." Saying this, the party strolled out of the city gate and along the road past the little church of St. Mary Magdalene, the scene of the monk's brief triumph. As they approached the low white châlet, Dame Genet and little Annette came down the road to meet them.

"It is father," exclaimed the child; "and it is the monk, too. What has happened?"

"Goodman Genet, what meanest thou?" said the astonished woman, "Dost thou harm our guest?"

The abbot explained to her that she had been sheltering the heretic whom the holy bishops had just condemned. Starting back, she crossed herself, and, throwing her coarse woolen apron over her face, dropped down upon her knees and began her prayers, counting her beads. The startled Lucas, doffing his heavy helmet and laying down his halberd, looked imploringly at the monk, and said: —

"Why hast thou brought a curse upon my family?"

"No curse ever follows the kindness of the human heart," said the monk. "Here, Carlos," he added as he untied the kerchief from the trembling arm of the peasant, "take my horse back with thee to St. Denys, but leave your beast with this faithful man. Do not fear the gift, Dame Genet: this mule at least is no heretic."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Oratory of the Paraclete.

"Behold, how green this valley is; also how beautiful with lilies. I have known many that have got good estates in this Valley of Humiliation; for, indeed, it is a very fruitful soil and doth bring forth by handfuls."— John Bunyan.

BUT the triumph of the Rheimish doctors was of very short duration. A popular reaction in behalf of the imprisoned scholar soon set in, and the Abbot of St. Medard received word from the papal legate to let his constrained disciple go free. Abelard returned in triumph to the monastery of St. Denys, only, however, to plunge into further strife with his fellow monks, a strife which eventually compelled him to escape by flight from his chosen place of refuge. Discovering in the writings of the Venerable Bede, the standard chronicler of the day, a sentence which seemed to imply that Dionysius the Areopagite, St. Paul's disciple at Athens, was not the original founder of this famous monastery and the patron saint of France, he

declared that the St. Denys of French history was not the Dionysius who died at Athens in the year 95, but another saint who did not come to France until the end of the third century. The excited monks affirmed that Bede was a false historian, and that Abelard was guilty of disloyalty to the king and of treason to France in thus dethroning her great tutelary saint.

Abelard, seeing the storm that was about to rise, fled from St. Denys at night, assisted by two or three friendly monks, and fearing a second imprisonment as the result of this unexpected discussion, sought a retreat in a forest on the river Ardrissan not far from Troyes. Theobald, Count of Champagne, a nobleman of power and influence, defended the outcast scholar and allowed him a refuge in the town of Provins, in the monastery of St. Aytoul. But it was not the purpose of the exile to remain long a guest in any of the monasteries. His old abbot, Adam, had already made a demand for the surrender of the runaway, a demand which Abelard's protector had at once dismissed.

One bright October afternoon, as the exile

monk was emerging from the gates of the monastery of St. Aytoul, a small page in a bright and variegated costume approached him, and doffing his velvet cap trimmed with silver bells, which tinkled as he walked, presented the stranger with a parchment packet. It was from his master, Count Theobald, and contained a request that the illustrious scholar would meet him at the archery grounds in the castle park that afternoon.

"Where is thy master, boy?" he inquired.

"He has been hunting with hawks and hounds," replied the page; "but he will be at the target-oak on the south meadow this afternoon. The countess has her archery class there, and they have the king's archer and the grand falconer with them now. My master bade me bring him word that you would surely come."

"Tell him I will be present," replied the monk, and the nimble-footed page, with a quick bound over the hedgerows, departed.

Later in the day Abelard took his way through a forest that skirted the riverside until the green meadows of the count's do-

mains appeared in sight. The castle itself, which was half enclosed with forest trees, was of Norman structure, with cruciform windows and pepper-box towers, such as one sees to-day at Holyrood, in Edinburgh, or in the ruins of Castleton, in Derbyshire, or in the ruined castles of Rouen, Bayeux, and Caen. The entire scene seemed like a slice cut out of Normandy and planted in the Champagne country.

Abelard watched the gathered party on the castle lawn, as he reclined against a large linden tree by the roadside and peered over the high wall. The ladies with their maids-in-waiting had laid aside their large silver-tipped bows, and an archer of the count's guard was collecting the arrows and gathering the different quiver bunches, when two gayly dressed yeomen came running up the lawn with a string of dogs which they held by iron chains, together with a basket of birds, and something that was covered which seemed to nestle on the wrist of the left hand. The countess with her companions reclined upon cushions which their waiting-women brought them, and the head yeoman,

taking off his hat and bowing low to the group of ladies, fastened his dogs to a stake in the ground, and said: —

"Now, ladies, I will show you the new falcons which my master has just received from Norway. Here, Eagle! come, no biting. Sit there! now, steady." As he said this he took the hood off his wrist and brought to the light a young falcon with curved beak, as of iron, and two strong teeth on either side of the beak.

"Has Eagle come from Norway, Sweno?" inquired the countess, as she put forth her hand to pat his ruffled neck.

"Yes, my lady," replied Sweno. "Be careful, madam, they will not bear petting. They are only useful for the chase. You can see now why the prows on the ships of the old Norse pirates were always made like a falcon's beak or a boar's tusk. Do you see, madam, the two teeth? Hold, Eagle! Hah! don't bite. There, madam, you see them now; and these are the sharpened talons. Bring Juno here, Hugh."

The other falconer unhooded the bird on his wrist, and wrapping the steel chain about

his arm, humbly presented himself in the admiring circle of ladies.

"And dost thou think, Sweno," continued the countess, "that it will ever come to pass that the ladies will hunt upon their palfreys by the help of these birds?"

"By the holy rood, that I do, madam," replied Sweno. "Why, the kennel from which Eagle and Juno have come, have been known to pick out the eyes of gazelles and rabbits ere the hounds have come nigh them. But I will show you a flight of the birds. Here, Hugh, uncover yonder pigeon-cage." As he said this he took both the birds of prey upon his wrist, and hooding their ruffled necks, unclasped their steel chains and held them down by their talons with one set of fingers, while he stroked their backs with the other hand. Then giving the sign to Hugh, the latter let fly a pigeon from the wicker-cage. Instantly unhooding Eagle, he flung the falcon in the air, and in an instant, with a hoarse, wild scream, the bird of prey had pounced upon the pigeon and had wrung its neck in its own vise-like beak. Returning with a broad sweep of the

wing to Sweno's wrist, with a proud and fiery look of disdain, the haughty bird looked down in triumph upon its victim, which one of the dogs had brought from the place where it had fallen, to its master's feet.

This same performance was repeated with Juno, and again with Eagle, until one of the tender-hearted ladies, watching the fluttering cage of doves, begged that the cruel sport might cease.

The sound of a horn and the baying of dogs in the forest, together with the cries of a huntsman's party, told that Count Theobald, the popular and beloved lord of Champagne, was approaching this meeting place; and in a few moments the impetuous party of excited dogs, and horses, and hurrying men, came to a standstill under the broad canopy of the target-oak. The forester, who followed on a heavily freighted mule, threw down the game at the foot of the tree, while the countess in a very animated manner related the exploits of Eagle and Juno, on this their first flight since they had left their native air of Norway.

"Leave me here, now," exclaimed the

count, as he dismounted from his horse after listening to the story. "I will meet you at the supper in the castle. I am expecting a distinguished visitor at this spot. I may bring him with me to the banquet of the countess. Sweno — Hugh — Forester — take the hounds and the birds away." These orders were quickly obeyed, and in a few moments the count was alone. Spreading his huntsman's coat on the ground he threw himself upon it for a few moments' rest, and as he lay with one leg crossed upon the other, and his head upon his outstretched arm, one might have taken the handsome Count Theobald for the recumbent image of some knightly crusader.

As soon as the party had retired from the meadow, the refugee from St. Denys, still wearing the cloak and cassock of that order, came forth from his place of retirement behind the linden tree. As he crossed over the meadow to the spot where he perceived the sleeping form of his kind benefactor, he espied something fluttering in the grass. Looking down he saw one of the pigeons which had been chased by the falcons. The

dog in pursuit had been attracted by the baying of the hounds in Count Theobald's party, just as he was seizing the bird, and had left the poor fluttering thing dragging its lamed leg and broken wing after it in the grass. The monk stooped down, and picking up the wounded bird, carefully wrapped it in his gray neckerchief. At this moment the count started up, and beholding his expected guest, exclaimed : —

"Welcome, doctor, I would thou hadst been here sooner. The ladies tell me they have had some rare sport with the falcons. Really, there is getting to be quite a rivalry between the foresters and the falconers for the favor of the ladies, nowadays."

"I watched it from the gate yonder," replied Abelard. "I felt for the imprisoned birds, for I myself you know have been a captive. And I feel for this poor wounded creature," he added, extending his palm, which contained the lame bird, "for I too have been hunted and wounded by two fierce falcons at Rheims."

"True, my friend," replied the count, "and there are two hooded monks who are thirsting

for thy blood, more than Eagle and Juno for the escaped doves this afternoon."

"To whom dost thou refer?"

"To Norbert. He has just reduced the canons to the severest rules of living, and he has been made Bishop of Magdeburg."

Abelard paused a moment and then added: "Norbert is one reformer. He is one of the falcons; we will call him Juno. Who is the other one? who is Eagle?"

"Thou knowest, O, man, who it is that will ruff thy precious neck one of these days. By the saints in heaven, thou knowest the man that will be thy fate and will snuff thee out as the watchman puts out his night-torch in the water bucket! Surely thou knowest how the great Bernard doth hate thee and all thy belongings?"

Abelard paused a moment.

"Why, then," he said with a sigh, "did he not face me at Soissons?"

"The Rheimish doctors thought themselves able to tame thee without the help of the saint," said the count. "The next time they have thee in their toils, beware! for the great miracle worker will be there to perform

his greatest wonder. So beware of the day thou meetest Bernard in a church council."

"Here, little lame bird," said Abelard, "I will do to thee what the powers on high are doing to me. I will give thee another chance for thy life. There, now, rest in this soft place in the hollow tree." As he said this, he tenderly deposited the fluttering creature in the hollow of an oak, and folding his cloak into a cushion sat down by the side of the tree. The count, carelessly folding his hands over his drawn up knees, nodded towards the castle and remarked: —

"I have sent for thee, Master Abelard, because I want thee to grace my banquet table to-night. The countess, too, and her companions, will not let thee say 'Nay.'"

Abelard smiled, and shook his head.

"It is not for me to enter again into the world I have once renounced. I have come to ask a favor of a very different kind," said Abelard.

"But stay, man," remonstrated the noble. "I have news for thee. First of all, thy old abbot, Adam, who was here not long ago trying to influence the Bishop of Troyes to

summon a council against his runaway monk, is dead, and the great Suger is now Abbot of St. Denys."

Abelard started.

"Listen!" continued the count. "Stephen de Garlande, once a monk like you, is now Seneschal of France and prime minister to the king. Moreover, Suger has released thee from all further connection with St. Denys, and has laid claim to the convent of Argenteuil, where thy former friend Heloisa is abbess; and I hear that all the sisters there are to be turned adrift upon the world."

Again Abelard started. He flushed, turned pale, and trembled. But regaining his composure in a few moments, he assumed an air of calmness, as the count continued:—

"And so I have sent for thee, my illustrious friend, to-day, because I have a proposition to make. Listen. I know thy life, and all that has happened to thee in the past. No longer, is it possible for thee to contend with the powers of the church, which are aroused against thee and will surely crush thee in the end. Heed my words, I pray thee. Leave this stormy

arena. Throw away the cassock and the cowl. I will present thee at the court of Louis, and with thy powers, thou who art the foremost leader of men can yet become the real ruler of France."

Abelard listened in silence while the count, playing with his jeweled hunting-knife and digging it violently into the ground, overturning the plans of whole colonies of excited ants by his ruthless invasions, continued: —

"Look at Stephen de Garlande — a name that will shine in history. A brilliant, unscrupulous statesman, he deserted a monastery when the abbot frowned on his plans. 'They were too secular,' he said, and so the monk gave up his worn-out life as a religious, and was decked with the cross of the grand Seneschal of France. And Suger, too; dost thou think he will long be an abbot? By the archangel Michael, my friend, he maketh St. Denys only a jumping-block to the king's favor, that he may mount upon the steed which the king himself rideth, but has not the brains to manage. But what are Suger and De Garlande compared with thee? Come, sir, let me present thee at the ban-

quet to-night. I have told them I would bring an illustrious guest, and the Duchess of Charente, the king's favorite, will be there, to lift the rising scholar from the outcast cell of St. Denys to the king's court at Melun."

Abelard gathered his cloak about him, as if this scheme of the impulsive count had made him feel chilly. Dragging his cowl over his head he looked steadily at the ground, as his gay companion exclaimed: —

"Come, sir, what sayest thou to my brilliant plan?"

"My lord," replied the scholar, with a heavy sigh, "I have withdrawn from the world, never again to enter its giddy vortex. My heart is buried at Argenteuil: what is left of me is but a wreck. Thy scheme is an ambitious one, but I have not motive left to embrace it. But one thing I ask of thee, my kind benefactor: Now that I, by the voice of the new abbot, Suger, am free from St. Denys, protect me here in thy domains, and let me try that for which I have so often longed — the seclusion of a hermit life."

"Thou a hermit!" exclaimed the count, with a smile of derision. "Thou, the trou-

ver, a Jerome in the desert! thou, the gay wit of Paris, an Antony in the barren wastes of the forest! thou, the first scholar of the world, a Benedict lashing thyself in thy cell! Man, this can never be! Like Paul of old, much learning hath made thee mad."

But the monk was firm, and as he sat by the target-oak with his kind-hearted protector, the sun sank to rest in the west that afternoon, ere a messenger from the castle came running out to remind his master of the banquet in the hall with the impatient guests, who were wondering in the fast settling gloom of the evening why their host delayed his return.

It was not many days before the plan of the exiled scholar came to the light. In a forest belonging to the Count of Champagne, ninety miles from Paris and only fifty miles across the country from the retreat of the great Bernard of Clairvaux, Peter Abelard, the exiled monk, with his two former companions, Berengar of Tours and Peter of Lombardy, established themselves in the long wished for retreat. The Count of Champagne, finding that it was impossible to turn

the current of the philosopher's life, from his chosen plan of retirement, to the giddy heights of statecraft, granted him this request and allowed him to try the experiment of a hermit life, which he had before vainly longed for, at a little spot subsequently known as Nogent-on-the-Seine. Here the three hermits built at first a little cell of osiers and thatches out of the reeds and straw which they found on the place, and erected a small oratory, which Abelard dedicated to the Trinity. Subsequently he called the place the retreat of the Paraclete, because the Divine Comforter had at last given him rest and peace from the attacks of his fellow men.

A little brook which flowed by supplied this small community with water, and the kind gifts of the Count of Champagne, along with the efforts of the hermits in gathering fruit and grain, supported them in their out-of-door life in the forest. The morning sun awoke them to short prayers and long studies, and the firelight in the evening, keeping off, as it did, the wild beasts, which were their nearest neighbors, inspired the master to long discourses and arguments upon the

philosophy and the theology of the day. Mother Nature welcomed her tired outcasts, and the leafy bowers of the Paraclete afforded a rest and refreshment which could not be obtained in church councils or in wrangling monasteries.

The two students of the illustrious scholar drank in his words of wisdom, as in the gayer days of the past at Mount St. Génévière, and at last it seemed as if the stormy career of the scholar-monk were to end in the stillness and obscurity of a hermit life, buried in the shadow of a tangled forest.

One day, as the three disciples came out after prayer from the little oratory of the Paraclete, a rustic building formed of stones and limbs of trees, covered with reeds, and fern leaves, and water-flags from the river's bank, they found a company of monks and students emerging from the covered pathway which led from the forest to the open clearing of the Paraclete. Astonished at being discovered in his secret place of retirement, the hermit of the Paraclete advanced to the edge of the brook and asked one of the foremost of the company what he wanted.

To his surprise he recognized in the tone of voice the unmistakable Theodore of Bologna, his former pupil at Mount St. Geneviève in the days when Felix Radbert, Genseric, Leitulf, and the others, conducted that nondescript place of learning outside the walls of Paris.

"Ah, my master," replied the Italian law student, "it is in vain thou dost attempt to hide thyself; the whole world is coming after thee, even to this desert place. Here are some discontented citizens from Rome, tired of waiting for the plans of Arnold to become matured. Here are some worn-out crusaders, weary of fighting hard combats with the slippery Turks; and here are some runaways from Norbert's dungeon at Premontre, and Bernard's dismal cell at Clairvaux; and here are not a few of thy old scholars at Paris in the days when we were all younger. We are all tired out with the ways of the world, and we have come to the Paraclete for some heavenly comfort in the midst of all this routine barrenness."

"Aye," replied a bright-faced youth, who had already with Theodore forded the narrow

brook and was by the side of the astonished hermit in the open clearing immediately in front of the oratory, "we have come to share the wilderness with the teacher of whom the schools are not worthy. Thou must remember my uncle—the genial Père Du Blois. He often talked to me when I was a boy about the perils of the age I was born into, and many a time have I heard him sigh in my mother's house for the dangerous teachings of Peter Abelard. But he declared that the Lord had raised up one who would at last put thee to silence. I believe he thought that Bernard was born on purpose to answer thy teachings and stop thy voice. But here in yonder company are no less than seven runaways from Clairvaux. They have been starved and whipped like hounds in training for the chase, and, in sooth, they are in training for the scent of heresy and the mastering of sin within them by starving it out, as if life were a fever to be snuffed out whenever it flickered a bit."

"The foul fiend take Bernard's pack of hypocrites," exclaimed a lean, gaunt, tonsured monk, who was munching a huge piece

of brown bread and raw meat. "I am hungry yet; it seems as if I could never be filled. I have done nothing but eat since I got over the monastery wall at Clairvaux the night before last, when I came to join the pilgrimage of the advocate Theodore from Bologna. He said he would yet discover the hiding place of Abelard, and if he could not drag him back to the world, he would carry the world out to him."

"Heaven be praised, and our Holy Lady, too," remarked a fourth pilgrim, a sad and wearied looking man, with a gold cross embroidered on his breast. "Here is just the rest which a worn-out crusader needs. The world to-day offers only these four chances: Hard fighting in the East; street rows, if one wants to establish citizen life as Arnold proposes; hypocritical monkery with Bernard and Norbert, where the lust of the flesh is hidden but not subdued; and rational philosophy with Abelard."

"Aye, man, well said," exclaimed Père Du Blois' nephew, the young Blaise Ducornet. "Neither Norbert nor Bernard can comprehend this new age that is upon us. They

fear everything new — everything that has any life or tendency in it. I know it all. My poor old uncle died, out of the excitement of the age. The very day on which Bernard came to Paris, to consult with the faithful in the cathedral school of Notre Dame, the day after a great event at Argenteuil, (pardon me, my master, for the reference), he was found dead in his bed. But years ago, at Chalons, in the days of Bishop William of Champeaux, these men meant thy destruction. They had formed a League of the Faithful, and the council of Soissons was the result. The devil only knows what they will plan next. In the mean time, companions," he continued, "join with Blaise Ducornet, *Vive le Paraclet! Vive Abelard, tête de l'école!*

These cheers were given with a hearty good will, and in this way the Paraclete was taken by storm by the student-world which had gone in search of the missing scholar. The explanation of this singular intrusion of Abelard's hermit life was discovered by the scholar after a few days. Ever since the news of the council of Soissons with its cruel termination had reached the ears of Abelard's

friends in Paris, there had been a determination on their part to gather round their former friend and teacher. It had been whispered, after the flight from St. Denys' monastery, that a certain noble had boasted that he would snatch from the cell of the most famous monastery in France the greatest scholar of the age, and would present the kingdom with a new prime minister and seneschal. For already the brilliant minds of the French church, such as Stephen de Garlande and the Abbot Suger of St. Denys, were beginning to walk in that line which Mazarin and Richelieu made so illustrious in after days.

But when his boast remained unfulfilled, and the victim of the synodical censure of the diocese of Rheims kept himself buried from public sight, Theodore of Bologna, now an advocate of law, but withal a rich and dilettante philosopher and amateur theologian, gathered together a company of Abelard's former friends, and, with some refugees from Norbert's strict rule at Premontre and Bernard's discipline at Clairvaux, started out on a pilgrimage into the Champagne district to

discover the lost hermit monk. The party arrived at Count Theobald's, and finding from him a description of the location of the Paraclete, had braved the deep forest and arrived at last at the monk's retreat on the little river Ardrissan at Nogent.

After Theodore's discovery of the missing philosopher had become known, every day brought to Abelard's place of retreat new followers. He had been the hero of Paris, and after his many trials and vicissitudes of fortune it was impossible for the people to forget him who had in days past been their idol. It became the fashion to go to the Paraclete. Castles were deserted for the sake of this out-of-door life in the wilderness. Rude houses sprang up in the spot where the hermit with his companions had made a clearing. Huts and hovels grew into houses and mansions. The little oratory of twigs and leaves was replaced by a temple of stone with an altar dedicated to the Trinity. Roads were made in the wilderness where formerly only a rough footpath had been, and a spacious lecture hall, the gift of Count Theobald, echoed every day to the teachings

of the philosopher who was without a rival. In two years' time a village appeared in a wilderness, and pilgrims in the hungry search after truth, which was the one striking feature of the age, crowded to the Paraclete, content with the scant fare of the place for the sake of having their minds fed.

One afternoon, as the philosopher was walking with a company of his pupils along the river's bank, Blaise Ducornet, the devoted admirer of the philosopher in his latest burst of intellectual splendor, remarked: —

"Art thou not happy now, my master, in all this glory? It is better than St. Jerome's life, with priests and scholars coming to the hermit. It is more wonderful in this age than the monasteries of the Thebaid, or The Porch and The Academy at Athens, were in their time."

"Yes, my son," replied the philosopher, "God has been very good to me and has rewarded me far better than I have deserved, but"—

"O, say not there is a 'but,'" cried Ducornet. "Where is there any 'but' to such a place as the Paraclete? Truth is more than

discipline here; study is more than penance; the class is more than the cell. Surely the Paraclete is the marvel of the age."

"And therefore it must fall," replied the scholar, with a sigh.

"Wherefore must it fall, Master Abelard?" inquired his former pupil, Theodore. "Thou art unnerved and dejected. What has happened?"

"Bernard from his throne at Clairvaux has declared that the Paraclete must fall," replied the scholar. "And dost thou think that the man who creates popes and bends kings and emperors to his nod, a man whom the ignorant masses have invested with miraculous powers and with supernatural wisdom, is nothing, when he wills at last to destroy me?"

"What meanest thou, Master Abelard? By the holy evangelists, what has happened?" exclaimed Ducornet, with a frightened tone and flushed face.

"I can struggle no longer against this strong, superhuman man," said Abelard. "It will kill me, this life of ceaseless anxiety. Hast thou not heard that he has denounced

me to the king as a blasphemer because I have dared to call this spot the Paraclete, 'the comforter.' He is jealous, I know, of the desertions which have emptied Clairvaux. France is too small for a Paraclete and a Clairvaux. Besides, I dread him; he has Divine power on his side, and I am a fallen man. I have sinned against heaven and am no more worthy to be called a son of the church. But Bernard is holy. He wields the very arm of God, while I have had my soul seduced by the devil."

"O, talk not thus, my father, I beg thee," exclaimed Theodore. "Thou art all unstrung. Come, thou must have a change. I will take thee with me down into Italy next week. I go on a journey to Florence and to Rome. Thou shalt be my companion."

"Nay, my friend," answered Abelard, stopping to breathe as he gasped for air, "when next I fly, it shall be to take refuge beyond the borders of Christendom.* I shall seek that quiet in a heathen land which is denied

* "Saepe autem, Deus scit, in tantum lapsus sum desperationem, ut Christianorum finibus excessis, ad gentes transire disponerem, atque ibi quiete sub quacunque tributi pactione inter inimicos Christi, Christiane vivere." — *Abelard's Hist. Cal.*, ii. 18.

me by Christian hostility. I shall fly to the foes of my faith, in Eastern lands, and shall live as a Christian among Mohammedans."

"Nay, my father," said Theodore, "thou dost talk wildly. I heard not long since of some strange adventures which happened to our former companion, Radbert from Lyons. By the beard of Moses, he has had a sorry time of it with his ensnarer, the Egyptian cantatrice, Sejélma.'

"What of Radbert?" asked Ducornet. "I have often heard my poor old Uncle Du Blois speak of the youth."

"Forbear!" exclaimed Abelard. "I cannot listen to these memories. See," he continued, "yonder sun is setting over the cross of the Paraclete chapel. How beautiful is the sunset hour in the forest, with the quiet reflection of the distant burnished lake! How well I remember our first night here, as we offered our prayers together round the camp fire of our pilgrim tent! And now"—

"What hast thou here, my faithful Petrus," he added, as he saw a packet in the hand of his friend. "Ah, methinks thy sad face betrayeth the secret. What hast thou?"

"It is a summons to a synod," replied Peter. "Bernard hath called, at last, a council."

"Hold!" exclaimed the teacher, "we will wait until the morrow. Keep it for me, Petrus, until after the lecture in the hall. See how beautiful the sunset is, my friend. Dost thou remember our first evening in this desert place, when we laid our heads to rest upon the leafy ground?"

But Peter, knowing his master's mood of mind, had already drawn aside.

"Leave me here to rest awhile, my friends," said the teacher. "I always have loved this spot by the lake."

The students did as they were requested, and sauntered along by the river path to their houses in the little community.

"Our master seems depressed this evening," said Ducornet, as he looked back at the hooded, crouching form of the philosopher, seated on a rude chair beneath a large oak tree.

"He is tired out," replied the advocate. "I know his moods well by this time. I shall take him with me to Italy next week, or he

will be giving the Paraclete the slip, as he did years ago, when we were young students at Mount St. Généviève."

That very night, the moonbeams glancing through the thick leaves of the forest of Nogent silvered the gray hair of a hurrying man, prematurely old and feeble, as with bated breath, and limping step, he tried to keep pace with his strong companion.

"Here, my master," said the strong-voiced servant, "give me thy arm. Trust thyself to the care of faithful Carlos."

It was the conqueror of Anselm and William of Champeaux; it was the once brave hero of Paris and St. Généviève, trembling like some astonished astrologer before the rising star which he had discovered was to be his fate. It was the former hermit, fleeing from the retreat he had named after the Divine Comforter; it was the frightened Abelard fleeing from the shadow of Bernard.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Abbot of St. Gildas.

"How difficult it is to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain."

"IT is all over, then: the Paraclete is deserted!"

"Yes; forsooth, he feared that a Divine hand was in the summons. Did not Jonah run away to Tarshish when he was called to go to Nineveh?"

"Alas, alas! I fear it is the old story over again. Hector, conqueror of all other foes and rivals, trembled at last when he stood face to face with the invulnerable Achilles."

"It is a thousand pities! I had meant to take him with me to Italy this very week."

"The watch-dog of the faith has not barked in vain this time. I see now the reason of all this long delay on the part of the Abbot of Clairvaux. He has been waiting all these years for power, so that when he should

choose to crush his rival, he could do it without fear of failure. Alas, alas! that this poor, narrow little world is not large enough to contain an Abelard and a Bernard."

It was with such words that Ducornet and Theodore accepted the sad fact of Abelard's flight from his own chosen retreat.

The world would not let him be alone in secret; and the very zeal with which the students of that period dragged the popular philosopher out into the basking sunlight, only hastened the day of struggle between the conception of a dominant church knowing nothing but obedience, and a liberal philosophy knowing nothing but the liberty there is in truth.

The students of the Paraclete, when it became known that their illustrious master had deserted his own chosen spot, sadly made their preparations to leave this quiet retreat of learning, and return to the busy scenes of Paris life. Beasts laden with packages, and carriers bearing all manner of bundles, formed a long procession through the forest, until the river highway was reached, which led to Paris. Theobald, hearing of

the flight of the recluse, came in person to the oratory, and locked the doors of the chapel and the lecture hall; and, taking the huge iron keys with him, hung them up in the hall of his castle, until the refugee should return to claim his beloved Paraclete.

"My lord," said the distressed Peter of Lombardy, as the hard-worn scholar bade farewell to the princely benefactor of this novel community life, "thou wilt not surrender the keys of this spot, at the bidding of any jealous ecclesiastic?"

"Nay, good Petrus, that I will not," replied the noble count. "This place is devoted to philosophy, and to Abelard. It shall always belong to him, and to his memory."

The retiring caravan of disappointed students, like the children of Israel removing from one camping ground to another, was just about emerging from the tangled forest on to the broad highway which led along the Seine to the city, when it met a procession of monks and soldiers, that was entering the wilderness. Banners, and scrolls, and standards, revealed the fact that this was a company of members of the Holy Catholic

League. Priests and deacons were chanting, in Gregorian tones, and in a very animated manner, the "Exurgat Deus." Just as the long procession passed by the group, which comprised Theodore of Bologna and Blaise Ducornet, a chorus of monks was chanting the words: —

"O, God, when thou wentest forth before the people, when thou wentest through the wilderness, the earth shook and the heavens dropped at the presence of God; even as Sinai also was moved at the presence of God, who is the God of Israel. The Lord gave the word; great was the company of the preachers; kings with their armies did flee and were discomfited, and they of the household divided the spoils."

"Who is that on the white mule, with his bare head crowned with a cypress wreath?" exclaimed Blaise Ducornet. "See," he continued, "he has a purple silk covering thrown over the beast's back — it is marked with the letter 'B,' and stands over a pair of crossed keys!"

"By the holy rood, it is the saint himself," replied Theodore; "it is the great Bernard!"

At this juncture, the leader of the priestly procession stopped the advance guard of the pilgrims, and asked if that was the way through the wilderness to the oratory of the Paraclete. One of the drivers answered "Yes," and the chanting was resumed as the procession moved on. But Ducornet, removing his velvet skull-cap, addressed an ecclesiastic who was leading the white mule of St. Bernard by the bridle, and asked if he might know the object of this curious pilgrimage.

"Is it true, then," he inquired, "that the holy Bernard is already upon his pilgrimage to revive a second crusade, and is this one of these crusading missions?"

"Nay, man," replied the deacon; "the holy Abbot of Clairvaux is bound upon a mission to suppress the infamous Oratory of the Paraclete and its blasphemous head. He goeth in the name of the Lord of Hosts, and with letters from the Holy Father himself."

"He that climbeth up some other way," muttered the saint, with closed eyes and upraised head, "the same is a thief and a robber. I go to warn this robber of the faith, in the name of the great Jehovah."

"But what wilt thou do, my father, if the Master of the Paraclete will not hear thee?" asked Theodore.

By this time both processions had halted. The chanting had ceased, and a little knot of curious listeners had gathered around the white mule and its holy rider.

"Then, my son," replied the saint, "I will curse him and his unhallowed monastery, in the name of the Lord of Hosts, like Elisha of old when he cursed the forty and two children. Did not the priests of the Lord stand upon Mount Ebal, and curse the sinning Israelites in bone and blood?"

"Yea, my father," said Theodore, "thou canst find many precedents for the curse of the righteous, I warrant thee; but let me tell thee that it will be in vain that thou takest this journey to the Paraclete. The master hath abandoned it, and the place is deserted. See," he continued, "this long caravan hath this very day come from the silent place, for the light has departed and all is over."

The saint started.

"Whither hath the — the — the master of the place fled?" he asked.

"Ah, my father," replied the student, "that we cannot tell. All we know is that he hath fled, and that the count himself hath closed the place and hath taken the keys with him. They are hanging now in his castle hall. Moreover, he declares that he will never part from them until the master, who has conquered so often, comes and conquers again."

The saint shrugged his stooping shoulders, and frowned. Then, after a short conversation with a few of his companions, the order was given to retrace their steps, and the two processions went on their way to the city, Bernard's disappointed company chanting in sad and wailing tones the cruel utterances of the Fifty-second Psalm, *quid gloriaris:* —

"Thou hast loved to speak all words that may do hurt, O thou false tongue. Therefore shall God destroy thee forever; he shall take thee and pluck thee out of thy dwelling, and root thee out of the land of the living. The righteous shall see this and fear, and shall laugh him to scorn."

On a frowning cliff in Lower Brittany, on the rugged bay of Morbihan, may at this day

be seen the ruins of the abbey of St. Gildas de Ruys. Founded in the fifth century, in the reign of King Childeric, it remains a desolate remembrance of a long and stormy rule of monks. At the time of our story, in the year 1125, this monastery was of high antiquity, and ranked well among the monastic establishments of France. The Duke of Brittany, unknown to the world, had offered the abbotship of this place to the hermit of the Paraclete; and when, in nervous dread, the shattered frame of Abelard trembled under the constant stare of Bernard's sleepless eye, it was to this place as a city of refuge that he fled in his despair. The letter of invitation had been for some time in the possession of the master of the Paraclete, but it had not been answered, until the watchful Carlos, in Paris, hearing of the proposed visit of Bernard to the scholar's retreat, stole out quickly from the city and informed his master of the coming storm. Then, at Abelard's earnest request, he met him the evening before the warning embassy set foot into the wilderness, and mounted on horses which his former servant kept in wait-

ing, he turned his back upon the Paraclete, just as the gray clouds of evening came on after the glow of that October's sunset, repeating the flight which he had, years before, made from Mount St. Génévière.

The old familiar road to Brittany, which he had trodden so often as a youth, as a scholar, and as an exile with his stolen wife, he now pursued as a frightened refugee, fleeing from an avenging personality that seemed to him like his inevitable fate. Turning to the south as he approached the well-known scenes of Brittany, he made his way towards the lower coast, and rode along the black and barren headland, hearing in the desolate plaint of the waves, in the cold of autumn, the upbraidings of his own remorseful conscience, and finding in the sullen sea, in the first frosts of winter, as the waves dashed themselves hopelessly upon the unfeeling rocks, a congenial companionship: one which the world at large denied him.

Standing on a high cliff of blackened rock, the dark and gloomy towers of St. Gildas seemed to draw from the angry skies the very spirit of storms. As some lonely tree

attracts to its shade the fugitive birds, or some solitary tower seems to invite the lightning, so this spiritual fortress seemed to fascinate to its dark and forbidding enclosure the vapors and storms of the bleak ocean, whose western wind beat with its briny breath the dark, dungeon-like walls, which seemed to grow directly out of the forbidding cliffs.

On a greensward which was blackened here and there with storm-beaten gray stones and torn bowlders, raised upon one another in the wildest confusion, a long line of brown-coated monks, with their coarse woolen cowls falling down upon their shoulders, were seated. Here and there this sombre line of brown was lightened by a bright scarlet or yellow mantle, while to one side a large number of Brittany peasants in their gay clothing were huddled upon some rude wooden seats hastily thrown together. Wild shouts of laughter were heard from this assembled group, as the two horsemen, coming to a turn in the road, dismounted, and watched the proceedings on the plain, from behind a large rock by the wayside. Some men dressed in the skins of deer, with

huge antlers, were playing in a ring with a pack of hounds which were attacking them. The dogs, supposing that they were attacking veritable beasts, were barking violently at these counterfeits of the forest, but every time they seized the supposed deer with their jaws, they were cruelly stabbed by daggers which the men held in concealment. A number of the hounds were bleeding on the greensward, and were rolling over in their death agonies, yelping piteously, while every time a fresh dog was stabbed, and fell from his grip among the antlers, a new shout of wild applause would be given. This sport with the dogs was followed by a game of quintain, in which the men who won at tournament helped themselves to a pile of silver coin which was laid upon a flat rock near by. Then, after some rude singing to the music of a shrill horn, the monks, with the peasants, engaged in a country dance, and after the most affectionate parting with the gayly dressed women, as the convent bell sounded the sunset hour, the party disbanded. The group of peasants wended their way over the bluff to a little hamlet, whose thatched roofs

and smoking chimneys could be seen in a valley below the cliffs; the monks, forming in double ranks, marched solemnly towards the monastery gate.

As the astonished refugee from the Paraclete witnessed this strange pastime, and contrasted this gloomy spot, and the dissolute monks, with the calm retreat and scholarly surroundings of his late home in the forest, a trio of strong and brawny fishermen, singing a song to the winds, strolled past the rock where the scholar and his servant had witnessed this scene. Startled by this unexpected meeting with inhabitants from another country, for so the Paris of the twelfth century seemed to the rude inhabitants of Little Brittany, one of the men, in his striped yellow and black knit jacket, exclaimed: —

"Ghost of St. Gildas! what have we here?"

"Only a couple of strangers," was the reply. "But tell me what this performance means, which I have just witnessed."

"Halloo! Louis!" cried the man in yellow and black to his companion, who was a little behind him, "here is a stranger who wishes to know what the 'Devil's Due' is."

A tough little peasant in a blue blouse and drab-colored leggings, with a round canvas cap on his head, gave a convulsive chuckle, and shrugging his shoulders a number of times, exclaimed: —

"Holy Peter! let him ask Gabriel, the priest of the Gironde Robber."

"Who is the Gironde Robber?"

"Hush! man, hist!" said the peasant in a whisper. "Let not Count Gaston de Foix hear one of us call him by such a name. There are not knights and squires enough in all Brittany, with their lancers and cross-bowmen, to save the head of the man Count Gaston fixes his evil eye upon. Hast thou not heard that he has the gift of the evil eye? He can look right into men's souls; he is all but a wizard; and when he fastens that black eye of his upon a man he hates, he can drive him mad, and can send his soul to perdition. Mother of God defend us! Saints in heaven defend us! Michael and all the archangels defend us!"

Here the poor peasant in his fright dropped upon his knees and, crossing himself, said a prayer to a rude image of the Virgin, in a

niche by the wayside. Abelard shuddered, as he too thought of an evil eye from whose power he had fled, and wondered to see the shadow of his own fear reproduced in the startled peasant. The man, however, soon collecting his wits and encouraged by the gift of a silver coin, told the strangers the meaning of this curious performance known as the "Devil's Due." This terrible Gaston de Foix, of the Gironde region, who dwelt in the neighborhood, according to the feudal custom of the times, had levied a tribute on the monastery, which the monks raised by granting indulgences to a band of pirates on the coast, who annually brought the price of their sins to this celebration on the green. Half of the revenue was given to the rapacious count, while the remainder was given to the monks to spend in a feast, which generally ended in a drunken orgie. This occasion was the day of the celebration of the payment of the "Devil's Due," and the money which had been won on the flat rock in the games of quintain, and the tournaments, was the spending money, or bank, which the monks of St.

Gildas had reserved for this day of merry-making.

"And the supper comes off to-night," continued the peasant, "down in King Childeric's glen, and every monk's wife will be there."

"What do you mean?" inquired the scholar; "where are the wives of these men?"

"They were all here this morning," answered the peasant. "Did you not see them dressed in their gay colors?"

Abelard was silent, while his now talkative companion continued: —

"For the love of the Holy Virgin, stranger, forbear to visit yonder monastery, as you value your life and good name. It's a bad crew, the lot of them; and the country will be well rid of them when Gaston de Foix turns them out of yonder fortress and puts the Brittany pirates in."

"But is there no one who can keep these monks in order?" asked the scholar, as he gathered his horse's bridle-rein into his hands.

"I have heard," replied the peasant, "that the Duke of Brittany has offered the place

to a great scholar in Paris; but, by the mass, sir, now what would any Paris priest do in this gloomy jail, with its monotonous chants, and its unlighted candles, and its cut-throat inmates? By the holy faith, I would rather trust the pirates on the Gironde than trust myself to these fellows. Over in yonder hamlet they call the pirates the 'water monks.'" Here the peasants doffed their jaunty tasselled caps, and passed on in the direction of the village.

They had no sooner disappeared from sight in the dull shades of the evening, when, from a postern gate of the monastery on the hillside, there issued a group of monks, carrying baskets and hampers, and attended by a motley crowd who bore fagots of wood, lighted torches, and cooking implements. With loud laughter and many coarse jokes, the jolly brothers threaded their way down the ravine on the coast, which led from the high, grassy bluff to a large cavern under the overhanging cliff. Here, in a semicircle of blackened, moss-grown stones, with a smooth piece of beach for a carpet, the monks deposited their viands and began to

arrange for their banquet. Here and there, a huge caldron filled with pitch flared forth its resinous glare, and soon the minstrels arriving with their rude instruments filled the quiet air with their merry tunes, while the ocean kept up a subdued rhythm of sadness, as it beat upon the resounding pebbly beach. Before long many more lights were visible, coming both from the gloomy towers of St. Gildas and also in the direction of the hamlet. Gayly dressed women from the town seemed to find their mates in the sombre clad brothers of the order of Ruys, and after much eating, and drinking, and jesting, the company, taking hold of hands, went round and round in a whirligig, barefoot dance.

After watching these performances, until a sense of disgust forbade his further beholding the orgie, with a heavy heart and a feeling of hopeless despair, Abelard, summoning all his combative determination to reform this iniquitous spot, turned his horse's head towards the monastery. Arriving in front of the brazen door of the outer hall, with its castellated turrets on either side, Carlos, alighting, gave a long and loud rap with the

heavy iron knocker. Presently a lay brother appeared, holding a lighted pine cone on a stick over his head.

"Where is the prior of the monastery?" asked Abelard.

"We have no prior," replied the attendant; "whom dost thou seek?"

"Where is the abbot, then?"

"By the faith, where is he? I heard a great abbot was coming among us from Paris. What is his name? It has gone from me. The Duke of Brittany has sent to Paris for some grand gentleman there to be abbot. But fool is he, if he comes, says old Denys the porter."

"Where are the brothers?" inquired Abelard.

"They are all out at the banquet of the 'Devil's Due.' Wait till the morrow, if thou wouldst see a drunken, blear-eyed set of rogues. There's not a flask of wine left in the vaults."

"Prepare me a place here this night," said Abelard, in his most commanding tone of authority. "I am your new master. I am the Abbot of St. Gildas."

Entering the deserted cell of the late discomfited abbot of the place, the new head of the monastery of Ruys, with the assistance of his own servant and the astonished lay brother, hereupon assumed the robes of office, and with his own hands placed the long disused abbot's mitre on his head. The gray fringe of hair which circled the massive mitre, and on which this symbol of authority rested, told of other trials without the addition of this new burden. But to the troubled mind of the new abbot there was a strange sense of relief in entering upon unforeseen difficulties, which, by their novelty and by the completeness with which they would engross his mind, called his thoughts away from the fear of other troubles.

In the gray light of the next morning, the new abbot was awaked from his cot in the abbot's cell by the boisterous tones of the returning brothers. Wild cries and shrill noises in imitation of animals, mingled with bits of song and lewd jests, together with profane oaths, filled the courtyard, as the drunken revelers returned. As the noisy procession filed into the hall, the bell sounded

for prayers. Instantly dropping on their knees, and feeling in their empty pockets for beads which could not be found, the disheveled brothers began in a drawling tone their Latin prayers. Quiet had no sooner been restored, than a voice from the abbot's throne, which for the last year had been vacant and had been covered with a velvet pallium, was heard, saying: —

"In the name of God, I, Peter Abelard, the new Abbot of St. Gildas, demand of the monks of this place the full penance of St. Jerome's maxims, for the shameless sins of this night's carouse. The brothers will now retire to their cells, and will humbly entreat the forgiveness of Almighty God, or, by the power given to me, this unhallowed spot will be closed and the offenders against the church and the Holy Father will be committed to the common jail."

A light which hung over the abbot's prayer-desk on the elevated dais in the hall revealed to the astonished monks the tall form of the abbot, dressed in his robes and mitre. It seemed to them like an apparition from heaven. In a few moments, after scan-

ning the features of their new master, shading their uncertain eyes with their hands as they surveyed this unfamiliar appearance, the crowd, heeding the beckoning hand which waved them towards the room, slowly melted away. One or two surly monks, however, stubborn through much drink, refused to obey.

"What have we done that has been wrong?" said one of them, known as Brother Martin, in an angry tone.

"Wrong!" exclaimed the abbot. "Dost thou ask me what thou hast done that has been wrong? Have I not seen thee myself dancing with the women, in yonder cavern on the seashore, under the cliff?"

"Ha! ha!" shouted Brother Martin, "hear the holy abbot talk — and his wife to-day is a nun at Argenteuil. Do I not know who Peter Abelard is? Have I not lived in Paris?"

Companions in sin, — the rude monks in their coarse crimes, the lofty abbot in the gilded refinement of elaborate transgression, — they had a fierce and stormy life together, for the five years of Abelard's

abbotship. Their language barbarous, they themselves rude and unlearned, to their obtuse and ignorant minds the wonderful gifts and acquirements of their abbot were the occasion of oft-repeated freaks of rage and hatred. Violence and treachery frequently threatened him within the stormy monastery of St. Gildas. The cup which contained the wine of the Holy Eucharist was mixed with poison on one occasion, and the monk who celebrated the mysteries in the place of the abbot died in the agony of poison.

During these years of seclusion from the world, while the recluse was abandoning himself to the grief which came from the survey of his life, as he lived on this sea-girt cliff, the irrepressible scholar wrote the history of his Calamities and sent it forth to the world through copyists at Paris. There was a lonely sense of mournful brooding in the wild dashings of the waves upon the rocky coast of Lower Brittany, and the mood of nature found its corresponding mood in his mournful soul, as he reviewed his sinning, sorrowing life, and sent forth his

complaints to the world in the history of his Calamities.

But the storms of nature on this bleak and barren coast were as nothing compared with the stormy scenes which took place within the monastery walls.

One night his faithful Carlos, tapping at his cell, entered the dimly lighted room, and approaching the abbot, who was lying upon his couch, gently whispered: —

"My master, the hour has come for you to leave this cursed spot."

"What do you mean, my faithful servant?" exclaimed the abbot, rising from his hard couch, and throwing aside the boarskin which had covered him.

"Have you noticed that new lay brother who came to the place a month ago?" replied Carlos. "He is a dark-looking, ill-favored wretch."

"No, I have observed no one in particular of late," said the abbot.

"My master," whispered Carlos, "I watched the wretch, with his long tooth. He has taken Roderick's place, the lay brother at the hall. My master, the villain is none other than

Rainard, the old verger of Notre Dame, — Fulbert's hireling."

The abbot started up and bolted the door.

"What does it mean?" he whispered.

"It means that we must leave this spot. I have held my breath for you ever since the day we came here, five years ago, on the celebration of the 'Devil's Due.' The wretches here have never forgiven you for closing their carousals. A plot is on foot to — 'But never fear, my master. That fool of a Martin is at the head of it; I heard him boasting about it the other night when he was drunk. The place lodges to-night twelve assassins, and Rainard in disguise is here to do the work he failed to accomplish in Paris. They are all drunk now. They have been feasting in the stable. But a boat is waiting for us at the cove by the black rock, and we will be off at once. Come, my master, follow me. I have your garments packed in a deerskin satchel."

The startled abbot was speechless. But he followed his guide as a child follows his parent in a tangled wilderness. Together they passed out of the postern gate and

down the black chine which led to the cove behind a huge bowlder known as Black Rock — a place which had been a favorite resort of the abbot when he went by himself to write his Calamities, and listen to the ocean's roar upon the passive beach. A skiff was in readiness, and two Brittany fishermen, doffing their caps to the holy abbot, pushed the boat out from the shore.

"Which way shall we steer the boat, holy father?" asked the elder boatman, as the sail flapped in the fickle night air.

"Let the boat drift out to sea. Let me be carried to some land from which I may never come back," said the dejected abbot, as the two towers of the monastery of St. Gildas, standing out like ghostly sentinels in the dark, faded away into indistinctness.

"No, my good master," said the faithful servant, as he tried to arrange a comfortable seat for the abbot among the nets and fishing implements; "see yonder light on the monastery wall. Listen! I can hear the brazen gong in the guard room. (It was the signal for the monks in the conspiracy to deliver the abbot into the hands of Martin and

Rainard in the stable.) Listen, thou canst hear it thyself!"

All the party listened, as the boat in the dark night sailed up and down the coast on her uncertain route past the monastery. The harsh tones of a gong were heard, interrupted by the wild yells of the conspirators. A flaring bonfire on the outer wall gave forth a light which enabled the fugitives to see the hurrying forms of the brothers running along the parapet to the hall.

"Let us land our boatmen," said the startled abbot; "and here let me part from thee forever, my faithful friend, and let me float out on the wild sea, never to return."

"Nay," said Carlos, turning to the fisherman at the rudder; "we will sail for the Gironde, round the point, you know, and up the bay. Thou shalt not drift out to sea, my master," he continued; "besides, I have forgotten to give thee something which came to St. Gildas to-day. This may change thy mind." As he said this he took out of his wallet a parchment packet and gave it to the abbot.

It was a letter from Heloisa at Argenteuil.

CHAPTER XV.

The Faithful Prioress.

"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me."— *Job*, xxix. 11.

"SAID I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God? Dost thou not remember these words of the Master to the sister who wept at her brother's grave? Bear up, then, my sister. Now our conversation is indeed in heaven."

"But it is all so incomplete, this unfinished life of ours. We think we shall accomplish something on the morrow, but the morrow never comes. I had so many things to tell my sister. Now I must keep all my thoughts to myself. O, for one hour, that I might tell her how I have loved her, and what she has been to me as a help in struggling on through the loneliness of life. But she can never hear me tell her now! O, my God, what means this death which we can never com-

prehend? What mean these ears which will not hear, and this voice which will no longer speak?"

"Ah, my sister, it is the old story of the Sphinx silent in the waste of the desert and under the expanse of the sky. We can only rest and sigh at the foot of this mystery, and believe in the words of the prophet of old: 'Out of this Egypt of our common life hath God called his sons.'"

The two sisters in their black robes here rested under a spreading tree, while the remaining sisters, with torches and lighted tapers, passed by the rude bench where Heloisa, the Prioress of Argenteuil, and Agatha Hildare, the nun, waited until the funeral procession had disappeared from sight. Then, beneath the overspreading tree, where in years gone by the fond Agatha had visited the bright, black-eyed little pupil of Sister Jaqueline, bringing with her the love tokens of Uncle Fulbert, the bereaved sister gave way to her grief, as she reclined in the arms of her former charge, and was soothed by the gentle caresses of her delicate white hand.

The black plague, which had been brought in from the East and had ravaged the southern portion of France, had reached in its desolating power even to Paris. The poor in their miserable haunts in the crowded city had been swept away like chaff on the threshing-floor. The nobles had retired to their castles and their country seats, and the capital was dull and deserted. The fatal disease reached even the quiet retreat of Argenteuil, and swept away among others Agnes Hildare, the sister of Agatha, and the aged and revered abbess, Sister Jaqueline.*

Already Heloisa, by her faithful service and her commanding qualities, had been appointed prioress, or second in office in the convent, with the right of succession to the office of abbess whenever that place should be vacant. It was Jaqueline herself who had named her former pupil as her successor, and after these years of faithful obedience, in which her time had been divided between chosen studies and works of mercy, the victim who had fled to the altar of Argenteuil, repeating Cornelia's plaint after the battle of Pharsalia, was now the calm and Christian

matron, ruling those who had once been her teachers. Always beloved, always strong in her influence, interesting both because of her own strength of character and because of her vivid experiences, Heloisa, even before the death of Jaqueline, had been the ruling spirit of this famous convent.

Agnes and Jaqueline had been buried at the same hour on this November afternoon. In the quiet cemetery behind the thick grove, to which spot Heloisa had paid a visit in the darkness of the night preceding her entrance within the convent walls, all that was mortal of these two holy women had been laid to rest. The solemn service was done, the last prayer had been said over the graves of those who were one in death, and the "De profundis" had been chanted, as the long procession of nuns returned from the silent burial place to the cloister walls. When the last sister had disappeared within the convent door, and the last note of the sad dirge was heard, the new Abbess of Argenteuil, drawing the sobbing Agatha closer to her arms, and placing the cold white hands of the stricken sister in her own, whispered: —

"Now, my darling, my care-taker in the past and the sharer of all my sorrows, we have each buried in yonder enclosure our past love and all the life that was in that love. Listen. I have a message for thee. Thou art to go on an errand of mercy in the Master's name."

"I can go nowhere," said the weeping Agatha, as she sobbed out her grief. "I am a poor broken-hearted nun. Would to God I, too, were at rest in yonder grave."

"Nay, my dear one," replied Heloisa, as she brought the sorrowing one still closer in her arms; "thou hast yet a great work to do in the world. Thou must save another's soul as thou hast saved mine. To-morrow it is my plan that thou set out for Lyons."

The prostrate nun raised herself from the arms of the abbess, and looking her full in the face, exclaimed: —

"What dost thou mean, Heloisa? Am I to leave thee now, after these many years of companionship?" Then she added with a sigh, while she scanned the calm face of the abbess, as if she were searching her through and through to discover, if it were possible,

any lurking suspicion that might be hidden there: "Surely, my darling, there can be no reminder of thy sad past let loose upon thee now after all these years. I have heard rumors — but they can mean nothing."

"Nay, my dear," replied the abbess; "put thy foolish fears to rest. There can never come across my life again any of those shadows which have passed away with the sun which long ago went down. For shame, my darling, that thou shouldst remind me of the past in such a way. Now listen to me. I desire that thou shouldst set out upon the morrow for Lyons. A company of returning refugees leaves the cross-road at Newry at the noon bell of the St. Agnes chapel. They have heard that the pestilence hath ceased to rage at their home, and they are returning to-morrow."

"But why should I go to Lyons? What is my errand?" inquired the sister, by this time fully aroused, and sitting in an erect position on the seat under the old tree.

"It is that thou shouldst go to the home of Felix Radbert," replied the abbess. "Poor fellow, I hear that he is a captive in the East,

and Sister Angelica from Lyons has told me all about the past life of his mother and my father, whom I never saw. They were children together and grew up in the friendship of their youth. Angelica knew my mother and the mother of Felix well. There was some secret understanding between them about us when we were children. I cannot make it out. All I know is, that my father and Felix's mother, having loved once as children, and having afterwards been separated, vowed in some way that their children were to be united. I was to have been the wife of Felix; alas, poor boy, how I have wronged him! But my father never came home from Sicily, and Uncle Fulbert, when he took me to the canonry after my mother's death, told me but little of my past history; and I knew nothing of the past of young Radbert when I first met him at Uncle Fulbert's in Paris."

"But what has all this to do with my visit to Lyons?" inquired Agatha.

"Simply this, my darling," replied the beautiful young abbess, as her face lighted with the hope of yet fulfilling a vow which

had all these years been unknown to her: "I cannot leave Argenteuil until Argenteuil falls. But thou art free; take my place; go to the poor, stricken Radbert family, and care for the motherless children there until the absent Felix returns to his old home. In this way I shall be able to fulfil my vows through thee; and thus thou who hast already saved me may be able to save those whom I should have helped, but have wronged unconsciously."

A strange look of bewildering surprise stole over the sweet, pure face of the fair-haired Agatha. But, as the evening was coming on apace, Heloisa could not discern the full meaning of this look of astonishment which settled on the sister's face. There was much further conversation between the sister and the abbess that night in the retirement of their cell, but the morning light rose upon an obedient nun preparing for a long journey, and upon a glad little woman whose bright black eyes, even though they shone out under a blacker hood, betokened the fact that, through the law of obedience herself, she in turn was perfectly accustomed to be obeyed.

"Faithful sister!" exclaimed Heloisa, as she waved a farewell to the departing nun, who, seated on one of the convent mules, and guided by a man-servant, was at that moment passing out of the gate. "There goes the brave Agatha out into the world again on her errands of mercy, to take my place in the deserted home of my parents' friends. Ah, little she knows that she will never return to this place."

"Why, mother superior, what meanest thou?" inquired Sister Angelica from Lyons. "Is not Argenteuil her home, and will she not return hither when the wanderer comes back and her work of mercy among the motherless children is over?"

"Hush!" whispered Heloisa. "Tell it to no one until I speak of it again, Angelica. Argenteuil is no longer our home. The rapacious Suger of St. Denys has laid claim to the convent, and the ecclesiastical court has obtained the king's sanction. We are alike orphans; we have no longer a home."

Two days after Agatha's departure for Lyons, official notice was sent to the nuns at Argenteuil to leave the convent within six

days. The decree, signed with the king's name, had gone forth, and the old home of the sisters of Argenteuil was to become a dependence upon the famous monastery of St. Denys. Dim intimations of this impending blow had been heard from time to time, but the faithful prioress had calmed the fears of the sisters and had hushed to rest their gloomy forebodings with her bright and cheery words. Already, however, she had obtained, in her office as custodian of the convent library, a copy of Abelard's Calamities, written in his lonely exileship at St. Gildas, in Lower Brittany. In midnight hours, by her flickering taper, she had pored over the sad recital of her former husband's sorrows with a fluttering heart and a wild beating of the soul. All the memories of the past were revived, and the suppressed life which she had supposed was dead rose again within her, like the sleeping insects of the forest at the gentle touch of spring. The watchful Agatha had observed this singular manifestation of indecision and lack of composure. Her own suspicions were aroused, though as yet no one save the prioress had

read this volume, with its exposures of sin, and shame, and fallen pride. But the plague appearing at this time turned the minds of the inmates of the convent to the pressing work of caring for the sick and dying in the neighborhood, and it was not until Heloisa opened to her faithful companion her plan for the journey to Lyons, that the old suspicions returned.

Before the departure of Agatha, however, the Abbess of Argenteuil, not being able to resist the sympathetic impulse which dictated her to answer the sad plaint of Abelard's confessions, despatched to him the first of her famous Latin epistles, which have lived so long in the history of literature, and which have made the name of Heloisa so marked in the annals of France and in her long line of intellectual women.

It was this letter,* this strong, sympathetic response to the deserted Abelard's cry for mercy in the verdict of posterity, which reached him when, as a refugee from St. Gildas, his servant Carlos handed him the packet, on the night in which he made his

* See Appendix. Epistle No. I.

memorable escape in the boat of the Brittany fishermen.

The sisters took the news of their forcible ejection from their loved convent with varying degrees of fortitude. The vows of some were released, and they returned gray-haired to that world which, as maidens, they had renounced. A few sought retreats in other folds, while not a few resolved to stand by the future fortune of their beloved abbess.

The day before the place was surrendered to the ecclesiastical authorities, the abbess, gathering those who had resolved to follow her, read to them a letter, in front of the chapel altar, where years before in the solemn service of consecration, she had taken upon herself the vows of the convent. It was from Count Theobald of Champagne, and contained a message from the Abbot of St. Gildas, offering the deserted Paraclete as a refuge place for the homeless sisters of Argenteuil. The letter ended as follows:—

"And now I do beseech thee, most revered madam, in the name of God, and our Lady of Troyes, that thou, with thy faithful followers, do betake thee to this spot, once made so famous by thy former illustrious husband.

Make this ground indeed a place of repose, which the Holy Comforter will bless to thee and will hallow to the neighborhood. From my glebes and valleys shalt thou and thy sisters be nourished and sustained, and a score of my brave-hearted yeomen shall do thy bidding and keep guard over thee. Fare thee well, most revered madam, until we welcome thee in person, in the forest of Nogent, on our domain. There no wild wolves from St. Denys shall molest thee; and, by my troth, thou shalt tread upon dragons, and none shall make thee afraid.

(Signed) "THEOBALD OF CHAMPAGNE."

"It is the hand of God!" exclaimed Angelica. "My dream comes true which I dreamt the other night. I saw a mailéd warrior coming down from Heaven. He held in one hand a sword, and in his other hand was an iron key. I thought it was the archangel Michael. But God has his ministering servants here upon earth, for men are his messengers, as well as angels."

"Yes, Sister Angelica," replied the abbess, "this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes. Argenteuil no longer is our home; but the Paraclete will be our refuge place for the rest of our journey. The convent of the Paraclete will be remembered when Argenteuil is forgotten."

History is made with great rapidity at times; and it was not long after this event that Argenteuil was only a name and a memory in the past. The rapacious brothers from St. Denys soon possessed the retreats of the once illustrious convent, and the claim of their ambitious abbot was made good by the indulgent authorities. And in this same space of time the sisters of Argenteuil, having made their way through the lonely forest of Nogent, reached the deserted walls of the Paraclete, and were established by the kind-hearted Count Theobald, as possessors of the spot which had been made so famous by the genius of the great scholar.

The heavy iron key, which had hung in his great baronial hall since the day when the last of the students retired from the forest village, was taken down by the benefactor of Abelard and given to the reliant Heloisa; and at last the place which the scholar had founded as his retreat from the world was occupied by the woman who had sacrificed herself in order that she might save her husband. The oratory, the woods, the glebes, the fruit-bearing orchards, were

all made over to the Abbess of the Paraclete. The Pope himself solemnly ratified the establishment of the new convent, and with the gifts and the favor of the rich and the powerful, hundreds of novices flocked to this retreat in the wilderness, made famous by the romance of these separated souls.

It was at this period in the lives of Abelard and Heloisa that their correspondence took place. The story of his Calamities, reaching the prioress at Argenteuil, called forth in reply the first of her Latin letters; and after his flight from St. Gildas, his other epistles to his former wife were read by her in the quiet of the hours spent at the Paraclete. Abelard became in the eyes of the nuns of the Paraclete their truest friend and adviser, and the rule of life and the offices of devotion which he prepared for them were adopted, as if they had come with the authority of a revelation from on high.

Many were the visitors to this remarkable spot, made so famous by the emphatic experience of these two lives. Court ladies and scholars, priests and students alike, made pilgrimages to this shrine of devotion and of

learning. Among those who sought admission within the enclosure of the abbess was a lonely stranger, who came from time to time on errands of such importance that it was necessary he should see the abbess by herself. But such visitors abounded, and in the fame which belonged to the Paraclete, as a place of learning and quiet study, such occurrences were quite in the common order of things.

Late one cold December evening, as the large fires in the convent hall were crackling up the huge stone throat of the chimney, a loud rapping was heard at the outer gate. The attendant brought word to the abbess that some one at the door desired an interview.

"Who is it, at this late hour, wishes to see me?" exclaimed the abbess, as with a lighted taper in her hand she stepped out into the wide hall of the Paraclete, where once her lover and her husband had walked with his admiring and devoted students.

"It is a tall and shrouded stranger, madam," replied the novice. "He looks very grand, though, as if he were one of the

old prophets come back again to earth. He is wrapped in a mantle, and I could not see his face."

"Let him enter," said the abbess.

The heavy oaken door was opened from the outside, and creaked a long exclamation of surprise, as the novice with her lantern ushered in the tall figure of a man, who stooped as he entered the hall, and, as if blinded by the light, held his arched palms over his massive eyebrows.

"Who art thou?" asked the abbess, with a clear, challenging tone of voice, as she held up her hand with a deprecating gesture, as if to forbid any nearer approach. "Stand there! Cross not that black line on the floor till I know who thou art!"

The stranger started, and then lifting erect his head out of its nestling folds of mantle, replied: —

"My name is Bernard: Bernard of Clairvaux!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Philistia's Triumph.

"Long is the way,
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light."
—Milton.

OVER the blue waters of the Mediterranean, a gayly decked Genoese pleasure boat with two large purple lateen-sails was plowing her smooth way. Sounds of music from lute and guitar were heard from the deck, carpeted with crimson, while every little while the entrancing voice of a female singer could be clearly distinguished, followed, when the song ceased, by shoutings of applause. From the peak of the foremost mast there floated a long white pennant, on which there was a blood-red crescent. The master of the vessel was seated on a tall brass tripod, watching the men at the prow, who were intent with their ears upon the music at the other end of the boat, while with their hands they were pulling at some chains and ropes hopelessly

mingled in a state of bewildering confusion. The master himself had been giving too much thought to the slow and dreamy cadences of the cantatrice's song, and now, leaping from his brass stool, which was to the boats of the period very much what the paddle-box and the bridge are to the navigators of to-day, — the place of observation and reflection in one, — he sprang with a will to the work on hand.

"Here, Alexus," he called out to one who seemed to be his lieutenant, "do not let these lazy Genoese join the singers at the other end of the boat. Remember, you and I are Greeks, and these sailors are only Italians. By St. Basil, what dreaming laggards these Italians are!"

"True, Master Lascaris," replied the other, "it is not for me to find fault with my betters, but you must pardon me, when I tell you that you yourself have been sitting on your look-out, never noticing that you were sailing so close to the wind, that the sails have been dangling for at least the fourth of a sand-glass. It is not the first time, my master, that a siren has conquered Greeks."

"Ah, well," replied the master, with a smile, "we'll have no such danger on our return voyage, when we come home from Alexandria. Then it will be touch and run up the Adriatic, with those skulking Venetian canoes at every turn, dodging our steps all the way into the Hellespont. What with the Venetian pirates round the coast of Italy, and the Cretan robbers round the Grecian Islands, a Greek is never safe nowadays out of sight of Byzantium, even if he does sail in a Genoese galley. But come, Alexus, get your anchors ready; we must soon come in sight of the cape, and see the smoke of Etna in the distance."

"Can you see Mount Stromboli at this distance?" inquired a richly dressed youth, who, after the singing, with a tired yawn and an endless stretching of his arms into the air, as if they were in search of some honest occupation, had vacantly, and for want of any other definite purpose, walked forward to the prow, and was watching the men toiling at the knotty, rusted chains.

"That we can at times, my lord," replied the master. "First it looks as if it were

only a cloud, then you can see the pale blue mountain standing out like a carved bit of broken indigo, and sometimes it looks like a green wave of the surf tossed up and frozen in the sky. Many a time when I sailed down among the Lipari Islands, because you see I like to keep off from the coasters who cruise up and down between Palermo and Messina, (they are such terrible fellows, and spare neither Turks nor Christians,) as I was saying, many a time when I keep well in among the Lipari group, I see the light smoke from Stromboli on my right, and when I weather the cape down in the Straits of Messina, old Etna looms up far off on the high table-land, smoking away like Vulcan's forges. By St. Theodore, though, isn't it a sight on a dark night round these parts! First old Stromboli fires away, and then Etna takes it up, as if it were trying to make more of a racket. But what I can't make out is, where in the foul fiend's domain all this fire comes from. I wish I were a scholar, like some of you Frenchmen I've heard of."

"How do you know I am a Frenchman?" asked the youth.

"O, we Greeks know things by instinct," replied the captain. "Isn't it strange how we are mistrusted by all lands? We don't belong to any side, and nobody puts trust in us. 'Timete danaos et dona ferentes,'—fear the Greeks with their gifts,—that's what the priestess (wasn't she a kind of priestess for those days?) said, when they brought that wooden horse into Troy. There was an orator at Byzantium reading Virgil some days ago in the market place near the quay, and I heard him. It's strange how this character has clung to us Greeks ever since. But I'm sure I'm not a cruel-hearted man. As I was saying about these Sicilian pirates, they are the worst set of men on the face of the earth to-day."

"Did you ever come across them?" inquired the voyager.

"Yes," replied the master, "when I was a young sailor, years ago, I shall never forget how we were captured off the coast of Palermo. We were sailing from Messina to Marseilles, and were in a large grain ship. These wretches caught us and killed the officers and sailors in cold blood, so that

they would not tell any tales, and then they carried the rest of the passengers to Tunis, where they were all sold as slaves. We put into Malta in a storm, on a dark night, for the boat was leaking, and in the excitement of the moment, when the sailing master thought we were going down, the keeper who had charge of my gang forgot to padlock my chain, and before a turn of the boatman's whistle, I picked up an empty orange box, threw it overboard, and was after it in a trice. A small boat in the harbor, whose owner had been caught out in the blow while he was selling fruits and provisions, picked me up and landed me in the city, and from thence I made my way again to Byzantium. I hid myself in Malta, in an old deserted granary, until I was sure the vessel had sailed, and then I found some friends who were returning to my native place in a convoy. I was only a boy then. But there was one Frenchman on board the captured grain ship, I shall never forget. He was a young merchant from Marseilles, and had been at Palermo looking after his business, for he was a wine merchant. He was a handsome

young fellow, and pleaded so earnestly for his liberty! He offered the wretches a fabulous ransom, but they said they did not trust any one in these times. I thought the man would go out of his head. He raved night and day, and broke his teeth in trying to bite his chains off, during the long hours of the night, down in the hot hold where we were stowed away like beasts. He said he had a wife and lovely home, and that he was expecting to find an infant awaiting his arrival there. In fact, the last I saw of him he was crazy, and two men were beating him with clubs to keep him quiet. Here is a gold locket he gave me the night we ran into Malta. 'Lascaris,' said he, 'you are younger than I; in case you are ever liberated send this locket to Marseilles; inquire for the name you find inscribed within it, and my family will give you a reward to search for me.' Here is the locket, but I have never been able to make out the writing, and have never heard of any lost merchant at Marseilles."

"What will you take for it?" asked the youth, already deeply interested in the story.

"I am collecting quite a number of these antiques, and I will give you what you want for it; besides, I often go to Marseilles, and the next time I am there I will hunt up the name of the family."

Lascaris hereupon drew out a money-belt which he wore around his left arm, and produced a dingy gold locket, bent and broken, and badly nicked and ill used. The money was paid into the Greek's hand, and more than refilled the place made vacant in the money-belt by the dingy locket.

"See! there is the smoke from Stromboli, far away on your left," exclaimed Lascaris. "I can see the outline of the mountain; it looks a pale green to-day, the atmosphere is so clear. But I must speak to Alexus to have his other signal ready. One cannot tell whether that sail on the right is a Turkish, or a Christian, or a Sicilian craft. We must answer accordingly. Here, Alexus! Get the Sicilian banner ready, and bring up the white crusade flag with the red cross. And haul down this huge moon at the peak, until we see what kind of a ship this is coming down on us on the right."

Felix Radbert, for it was he who had been listening to Lascaris' story, hereupon joined Sejélma and her party at the carpeted stern, and retold the story of the locket. But the locket itself could add nothing to the story, for it refused to open its long closed cover.

"When we arrive at Cairo," said Almeric, one of the Egyptians in Sejélma's party, "I will take it to a friend of mine who keeps a Damascus bazaar; he will furbish it and put it into good condition."

"Yes, Nablous will make it as good as new," added another Egyptian, named Zerek.

The sail upon the right did not disturb the course of The Floating Swan, the vessel on which Sejélma and her party had embarked. Nor did any adventure happen to the voyagers on their journey from Messina — at which port they landed for a day or two — to Alexandria. As they passed the south-eastern coast of the island, they espied Mount Etna upon their right, gently puffing a feathery brush of smoke into the clouds, which seemed to sail low on purpose to meet it.

An ominous looking boat seemed to follow

them with too close an attendance between Tunis and Alexandria. In the night, however, Lascaris ingeniously rigged up two heavy, extra sails, at right angles to the tall and graceful points of canvas which formed his lateen-sails, so that with a fresh wind full upon the aft, his vessel dipped her brazen prow deep into the water, flooding the bow with the heavy seas, and ran away in the course of a few hours from the ominous stranger, who would show no sign or color and would not reveal himself as friend or foe.

Exileship reveals to us hidden qualities of nature which do not come to the light in the ordinary surroundings of our home life. Solitude brings us face to face with our lonely selves, and, as with the tyrant method of some relentless taskmaster, deliberately forces us to take account of our native stock of self-reliance and self-assertion. Felix Radbert had been suffering from a violent reaction. He was moving rapidly upon a special current which had eddied round his hitherto fickle life, but this impulsive drift of desperation was well-nigh drawing to an end. A petted boy, the son of rich parents at

Lyons, he had never been thwarted in life, and did not know how to conduct himself in the school of discipline and defeat. After the death of his parents, and when a fortune which was the envy of his neighborhood was his own, he had abandoned the study of medicine, as he came under the fascinating influence of Abelard in the first moments of his youthful domination. This regard for the young teacher had ripened into the most enthusiastic devotion, during the days of the school at Mount St. Généviève, and the after glories of the master at Paris. He had given up all thought of his profession in life, so that he might be in attendance upon the great master of the day. In the conflict of opinion between the teachings of Abelard and Bernard, which ended in the decision at Sens, Radbert had defended his master against many orthodox relations and neighbors in the provincialism of his home at Lyons, and had always been his warm supporter, until the day that the sparkling black eyes of the canon's niece awoke a new passion in his breast. Never dreaming that his master was his rival and successful suitor, he

had wondered at his failure in gaining the slightest token of responsiveness on the part of Heloisa. Having in vain importuned the guardian uncle, Radbert became reckless, and falling into evil ways and the company of unworthy associates, had been captivated by this gossamer of the moment, the graceful, bewitching Sejélma. This attraction was heightened at the time by two powerful motives — resentment at the crime of Abelard, and the utter recklessness of despair.

Abelard had praised, at times, the scholarship of the East. He had even said that he might be driven to find a home with the Moslem and the infidel. All the light of faith and belief had gone from the soul of Radbert. His creed had burnt itself out in the dead ashes of a recklessly planned debauchery; and, selling his soul for nought in the bitter hatred of the moment, he had turned his back upon his native land like an earlier Childe Harold.

But exileship and solitude were together bringing the wanderer to himself. The glamour of his Egyptian surroundings was beginning to have the look of the playhouse in

the bright sunlight of the morning after the play. Sejélma, queen as she was upon the boards, was after all a rude Egyptian peasant girl, and the foreign training and alien nationality soon manifested themselves. Radbert experienced such a feeling of disgust with himself and his surroundings, that by the time the ship had reached Alexandria, he was half ready to return in her to Genoa, but for the feeling of pride and self-abasement.

"Mark my word, my lord," said Lascaris, as he parted from the ship's company on one of the busy quays in the harbor of Alexandria, where then, as at every seaport landing place, passengers and cargo were alike things to be landed with despatch; "mark my word, and trust the word of a Greek for once. Beware, sir, of that coppery snake, Almeric, and his viper companion, Zerek. Don't you know what the old proverb says? 'The Almighty intended to change the Egyptians into a new kind of reptile, since they were not fit to be men, but while he was thinking how to shape them, they slipped out of his hands and escaped.' Pardon me, sir, but beware of them; I know these vipers better than you

do." As Lascaris said this, he bowed with his stiff leathern helmet to Radbert, and added: "And don't forget about the name on the locket." Then he went with Alexus on board the ship, and the work of unlading the cargo went on again.

Felix himself had felt a sense of misgiving about his Egyptian companions. He found that his opinion was uniformly set aside; that he had nothing to say about their future plans, but that these men had formed a campaign which was to lead them to Cairo, Damascus, Bagdad, Ispahan, and even as far through Persia as the waters of Lake Zarrah, in Afghanistan. Felix soon saw that he was about embarking on a long and dangerous journey, in the midst of a hostile country, and in a company which at any moment might seal his fate by treachery. He also discovered that his position was a precarious one by reason of the jealousy of his companions. Moreover, he was soon relegated by these chieftains in command to the companionship of the lesser singers and performers in the company, and he, whose word was the social law in France, was now an

abject creature in Egypt,—a land that was swarming with idle, dissipated nobles, from every quarter of the world, ready for the latest novelty and sensation, alike outcasts from the stern faith and growing civilization of Western Europe.

The fame of Sejélma at Alexandria increased as she entered Cairo. The city was aroused, and the ovations were marvels of flattery. But Radbert, wearied with all this tiresome life of sensation, was beginning to plan how he might safely desert the party. At length he concluded to accompany the singers as far as Damascus, for now that he was under Moslem protection he thought that he would improve this sojourn in a land which he might never visit again. It was a long caravan in which the party journeyed from Cairo to Damascus. And the route was a tedious one, since it was necessary to travel in a roundabout way on the Arabian, or Idumean, side of the Dead Sea, so as not to run the risk of encountering any of the crusading cavalry from the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. A celebrated prince from Bokhara was in the train, and was constant in

his attentions to the cantatrice and her Egyptian minions.

At length, when the snowy height of Mount Hermon was full in view, and the white buildings of the far-off city shone in the blinding glare of a Syrian sun, Radbert was called aside by one of the singers to see a wounded camel that had been left to die in the desert. The tender heart of Felix was touched by the sight, and he freely vented his indignation that no one offered any assistance to the patient, suffering beast. Hereupon a strife ensued between some beggars who were waiting to seize the dead carcass and sell it for its hide. Felix, in a moment of wrath, drew his rapier and wounded one of the claimants, who went howling towards the nearest city gate. The caravan passed on, while Felix stood guard in his mission of charity over the dying camel. Presently a group of horsemen, with long lances, and a solemn looking Moslem officer of justice, under a canopy supported by two bearers, arrived on the spot.

Felix was instantly seized as a disturber of the peace and as one who had committed an

assault, and, before he could make them understand by signs and broken talk who he was or to what party he belonged, he was lodged for the night in a miserable prison, in company with half a dozen loathsome creatures. A dreadful night, which was occupied in fruitless struggles in the dark cell, in fighting the aboriginal vermin of the place, was followed in the morning by a hearing before a court of justice in the city. To his surprise he found Almeric and Zerek as his accusers. His nationality was made known to the imperturbable judge; he was declared to be a spy from the Christian host, and, without any opportunity of defence, he was summoned to be transferred at once to the Egyptian allies who were assisting their Moslem brethren in the defence of the city of Tyre.

To the stricken and bewildered Felix this decision was like a clap of thunder out of the clear blue eastern sky. In vain he besought justice. In vain he flung himself upon his knees and cried aloud for mercy. A blow on the head with the flat of a scimeter was the only answer to his importunities.

He was goaded into line, along with a gang of political offenders and other criminals. His weapons were taken from him; he was dressed in the garb of the other prisoners; and, with bared feet and a greasy fez upon his noble head, at the sound of a shrill trumpet, chained to a loathsome Nubian who had been arrested in a company of robbers, the unfortunate Felix Radbert entered upon a new chapter of life, as a Moslem prisoner.

The Prince of Bokhara, who had been contriving some way of ridding himself of the unwelcome Frenchman, had eagerly availed himself of this opportunity of bringing the law to bear upon this jealous intruder. Almeric and Zerek were well rewarded for their efficient zeal in the moment of crisis, and a new necklace of pearls, with a tiara of rich gems among which was a spray of costly diamonds, atoned in the eyes of Sejélma for this deed of violence, and quieted the faint beginnings of compunction in what in ordinary hearts would be termed the rudiments of conscience. And in this way Sejélma moved on, a week later, in the caravan which set out from Damascus for Persia.

Baldwin II., who had formerly been known as the Prince of Edessa, was, at this time, King of Jerusalem. His cousin and predecessor, Baldwin I., who had succeeded Godfrey de Bouillon on the precarious throne of the Latin dominion in the East, had died in an expedition which he had urged against Egypt. The two orders of the Knights Templars and the Knights Hospitalers were at this time in their full glory. The Knights Hospitalers were formed at the Island of Malta, to create a distinct and permanent military force for the field, while the object of the Templars was to act in a military capacity, to protect pilgrims in the dangers attending their errands of devotion to the Holy City.

The principal event in the reign of Baldwin II. was the reduction of the seaport of Tyre. In this he was assisted by the celebrated Doge of Venice, Ordelafo Falieri, who, as we shall see, led the navy of his republic, assisted by the Genoese, in this combined attack by sea and land upon the common Moslem foe. It was to Tyre, then, that all the available help of the Egyptian merce-

naries was sent, and thither this detachment of prisoners was marched by the Mohammedan recruiting agents at Damascus. Skirting the mountains of Hermon, and passing through the defiles of this rocky region, until they reached the table-land of Cesarea Philippi, this gang of prisoners, with a stout force of Mussulman cavalry, journeyed on, until at length, in the far distance, the blue waters of the Mediterranean again met the dejected gaze of the captive. Afar off shone the water, sparkling with its white capped waves beyond the warlike towers and battlements of Tyre. In vain the unfortunate captive gave way to his tears in these hours of painful loneliness. His stolid companions were as unfeeling as the rocks along the mountain pathway they were treading. His faith gone, his life a wreck, himself a prisoner, with liberty only a remembrance of the happy past, with a sullen recklessness that knew no door of hope save the forgetfulness of the tomb, Felix Radbert helped to garrison a fortress against his own escape, and against the efforts of his friends and countrymen to release him.

"I am like Coriolanus," he sighed to himself one evening, as he looked wistfully from the parapet he was guarding, over the sea, towards his lost home. "I am fighting against Rome, with the cruel Volscians as my companions. I am like Samson in the hands of the Philistines. Ah, well do I remember one of the master's orations on Philistia's triumph! O, my God, whom I have rejected, wilt thou not save thy poor child, who cries with thy disciple of old, when once in his weakness he denied thee, 'Save, Lord, or I perish'?"

CHAPTER XVII.

Dead, but Alive Again.

"The great world's altar stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God."
— Tennyson.

TO the garrison watching the fortress at Tyre, there came from time to time recruits from the Moslem power in the East, bringing with them to the weary captives many strange reports and rumors; but, under the strict surveillance of the Mussulman authorities, there was little opportunity given for the interchange of views on the part of the prisoners. A fresh instalment of captives had recently been received by the commander of the place, El Zimchir, and this, it was generally supposed, would be the last arrival before the long expected Venetian and Genoese ships of war would appear in the offing.

Felix Radbert, still a prisoner of war, was waiting the arrival of the Christian fleet as his only doorway of escape. He had formed

and reformed his plans of deliverance, and had amended all these inventions of his own mind, with that fertility which is born out of the inspiration of despair. Among these latest arrivals from Damascus was a weak and tottering old man, who, under the garb of his prison life, and the tanned skin of an Arab, bore the face of a European. He was silent and incommunicative to every effort which Radbert made to bring out the story of his life. It seemed to pain him to talk, and he would sit by the hour and stare vacantly into space, with his one fixed white eye, having lost the other eye in some hand to hand assault, a cropped ear and a long gash in the cheek would seem to indicate.

"Come, Tessaro," said Radbert to the old man one day as they were together, pacing up and down the seaward wall of the fortress, "come, tell me your story. I verily believe you are a Frenchman in disguise."

"*Il padelte*," (God is our help,) sighed the old man, shaking his long white matted hair; "God knows my story; no one else knows it now."

"You ought not to be sure of that," replied Radbert; "there are a great many people in the world who know about us, and we do not know everything ourselves. I have told you my story and my name. Come, now, tell me yours. I am Felix Radbert, from Lyons, and I am a Turkish prisoner to-day, but to-morrow I hope to be back again in my own land. Why will you not tell me your story? I will not betray you. I know Tessaro is not your true name."

"*Il padelte*," replied the other; "ask me no more!"

Here a Moorish officer called to Radbert with a fierce yell to move on his round, and not to stop and talk while on duty, and, giving the old man a cut over the shoulder with a dog whip which hung from his belt, he hustled him down the steps to the guard house, or room of detention, where he was locked up during the night. Radbert cursed and prayed in alternate streaks of vengeance and submission, as he witnessed this brutal and inhuman scene, so that it was many days before he ventured again to talk with Tessaro.

But the day of hope came at last. One morning, as Radbert and Tessaro were again doing sentinel duty on the seaward wall of the fortress at Tyre, Radbert flung his tasseled fez high into the air, and, pointing with his lance towards the offing, whispered to Tessaro, as he passed him on the battlement: "See! the white sails of the Venetian navy! Now is the day of our deliverance!"

Dotting the blue waters of the Mediterranean, like a flock of myriad waterfowl, the dancing sails and banners of the Venetian and the Genoese fleet came up in a grand sweep of three ships deep, and anchored in the harbor of Tyre. Radbert's heart danced for joy as he once more beheld the white and red cross flag of the United Crusaders, and saw again with his own eyes the familiar standards and banner of the Christian hosts. This strain was almost too much for him; it was such a difficult part to play, for his heart was all the time with the besieging host, while he was forced not to let his responsive face become the tell-tale of his hidden struggles.

"There!" cried Radbert to Tessaro, as he

found that they were unwatched and were alone, "see the spearmen, and the archers, and the knights, landing on the beach; and the horses, too, and the huge catapults. Nothing has been left undone by the Doge of Venice; and now we know the reason of all this delay. And see, Tessaro, away to the right, on that white bluff of sand, I can see the royal banner of Baldwin, King of Jerusalem! O, would to God that we were there, and not here! How shall we fight against our brethren? how shall we seem to fight and yet spare them? or how shall we escape?"

"Do you think we can ever escape from Tyre, except it be by the flight of the spirit from the body?" asked the old man, in a weak and trembling voice, as he turned his white eye to look once more at the ships crowding into the harbor, and held his left hand over the sightless place where his other eye had once been.

"O, yes, Tessaro," replied Radbert; "I believe we shall be delivered now; it came to me the other night in a dream that I was home again, and that you were with me.

But I do not know how it came about; I only know that the snare was broken and that we were delivered. Just see the vessels darting up and down the bay, and back and forth in the harbor! They seem to me like the white wings of God's good angels hovering over us for our protection. Why, I believe I can tell some of these ships. I am sure I have seen that three-sailed transport at Marseilles; and yonder lateen-sailed boat with the golden moon at the peak, I am sure is The Floating Swan of Master Lascaris."

"Lascaris! Lascaris, did you say?" cried Tessaro, with a hoarse, subdued whisper. "Mother of God! young man, what do you know of Michael Lascaris?"

"I knew him once," said Radbert, scanning the eager features of his hitherto unapproachable companion. "He is a Greek master from Byzantium; he sails a Genoese galley, The Floating Swan. I made a voyage with him from Marseilles to Messina, and from thence to Alexandria."

"Tell me more! O, by all the saints in heaven, tell me more of the Greek!" cried Tessaro, trembling like a leaf. "Did he ever

tell you aught of what happened to him at Palermo?"

Radbert held on to the parapet for a few moments, for his head began to swim as the long forgotten story of the Palermo pirates rushed in upon his memory. At that very moment, as he leaned his arm upon the cold stone wall, he felt something hard in his long disused money-belt press upon his skinny arm. Hastily rolling up the sleeve of his linen jacket, he unbuttoned the dirty yellow belt, and brought out to the light the locket which Lascaris exchanged for gold on the day The Floating Swan entered the harbor of Messina.

"There," he exclaimed, as he buried the locket in the bony palm of the old man's hand, "does not that tell the story? Will you not trust me now?"

The aged Tessaro sank upon the pavement in a swoon, with a convulsive groan. Radbert, seizing an earthen water-cooler, which stood in a covered way for the benefit of the officer of the post, dashed the water in his face, and soon the stricken man revived.

"Hush!" whispered Radbert, "here comes

a guard; calm yourself and stand up, or we shall be separated again, just at the very time when it is necessary for our deliverance that we should keep together. There, now," he added, putting the heavy lance in his trembling arm, "hide the locket, and take your place upon your round again."

The aged Tessaro, as if he had been stricken by paralysis, hereupon seized the lance in both arms, and, with a shuffling step and a drooping, quivering action of the mouth, went slowly on his way, just as the officer came out from the guard tower on the wall.

"What means this water?" cried the officer to Radbert, as he passed the spot. Felix explained that the old man had fainted, and added that the sun was very hot at times upon the walls.

"The cursed old dog!" said the officer. "Tyre is too full already with these prison miscreants. We must use up this rubbish in some of our sallies upon the Christians. These wretches will make good food for the swords of our enemies." And with a set of horrid curses the tiger-eyed Turk passed on.

Tessaro was very anxious to get near to

Felix, to know more about Lascaris and the locket. Every little while, at his leisure, when he was sure that he was unperceived, he would take out his locket from the recesses of his belt and would tug at the opening, which, however, defied all his efforts to unlock it. But for several days no opportunity was given to them, in the barracks by night, or on the guard by day. During these days several expeditions were made from the king's camping ground on the bluffy shore, to reconnoitre the walls. Knights with helmets barred, and with coats of mail, rode by in safe distance from the bow shots of the enemy upon the wall, and once or twice Radbert was quite sure he recognized the insignia of the Knights Templars and Hospitalers, as the horsemen galloped along below the walls. But how was he to escape? He was too closely watched ever to think of running away. He could not leap from the wall, for it was over a hundred feet down to the base, and a rocky precipice was upon one side of it and the ocean was upon the other. To Radbert's mind this one problem lay open before him by night and by day.

At times he could scarcely sleep. He would lie awake in the close and wretched barracks, where he was immured at night with his snoring companions, with this one thought burning itself in upon his brain, until he feared he would go mad, with the deep furrow this sharp plowshare cut in his mental consciousness. Should he stay out his captivity until the day of assault by the Christian host, or should he do something reckless and fling himself over the parapet? This was the teasing question he could not settle.

One night, as Radbert was sitting on the rushy floor of the stone barracks, hugging his knees with his hands and swinging back and forth, while all about him were asleep, Tessaro seized the lantern which hung overhead at the entrance of the stone cavern, and, carefully feeling his way along the floor full of sleeping prisoners, waved it at Radbert and motioned to him to follow. Felix instantly obeyed.

"But the keeper?" he whispered; "he will awake and find us."

"Not yet," replied Tessaro. "I have mixed a composing potion with his stew.

I stole it from an open box in the guard room, and I flung it into his food and stirred it round with my dagger, when he ran to the walls yesterday to look at the knights who passed by, sounding their silver trumpets. He will wake no more this night. Great Jupiter! how I could have given him a hundred stabs, but what would it avail? But come with me. Listen: I have burrowed with my hands a hole in the ground just under the corner tower; and there are voices of men below — they are Christians. I can hear them but I cannot see them."

"Put out the light," whispered Radbert; and they groped their way through the dark caverned passage, until a fresh breath of wind told them that they were approaching the outer parapet.

It was a wild and stormy night. The east wind blowing in from the Mediterranean was salt and wet. There were no lights on the fortress wall, and all was still save the shrill cry of a Mohammedan sentinel on a distant tower, calling out, like some gloomy bird, the long hours of the night. Felix felt a thrill of relief as the briny wind moistened his

cheek. It seemed so fresh and full of freedom that he accepted this as an omen of good. Presently they found by the guard-room tower two or three loose stones which Tessaro had used to cover up this hole in the wall. Groping their way into it, and covering their retreat by replacing the stones, they burrowed along until they found themselves upon an overhanging shelf of rock, with a stone wall of eighty feet below them, leading into a rocky ravine. They could see lights glancing among the bushes, and could distinctly hear suppressed voices below them. Radbert's heart beat violently, for it seemed as if now at last the moment of escape had come. What to do next was the question which taxed his quickly acting mind. Presently he called, in a loud whisper: —

"We are Christian prisoners! in the name of God, help us!"

The lanterns swung below the precipice, and a voice answered, in Radbert's native tongue: —

"Who are you?"

"I am Felix Radbert of Lyons. I am a prisoner, and there is another prisoner with

me, one named Tessaro. Help us; we want a rope."

"Saints in heaven," cried a familiar voice from the dark below, "are you there, Felix? I am Genseric, and here are Montreux and Martini, and Leitulf is in camp. How can we get you a rope?"

"Get me one from the nearest ship. Is The Floating Swan near by? If so, ask Lascaris to help you. I will drop you a cord. But run; for God's sake, be quick! day is coming on."

"We will," whispered Genseric; "wait till we return."

The lanterns disappeared in the distance. Tessaro and Felix watched them until they were hidden from view by a turn in the road. Then Felix thought he saw lights moving on the water towards the spot where the ships were anchored, but he was not sure about it.

In the meantime, Felix cast about in his mind how he was to get the rope, in case they should bring him one. He bethought him of the watch tower under which they had made their escape. A Moslem banner

floated from the flagstaff on the summit, and he remembered that there was a long cord to it. Telling Tessaro to wait until his return, Felix left his companion on the overhanging ledge, and groping his way back again, like a mole in his burrow, he reached the opening in the wall and nimbly climbed up the parapet until he reached the top of the tower. By this time the wind had ended in a driving mist, and all was still on the fortress wall. Felix felt his way, until his hands clutched the rope of the red flag beating itself against the tall flagstaff. Drawing his dagger in a moment, he cut the rope and coiled it round his left arm, while the hated flag covered him with its wet and heavy folds. Seizing the banner with his right hand, he wrapped it around his shoulders and instantly beat his retreat back to the entrance behind the stones. He paused a moment to listen, and distinctly heard the tread of a sentinel going over the path he had just left. The man was chanting in a low tone a Moorish hymn of praise to Allah, which ended in the well-known refrain of death to the Christian host. Felix felt his heart beating like a sledge-hammer. He

was so dizzy with excitement that he could scarcely breathe for fear of being discovered. It seemed to him as if it must be that this watcher on the wall would hear his heart beat, and would discover his hiding place. But his fears were not realized, and, after the receding footsteps were lost in the distance, Radbert, stumbling over the folds of the heavy banner, burrowed his way back again to the place where his companion was awaiting him.

"I feared I might never see you again, brave youth," said Tessaro. "You took your life in your hands. I have prayed for you all this long time. When do you think we shall see the lights again?"

"I cannot tell," replied Radbert. "Has it seemed long since I left you?"

"I feared you would never come again," answered Tessaro. "I heard an owl hooting in the trees below me and a cock crew once. How long and lonely this night seems."

All was silent. They waited hour by hour and watched the distant ships, but no lights returned. At times they feared they were deceived, but Radbert was sure of the rough

voice of his old companion, Genseric. At length to their horror the sleet of the mist seemed to disappear, and the gray light of morning began to dawn upon them. They could see nothing of the fortress, since they themselves were hidden in the side of the steep declivity, but in the distance they could distinguish the semicircle of ships in the harbor, and the rising smoke of many fires far away to the right, where the forces of King Baldwin of Jerusalem were encamped, with their allies, the Venetians. Felix and Tessaro could not make out the reason of this delay on the part of Genseric and his companions. Their only hope consisted in wearing through the long day in secret, hiding behind the thick bushes which grew over the path, until the cover of night again should enable them to complete their plans of escape. The long day passed wearily, as, in faintness and fear, they lay crouched in their place of concealment. They could hear the noises of the Moslem soldiers overhead, and listened in silence to an angry dispute between El Zimchir, the commandant, and the captain of the tower, as to the mysterious

disappearance of the red standard and the two prisoners. They held their breath as they heard the keeper of the barracks tell the story of his heavy sleep and the lost potion; and, as the afternoon's sun began to descend, and they were still undiscovered, the hope deferred from the night before began to animate their spirits. Tessaro wanted to tell Radbert the story of his strange adventures, but Felix whispered: —

"Not now, Tessaro; let us wait until we are once within the Christian lines; our talk may betray us." Tessaro hereupon tried again to open the long closed locket, but the hard and dented clasp refused to come open. By midnight, as the two fugitives crawled out of their hidden lair to look over the shelving crag, lights were once more seen far down the ravine and the subdued voices were heard again.

"Ho! Genseric, Lascaris, Leitulf, are you there?" called Felix; but no answer came. After a few moments of suspense a voice was heard calling up: —

"Felix, are you ready?"

"Aye, aye!" whispered Felix; "fasten your

rope on the cord I let down. You will find it swinging among the bushes. I have fastened a heavy stone to it." Felix quickly, yet with the greatest caution, lowered the cord, while Tessaro held carefully on to the end to make sure that it would not slip. The heavy stone at the end swung, pendulum-like, to and fro, beating among the bushes. Presently Felix felt the glad token of the long looked for quivering. A human hand had hold of the other end, and before many minutes the lanterns swung at the entrance of the defile, and a voice was heard calling out, "Pull away!" Felix and his aged companion hauled up the flag cord, and soon there came up with it a strong ship rope, knotted and barred with heavy cross-pieces of wood at every few feet.

It was Lascaris who had planned this method of escape by the rope, for he feared that, in the hurry and excitement of the prisoners' efforts to let themselves down from such a height, they might slip altogether and be dashed in pieces. There was an old stump of a fallen cedar tree hidden among the bushes. To this Radbert fastened

the rope securely, and, reverently kneeling in prayer, with his red fez in his hand, prayed to God to give him strength for the perilous descent.

"Can you trust yourself, Tessaro?" he said; "and shall I go first to prove the rope?"

"I can but perish," replied Tessaro. "Go on; I will come after you. Death will be better than this hateful captivity. May God have mercy on us."

In a moment more, Felix swung himself over the precipice, and with eager haste, yet with a calm head, felt himself surely and rapidly moving down the rope ladder. As he approached the bushes in the ravine, strong arms clasped him, and the old familiar forms of Genseric and Leitulf, with Lascaris and Alexus, hugged him to their arms.

"One moment," said Felix; "let me see Tessaro safely down, and then let us flee from this dreadful spot." Felix felt the rope; it was shaking and swaying, though Lascaris held it. The old man was coming. It shook a little more, and the exhausted Tessaro fell fainting into the arms of the Greek sailors.

At that very moment a torch was seen flar-

ing its resinous light on the shelving rock they had just left. The rope ladder was violently drawn up, and a shower of stones and rocks came crushing down, with a thundering noise, among the bushes.

"They have found us out," cried Radbert; "they will be after us — the wretches; we have not one moment to lose. Off, Leitulf! Genseric, seize the old man and run!" Hastily placing the exhausted Tessaro upon the mule which had brought the rope, the party retreated down the ravine, and in a few minutes were on the skiff which belonged to The Floating Swan and soon were safely on board the Genoese galley.

"By the Holy Cross!" cried Leitulf, "how cam'st thou in Tyre, Radbert? Say man, art thou Christian or Moslem, and who is thy companion here, poor devil? he seems to be shaken out of the remnant of his wits."

"Stay, Leitulf! for shame!" exclaimed Genseric. "Give our old companion rest. Here, Lascaris, bring some hot broth and fetch a bottle of strong wine,— that which we took in at Messina, as we touched at Sicily on our way hither."

Radbert had sunk down upon a couch on the old, familiar vessel, overcome both with the excitement of escape and the recollections of the spot. The image of the petted Sejélma with the lute and viol, and the slowly moving feather fan, and the group of Egyptians on the crimson rugs, all rose before the mind of Felix. The vessel itself had changed its garb, from the banners and cushions of a pleasure boat, to the austere surroundings of a ship of war. Tessaro had now revived under the assistance of those on board, and was quaffing great tankards full of hot broth and wine, with daintily devised biscuits made by a famous Neapolitan cook, whom Lascaris kept on The Floating Swan.

"Come, Radbert, tell us your adventures," exclaimed Leitulf, as he saw that his former companion was gathering up his strength after such a hospitable reception. "So Sejélma deserted you, did she? By the Holy Tomb, I'll warrant you the Prince of Bokhara will be a happy man when he's once rid of her."

"I feared it was not all plain sailing," remarked Lascaris. "I said to Alexus, the day

Master Radbert left the ship at Alexandria, and the party started out for the hostelry of The Statues of Memnon, 'I am afraid of those coppery Egyptians; it isn't all right, and I ought to tell him so!' But somehow I thought it wasn't my place, and I feared he might take it amiss."

"On my soul," laughed Leitulf, "what a world it is, to be sure! Only the other day we were all raving about Master Abelard—Genseric, Radbert, and the rest of us. The last time I saw your wife, Martini, was at a grand ovation we gave to the scholar. She was there with your wife, Montreux; they were both dressed as nuns, and they had come up to hear the great teacher. O, it was ever so long ago. Let me see, it was on St. John the Baptist's day, when we had a great gathering in a tent. I have not seen them since. Your wife, Martini, was with her uncle, the Bishop of Bordeaux; and old Canon Fulbert was there, poor wretch! You know he's killed himself since."

Tessaro started in the corner of the cabin where he had been reclining on a couch. Hitherto he had been speechless.

"Which — what — Fulbert do you mean?" he asked, as he bit his thin, bloodless lips, and held his long white beard in his trembling hand.

"Why, Canon Fulbert, at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, — the uncle of Heloisa."

"Stop this, Leitulf! Stop this talk, I say!" cried Felix. "Respect my feelings, and deal gently with one who has scarcely had time to breathe after this night's adventures."

"Which Fulbert killed himself?" called out old Tessaro, in a piteous tone, made up of fear and curiosity, and a sense of suspense which would have been pleased to have received no answer.

"Oh! old Canon Fulbert, the hound of a fool," replied Leitulf. "He killed himself after he had been dismissed from his position at the cathedral. You see, he tried to kill that old fox, Abelard."

"Leitulf, forbear!" said Radbert; "I can not hear these things now."

"I once knew a young priest in Marseilles named Fulbert," remarked Tessaro, with an apologetic cough. "But this was many years

ago. It could not be the same person: he was not a canon." And Tessaro slunk away into the corner.

"Here, Alexus, bring us another light, and let me take this old man to bed," cried Lascaris; "he must be tired."

In the excitement of the escape, Lascaris had taken no particular notice of this old companion of Radbert. He was very much interested in the escape of Felix, and wanted to hear the story of his adventures. But just as Alexus was returning into the cabin, Lascaris was called up on deck, and Tessaro feeling rested after his substantial repast, sank back again upon the couch, and listened to the conversation. Martini, the Knight Hospitaler, told the story of the expedition from Venice to Malta, and from thence to Tyre; while Montreux, the Templar, revealed the plan of the forthcoming attack, as he at least supposed that it would shape itself. Radbert told the story of his capture and imprisonment, and referred to Tessaro simply as an aged Christian whom he found in captivity at Tyre.

"Well, old companion," broke in the irre-

pressible Leitulf, "you may thank your stars you are out of that hole before the storming comes on. It will be a bloody affair whenever it takes place, after all these days of waiting. Alexander's conquest of the place will never be thought of after our attack. That is what we were after the other night when you saw our torches. Genseric and I were out trying to find some place in the old fortress where we could surprise the garrison at night and do something brilliant."

"Aye," broke in Genseric, "we were after a reward that has been offered to any one who will find the best point for a storming sally. We were trying to see if a catapult could be planted near that overhanging ledge where you were hiding. You never saw such a set of catapults as the king has brought with him. And now is the time for adventurous fellows such as we are to outdo Tancred, Boemond, Raymond, or Godfrey de Bouillon. Who knows but that Leitulf and your old companion, Genseric, may win crowns as Baldwin and the rest have done in the first crusade!"

"That is what we want," chimed in the boisterous Leitulf; "we are on our own ground this time sure. No more drawling with that old knave, Abelard, or that pious soldier, Arnold, who wants reforms but is afraid of blood. I'm done with these philosophical monks and paper reformers. I thought Arnold of Brescia was the man for me, but he is everlastingly clinging to Scripture models and all that Swiss nonsense of a Christian republic. Besides, he's down now, and is as good as buried with all these council anathemas lying on his soul, like tombstone slabs on a corpse. But what are you going to do, Felix? Will you stay with us, or go home again? There's a convoy leaves to-morrow for Marseilles, taking home some poor sick wretches, and going for provisions. But who is your companion, Felix? He left the cabin some time ago. Where did you pick up that ghost?"

Hereupon Felix told the company the story of his meeting with Tessaro, and the history of the mysterious locket. In the midst of his recital a heavy thud was heard overhead, and a violent splashing in the water aroused

the company. A piercing cry from Alexus followed, and seizing the lantern, Leitulf and the rest of the company rushed on deck. All was dark, save the light which came from the flaring torch of Alexus as he peered over the ship rail.

"What is it, Alexus?" cried Radbert. "Who is overboard?"

No one could tell. Leitulf thought he saw some one making off in the skiff, but it was very dark, and it was impossible to see any distance. The sound of a muffled oar was heard across the water, and then all was still again.

The next morning Tessaro was missing, and the dead body of Lascaris was found floating on the water near the vessel which he had so lately commanded. A deep gash was on his forehead. No one could tell what had happened since the moment he left the cabin to bring another light.

"I cannot make it out," said Felix, the next day as they were preparing the body of Lascaris for burial. "He roused himself in the fortress, and seemed excited when I happened to mention the name of Michael Lascaris.

And last night he showed the same tremor when Leitulf spoke about Fulbert. I fear something has crazed him in the past, but we may never know his story now."

"Oh! the cruel-hearted villain," exclaimed the Templar, "thus to reward the hospitality of the Greek shipmaster."

After the burial of the murdered Lascaris, Felix bade his friends farewell. Everything was in readiness for a united assault upon the fortress, and the red cross of the king's standard was floating from the royal pavilion on the sandy bluff, as the grain ship on which Radbert sailed for Marseilles beat its way out of the harbor of Tyre, fleeing away like a solitary sea bird from the nestling companionship of the Venetian fleet. And thus the once mysterious land of the East faded away from the sight of Felix, as, with a sober, chastened spirit, he set his face towards that home and land from which he had set out as a prodigal and a reckless reveler.

Not many days after his departure, an earnest, saddened, womanly face looked out from the door of an old mansion in Lyons, upon some children playing by the stone

cross and fountain in the open street. A stranger with a pilgrim's cloak and the sash of a Templar joined them, and asked who was in the house of one Madam Radbert.

"She is dead, sir," said a bright-eyed little girl, looking up from her play, "and the master of the house is dead, too; he died far away in the East."

The stranger crossed over the street, and ascending the steps of the house, which was full in view of the River Rhone, held forth his hands to the astonished woman.

"Do you not know me?" he said. "I was dead, but am alive again; I was lost, but am found." And he embraced the astonished woman with a heavy sigh which ended in a flood of tears, as he braced himself against the heavy doorway of the old home.

"Oh! Felix, is it you?" she cried. "God be praised for his goodness!" And Agatha Hildare leaned upon his shoulders and wept like a little child.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lost, but Found.

"For whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—*Ruth*, i. 16.

IT was a moment of bewildering surprise to the careworn, haggard stranger from the East, when he found that his old ancestral home was in the hands of one who, out of the memory of a past regard, and in the name of Christ, had undertaken this work of holding a scattered family together, until news of its head should come from the far-off land of captivity.

This calm and self-controlled woman, with her tall and graceful form, and her once golden hair changing into a matured and chastened silver, had always seemed to the impetuous Felix, as one of the obstacles in his path when he made his suit at the house of Canon Fulbert. He had called her a rook making a noise overhead, when what he wanted was silence; he had called her a

stork, a bird which, coming from another home, settles itself upon the roof and chimneys of some human habitation already tenanted. In his fierce rage he had cursed these sisters at the canonry and their supposed influence over the mind of Fulbert. He thought them impertinent and in the way. It was they who had stopped his path as he came with an honorable proposal, and in a manly spirit, to ask for the hand of the canon's lovely niece. And then, while all were busy in thwarting his plans and in keeping him back from the object of his love, the black-hearted robber in the scholar's garb — the gaunt and famished wolf, hidden in the finest clothing of the softest sheep — had stolen the one they had loved most, and had settled forever by flight that question which no one else could settle by common rational agreement.

Felix Radbert had not forgotten all this in the violent reaction which he suffered, when he flung himself in his reckless resentment at the feet of Sejélma. He had hoped that by a desperate act of the will he could force himself out of the ruts of the present, and put

a new world of adventure and excitement between himself and the disappointing past. But the fickle favor of the popular cantatrice of the hour, could not fill the gap made in his better nature by the loss of Heloisa, and so it came to pass that the old and cruel tooth of jealousy bit again upon the compressed lip of his desperate will, until the false Sejélma had flown, and the dreary days of the Mussulman captivity had driven out from his restless mind all thoughts, save those which concerned his misery as a prisoner. And now, after this flight of time, he was back again at his old home; and it was the one he had parted from in anger, and against whom he had planned many fickle forms of revenge, who was now guarding his home like a ministering angel from on high.

Felix Radbert, on arriving at Lyons late at night from Marseilles, had put up for the night at an old inn, The Pearl of the Rhone, formerly kept by a jolly citizen named Pierre Balbolini. Many a time in his boyhood, Felix had been made welcome by the kind-hearted host, and had been freely allowed to witness the strolling players, and dancing bears, and

falcon flights, that were brought into the old stone enclosure before the inn. As he arrived again at his native city, he found himself going instinctively at that late hour to the old inn. But new owners kept it, and he was not known to them.

"Ah!" said the keeper, as he came with a lantern in his hand, and a gown hastily thrown over his shoulders, while a red cotton nightcap crowned his conical head, "I suppose I must let you in. But one hardly knows nowadays whether one's visitors have got the plague, or are refugees from Zurich. The Swiss country is so full of these citizen soldiers, who have been with Arnold. He's an outlaw, you know, now, and a price is set on his head. I wish we had the good old times of peace and quiet again."

"Shelter me till the morning," replied Felix, "and I'll trouble you no longer."

"Well, well, come in," said the host, "and we'll give you quarters for the night."

"What has become of Pierre Balbolini?" asked Felix, as he scanned the suspicious face of the new innkeeper.

"O, he died in the plague, with all the

rest," was the reply. "It gives me a shudder to think of the way those poor wretches were swept off, like vermin in a burning barn. Where have you been, not to know of these things?"

Felix replied that he had been out of France for some time, and waiving all further talk, was shown to his room on a stone-flagged floor a little to one side of the central hall, where, tired with his long journey, he soon lost himself in sleep. In the morning, Felix found his way to the old home, and met at the door, as we have already seen, his former acquaintance, and, as he had always supposed, his resolute opponent,—Agatha Hildare.

The story of his captivity and escape was told by the returned exile, and was answered in return by Agatha's account of the plague at Lyons, which had swept away the mother of Felix, together with his brother and wife, in the general destruction which had raged throughout this portion of the country. All of Radbert's family had been carried off by the destroyer, save the four little children of his brother; and to guard and care for these

helpless little ones, Agatha had come, as we have seen, from the convent of Argenteuil. She had been a mother to the children, and had held the old home together in hope that some news might come from the distant East, and that the prodigal might return.

'But who sent you on this errand of mercy?" asked Felix. "Did you come out of your own goodness of heart, Agatha?"

Agatha told the story once more of the epidemic; how it had carried off, in a few hours, the heads of the family, and how, when the news of it reached Paris, the Abbess of the Paraclete had begged Agatha, since she was not a nun bound by any distinctive order, to take upon her this work of mercy, and hold the old home until some word should come from the distant Radbert.

"Who is this Abbess of the Paraclete, that she should think so kindly of me? God knows, I have had nothing but kicks and curses in the East, from those Moslem curs. What does it mean, that when I, a castaway, come back to my deserted home, I should find it cared for by an utter stranger? What goodness is this in the hearts of these sisters

unknown to me? Why should I be so thought of? Surely, there must be something, after all, in the Christian's faith which can prompt to such works of kindness. Who is this Abbess of the Paraclete? I have never heard of the place before."

"It is a long, long story, Felix," replied the gentle Agatha; "but come, rest yourself. See, the children are coming to you from their play. You must know them. You must be their father. Come here, Blanche," she added. "This is your Uncle Felix. You have prayed for him every night, that God would bring him back to you; and see, God is so good, that your little prayers He has answered. Go, dear, and kiss your uncle. And this is Mathilde; she is four years old; her blue eyes and light hair are her mother's; and this boy — come here, little Felix! — was named for you, dear, when you were gone. Your mother said she must have a Felix to love and to pet; and the baby in the nurse's arms is Bernard; your mother named him after the great defender of the faith to-day. She said he was to be devoted to God from the hour of his birth; she

wants him to be trained for the church, and to be a second Bernard of Clairvaux."

Felix drew the children into his lap, and petting them with honeyed words, as they in their playfulness examined his curious dress and the dagger in his sash, sighed over the past, and could not keep back the tears, as these little milestones in the journey of life made emphatic the distance between his present maturity and his distant youth, and told of years which he had wasted, and of hours and faces which would never come again. Together with these little prattlers, who would not let him stay long over his tears, he visited the familiar places of the old home, and saw their dove-cote in the garden, and their various pets inhabiting the spots where he himself, in his happy boyhood, had played with his companions of other days.

Under an old linden tree in the garden, which looked out on the Rhone, there was a seat which had been his favorite place in the past. The letters "F. R." he found inscribed on the trunk of an old tree, linked to the letter "H." A memento of a boyish

birthday, when he put to a love test a new knife which his mother had given him. But they were all overgrown by this time, and were scarcely discernible to an eye which was not familiar with the markings on the old tree. At this seat, one afternoon a short time after his return, as Felix was looking over some family papers which had been brought to him by an officer of the law, Agatha joined him with an unmistakable look of concern. It seemed to Felix as if there was an air of farewell and parting in her manner. He felt it before a word was said.

"What is it, Agatha?" he asked, as he looked up at the calm face of his protector; "what means this spirit of unrest?"

"I am going back to St. Margaret's convent at Paris," she replied; "my mission here is over now. The master of the house has returned at last."

"No, Agatha," said Felix, starting up and laying his hand upon her shoulder; "thou must sit down and tell me all that I have not yet been strong enough to hear. Thou must tell me about—about—her—the nameless

one; and thou must tell me all about the fallen scholar; I can bear it now. And thou must not leave me. Thou canst not leave me. Think of the little ones. What am I to do with them?"

"But, Felix," said Agatha, the color rising on her pale cheek, "think of me. That which has been a duty and a sacred mission would be now a dalliance in the lap of ease, and of — but you know what I cannot express. You must respect my vocation; you must save me from the breath of suspicion and of scandal. I return to-morrow to the convent. Now let me give you some parting counsels about the children. Annette the nurse will stay with you, and" —

"But this can not — it shall not be!" exclaimed Felix. "I have very much to say here under this old tree. Do you see these letters carved on the trunk — 'F. R.'? I cut them there years ago, on my birthday, when a new knife was given to me while I was a boy at the school of old Père Du Blois — poor old soul, how it troubled him to see me so devoted to that man, whom now I cannot name. I remember well the day I met him on the

way to Paris: it was St. John the Baptist's day, and Leitulf arranged that ovation in the tent. And I remember, too, the night I rescued him from the street fight in Paris, and carried him to Mount St. Généviève. He is dead now, and at rest, I doubt not. And now this old homestead is mine; and the old dream of my boyhood about possessing this place is a reality. The advocate was here this afternoon, and has administered the estate: it is settled finally, and the revenues from the old looms are mine. I am no longer a traveling pauper. I am master of the Radbert property."

"Then it is best I should leave you just at this moment of your success," replied Agatha. "I promised the Abbess of the Paraclete I would visit her on my return, if all went well, and if you returned. She will want to hear about you. Every day she has prayed for you at complines, as she lingered at the chapel altar, when the other sisters have retired. She prays for you and for him."

"For whom?" asked Felix; "and who is this Abbess of the Paraclete?"

"She prays for him who was once her

husband, and for you who were wronged by him."

"What do you mean, Agatha?" exclaimed Felix. "Who is this abbess?"

"Heloisa is the Abbess of the Paraclete," replied Agatha.

Felix started.

"Has *she* sent you here? is she a nun?" he asked, in a moment collecting his scattered thoughts, which would not stay classified.

"Yes, Felix," replied Agatha; "she is the Abbess of the Paraclete, and I came here at her bidding until you should return; now, at her bidding, I leave you, to go back again to my work of doing for others less fortunate than you are."

"O, tell me it all, Agatha. Tell me what it means. Where is Abelard? the man I once loved, and then hated. Tell me all about Heloisa, the lovely being whom I wooed in vain. I always thought that it was you who blocked my way, and in my recklessness and rage I have cursed you for it. Tell me, I pray you, what it all means; and let me wipe away forever the blame which I have always laid at your feet."

He took her hand in his, and, like a child listening to the story of its mother, as before the open fire the little one nestles in the dear arms of the protector, Felix Radbert, with bowed head, and startled breath, listened in silence to the touching story of Heloisa at Argenteuil and the Paraclete, and heard for the first time of the woes and calamities which had befallen the once illustrious scholar of the church. As Agatha finished, in calm and tender tones, the recital of this sad story, she said: —

"Now, Felix, you must let me go. It was not I who stood in your way. I begged poor Uncle Fulbert to beware of him whom he had appointed the teacher of his niece. I urged him not to forbid your claims, but to let your wooing find a welcome at his hearth. I tried in every way in my power to bring you face to face with Heloisa; but the spell was alike over the uncle and the niece, and the blindness of death was in their eyes. Acquit me then of the blame, and lay not this misfortune to my charge. If you must seek some scapegoat on whom to lay this burden, seek it in Fate, or in the evil spirits from the

pit who seemed to swarm around this man's fascinating presence, or put the blame on God himself, who permits evil which he does not himself create; but lay it not on me, or on poor dead Agnes, hurried to the grave by her care of the sick and dying. But now, Felix, you are home again, saved by the mercy of God from death and captivity, and the remnant of your home and your life is yours. O, be your true, your better self. Two natures have struggled within you, and you have wrecked yourself by your passionate revenge. God has led you through dark ways, and has taught you that the price of sin is death. Go back to your old true life; go back to your childhood's faith in God; repent of all this waywardness; seek, through confession at the hand of the priest in the church where first you received the sacrament with your mother, here at old St. Simeon's altar, that forgiveness which the Master bestows upon his faithful penitents, — that absolution which alone will give you peace, — and you will be able to chant those sweet psalms of the forgiven, 'Beati quorum,' and the 'De profundis,' and the 'Dominus me regit,' and all will

be well with you, as your past warns you like the memory of some dreadful dream in the dark and painful night."

"No, no, my dear one!" exclaimed Felix, leaning his weeping face upon the shoulder of Agatha; "you shall never leave me till death parts us. I cannot live without your help and guidance. I will go astray like a sheep that is lost, if I have not you to save me. I never knew before how much we needed a Saviour. You have saved my home; you have saved my frail and broken will. You must be the Abbess of my Paraclete. You must be my better spirit; you can do no holier work in this poor, sinning world, than to help me bear myself up against temptations which have wrecked me once, and to care for these fatherless ones, whom we are told the Father in heaven pities. Oh! pity them, Agatha. Pity me! You are alone. My companions are gone. I will have to learn anew the simplest lessons of life. It is as if I had been dead, and was called back again to earth to live. I do not know how to live. It is as if I had been lost, and you have found me. If you leave me, I will be lost a

second time. Do not let us be one in death; or one only in the memory of the past. I have wronged you. I have hated you, and have cursed the day you stood between me and my loved one. But I have been blind. I have been mad. You tried to save me once. Oh! save me now yourself. See, it must be so. Fate wills it — nay, God ordains it. Heloisa sends you back to me to rescue me. It seemed as if the star which led the wise men in the East stood over this house, when I saw you in the doorway. Yes, Agatha, you are mine. I know you are mine. The ring I gave to Heloisa, which she sent back to me by you that night when I met you at the stone seat in the canon's garden, is yours, and with this ring I betroth thee, till death us do part."

The south wind, which breathes its gentle zephyrs across the rolling meadows from Geneva to Lyons, born of the placid lake and the free and frosty mountain, kissed not the saintly maiden's cheek with a purer touch than did the beseeching lips of the subdued and chastened wanderer. For the soul in

adversity learns well the lesson that our God *is* a consuming fire. Felix's better nature which had been lost was found. The pure, true-hearted woman had saved him; and though, a few weeks later, the bells of old St. Simeon's church rang out merrily, as the town children carpeted the way of the happy pair with flowers, it was not only because a married pair were welcomed back to the Radbert mansion: it was because the love of a former loved one, and the patient faithfulness of a once despised friend, had given to the deserted household a sister, and a mother, and a holy helper in the pathway of the just, in the person of a saintly, loving bride.

CHAPTER XIX.

Bernard of Clairvaux.

"We have heard of Bernard who, professing to be unsecular, yet ruled the secular affairs of the world. We have heard of men who, cut off from human affections, and crushing them relentlessly, have resigned every endearment in life, who nevertheless reigned in their sackcloth with a power which the imperial purple never gave. . . . To appear more than human, to seem a spiritual being above their fellow men: for this, men formerly, as well as now, have parted with all that is best in our humanity, its tenderest affections, its most innocent relaxations, and its most sacred enjoyments."—F. W. Robertson.

BERNARD of Clairvaux — the reformer of monasteries, the worker of miracles, the arbiter of rival popes, the divinely inspired preacher of the second crusade — was the great defender of the faith, and the wonder and admiration of the age into whose stirring life he was born. Remembered to-day principally by the struggle which his career exhibits between the natural life of man, taking delight in the things about him, and the beatings and commandings of a supernatural life, he stands in history as the voice of the Catholic church, — the great prophet of the thought of the period, — upholding the traditions of the past, and denouncing

alike secular pope, philosophical theologian, and revolutionary demagogue.

"God doth know," he writes from the monastery of Citeaux, "it hath been my will to serve him and to think only of his presence; but here in the forest, there have been many squirrels in the path, and birds in the bushes, which have drawn my thoughts to them, away even from my God." It was the conflict with himself, and the conquest over himself, which enabled this sturdy saint to command others and influence so powerfully the age in which he lived. His mother, being warned of God in a dream, devoted him to the service of the church before he was born. He was the third of six sons, and from a child was endowed with uncommon abilities. Beautiful in person, thoughtful and reflective in mind, attractive in his manner, winning with his voice, magnetic in his overflowing soul, he entered on life with every avenue to power at his command. The world lay at the feet of this youth of noble birth. The court would have gladly sought so promising a young knight. The church would soon have enrolled the hon-

ored name of this youthful aspirant among her ambitious bishops and autocratic abbots. A beautiful female, attracted by his nobleness of carriage, dazzled for a time, but did not mislead, this child of prayer — this man, destined for the hour in which he was to achieve the success of the holy church.

Then it was, when the world lay at his feet, when the voices of ambition, pleasure, power, and love, called the loudest to his responsive young nature, that he turned his back upon the world and sought for the poorest, the most inaccessible, the severest, of the monasteries. It was the monastery of Citeaux to which he turned. He entered it in company with thirty followers, — young men, and men of middle age, — all of them rejecting a world whose every aspect suggested to their minds the one thought of wickedness, whose end would be the avenging flames of hell. Stephen Harding, the resolute Englishman, the true founder of the Cistercian order, had separated himself from the monastery of Molesme, and, in a wilderness on the borders of Burgundy, had raised the walls of the severe Citeaux.

But the vow of Bernard's mother was to be fulfilled. Not only were to be given to this chosen child of God the hearts of strangers: his own people and his father's house were to be won by his irresistible influence. Two of his brothers, with an uncle, followed him to Citeaux. A third brother soon joined them, being brought to the monastery by a wound, which incapacitated him for military service, this wound having been prophesied by the young monk. When they left their parental home, the eldest son said to his youngest brother: —

"To you remains the entire patrimony of our home."

"Earth to me, and Heaven to you: this is no fair partition," replied the boy.

Soon after this the youngest son followed his brethren, and even the father of these devoted brothers died a monk of Clairvaux, in the arms of Bernard. When Bernard preached, mothers kept back their sons, and wives hid their husbands, lest they should become ensnared by the resistless power of his eloquence.

The Cistercian monastery up to this time

had been content with but few followers; but when the great Bernard came among them with his kindred and adherents, the popularity of the place at once increased, and the monastery was crowded with devotees. Bernard himself dwelt in the utmost retirement; he lived alone, and in the forests was frequently discovered on his knees. The ferns and the trees were his favorite companions, and, like a Buddhist hermit, he endeavored to find the secret of happiness in abstraction from the things of the world. Perhaps in all the history of cloistral life, there is not to be found a career of such absolute devotion, and the conquering of spirit over matter, as in the life of the monk Bernard. But it came to pass in time that the monastery of Stephen Harding at Citeaux could no longer afford shelter to the many who sought this shrine. From this, which was the capital of sainthood, Bernard was appointed to lead out a band into a valley in Champagne, called the Valley of Wormwood, a place notorious for the wildness of its surroundings and dreaded as being infested with robbers. It was here that Bernard and his

companions determined to change the Valley of Wormwood into a temple of God. It is the old story, repeated so often in the epochs of history, when the spiritual power of man is raised to its highest terms. It is the story made known to us by Xavier's career in India, and the Jesuits' in North America. It is the absolute devotion of lives to a high ideal of sanctity through self-abnegation, and suffering, and discipline.

The power and influence of Bernard spread widely and with great rapidity; his marvelous power as a preacher seemed to win all who heard him. Bernard walked in and out among the religious strifes of the period as the great arbiter and peacemaker; his power, his gentleness, his commanding influence, were everywhere felt and obeyed. Clairvaux, changed from a den of robbers to a temple of peace, became the city of refuge to all who were oppressed with care, and trouble, and perplexity. To his wondering followers, his acts savored of miracles; his words, of prophecies. The promise of Christ to his disciples, that they should lay their hands upon the sick, and that they would

take up serpents and poisonous things, and that they would not harm them, seemed to be fulfilled in the career of Bernard. From Clairvaux there went forth colonies spreading the fame of the great defender of the faith, as Clairvaux itself had been sent forth from the monastery of Citeaux. Abbots, bishops, kings, priests, and the contending Popes Innocent the Second and Anacletus the Second, in the famous schism of the papal see, alike appealed to this great religious dictator of the age, and seemed to rest content with his autocratic decisions.

It was at this period that the great saint, the healer of schisms, the preacher of a new crusade, in which the king and emperor were to lead the armies of Christendom, the champion of the church, the confuter of Abelard, and the bulwark against the dangerous movement among the people, led by Arnold of Brescia, hearing of the fame of the Paraclete, and having understood that certain doctrines of Abelard were allowed to be taught to the nuns, made a journey across the plains which separated Clairvaux from the Paraclete, and sought the shelter

of the hospitable Heloisa, as we have seen in a previous chapter. Following again the thread of our story, which was interrupted in order that we might trace the history of Felix Radbert and his companions, we go back to that scene with which we parted. Heloisa, as we have seen, asked the name of the stranger who sought shelter in the convent of the Paraclete at night, and declared that she would not admit any one until the name should be given.

The stranger replied: "My name is Bernard: Bernard of Clairvaux!"

Great was the surprise of the faithful prioress, as at last she surveyed the stern, wan features of the great pursuer of her fallen idol. Sternly the saint let his cold gray eyes pierce through and through to the very soul this famous woman, whose story was found as the moral in every convent and monastery in France.

Heloisa advanced and, dropping on one knee, held out her hands toward the unexpected guest, and exclaimed: —

"You are welcome, my father, as all are welcome here. Rest you till the morning in

yonder 'cell of the prophets.' Then perhaps with the light of a new day, and the rest and repose which you must so much need, we can speak of those things which we have in common, since now our citizenship is alike in heaven." As she said this, she beckoned to the attendant, who, approaching the saint, took from his hand his leathern wallet, and, leading him toward the refectory, gave him the cheer which he so much needed. Then he pointed the way to his humble cell.

The next morning, in the spacious hall, after the prayers of the convent had been said, and the different work had been assigned to the sisters, seating himself before the open fire that was crackling beneath the heavy, burning logs, Bernard began a conversation by asking if it were true that the views of the condemned Abelard were taught in this place, and if it were possible that his alteration of the Lord's Prayer was here adopted. The abbess answered in the affirmative to each of these questions, whereupon the saint, rising from his seat, declared that the age must condemn that which the teachers of the age had condemned, and that all

who followed in the faith of the holy church must follow it in the very steps of the leaders of the faith.

"True," replied the aroused and flushed abbess; "but thought can only be met by thought. You cannot answer the speculations of an awakened mind with the mere formulas of theology. You cannot crush a living idea; you may bury it for the time being, but it will surely grow again."

"Nay, my daughter," replied the saint; "is it not written that Christ the Judge shall put all enemies under his feet? Surely, all this unripe thought is an open enemy to Christ."

"Ah, sir," said the Abbess of the Paraclete, "thou art too busy a churchman; thou art too deeply engrossed in plans and purposes with dukes and nobles; thou hast too many schemes on foot with thy councils, crusades, convents, and strifes about the rival popes, to be a fit judge of that illustrious scholar thou art so quick to condemn. Thou canst not stop the inspiration of his teachings. Thou canst not silence a voice which the world will hear. This divine inspiration, this magnetic power, works in zigzag paths, like

the uncertain currents of the forked lightning. No one can tell just where it will strike."

"For shame, my daughter, thus to glory in your fall," replied Bernard. "Surely, this which you call inspiration is the devil's power; it has stricken you down in your sins."

"Taunt me not with my fall," exclaimed the abbess, with an indignant look of disdain. "I am forgiven, and my soul is at peace. My sad life is yet an inspiration to my sisters. 'Oh! that I could know more,' is the cry of those who have received, from him who was once my husband, the impress of their inspiration as knowledge. The voices of these men who were his pupils will yet be heard. 'Oh! that I could do more,' is the cry of those who find their outlet in the world of action. Is not Hugo leading the pious hearts of his followers back again into the world of thought? and, to-day, is not Arnold of Brescia carrying the inspiration of Abelard down into the struggling world of action? Why, even the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa is helping him in his efforts with the people of Rome against the unjust pope; and thou, sir,

mayest live to see the day when a Christian republic, with senate and tribunes, will yet bear in the name of Christ the old letters which adorned the eagles,—'The Senate and People of Rome.'"

"Forbear, vain woman, thy impious talk!" exclaimed the excited saint. "In the name of God and his holy church, whose unworthy defender I am, I forbid thee thus to speak of the arch-heretic of Italy! Beware! oh! beware"— Here a loud knocking was heard at the door.

"A stranger wishes to see the Abbess of the Paraclete," said the maid-servant; and St. Bernard, wrapping his cloak around him, passed out of the side door of the hall.

When Heloisa was called out of the apartment in which she had received St. Bernard, she found an aged mendicant, cold, and shivering, and helpless, making signs for food. He seemed to be speechless; it was in vain he strove to talk; he could utter but a few incoherent sounds which ended in a convulsive rattle. The abbess ordered food to be brought to the aged sufferer. This he took with eagerness, as if he were suffering from

the pangs of hunger. But his one white eye was fastened upon the form of the abbess. As he munched his bread and tore the meat with his sharp fangs, his eye was directed continually towards the astonished Heloisa. He seemed to drink in her every look, until at last his rigid stare unnerved the usually self-reliant woman.

As she left the refectory room, in which the stranger had been eating his food, the old man struggled to grasp her by the arm. The abbess, alarmed by his actions, parried his grasp with her upraised elbow, and as she did so, the tottering form fell at her feet in a fit. The servants in the hall carried the rigid body into the open air, and applied, under the direction of one of the sisters, whose peculiar province was the department of medicine, all the restoratives in their power; but it was in vain. The pale-faced, haggard mendicant resisted all efforts at restoration, and lay in a state of coma, as if he had been dead. At last Sister Angelica exclaimed: —

"Have we not a saint with us? Who should forbid that he should work a miracle at the Paraclete, as well as at Clairvaux?"

"Send for the saint! Let us see the hand of God; here is room for His mighty works!" were sounds which were heard on all sides.

A messenger was sent to the room of St. Bernard, telling him that he was wanted immediately in the open hallway by a mendicant. In a few moments he joined the group of those who were peering intently at the seemingly paralyzed stranger.

"Lay your hands upon him, my father," exclaimed Heloisa. "Canst thou not heal the sick, and cast out evil spirits at the Paraclete, as well as at Clairvaux?"

"That I cannot tell," replied the saint. "Hast thou not read of the Master, that he could in a certain place do no mighty works because of their unbelief?"

"True," replied the abbess; "but *we* do not doubt thy power; we would see a sign from heaven like those of old, only we would see it with a purpose, in the name of the Divine Master, and not as a mere freak of power."

Thus besought by all the company around him, the saint, reverently falling upon his knees and making the sign of the cross both

over himself and over the prostrate form before him, chanted in a low tone a series of short prayers, and then laying his hand upon the rigid body of the mendicant, went through the service of exorcism, uttering the words: "*Apelthe Satanas*," (child of the Devil, depart).

Suddenly the old man opened his closed eyelids, and relaxing his tightly clenched fists, which had gripped the arm of the saint, stood upon his feet with a bound, and trying in vain to speak intelligibly, which effort only ended in a diabolical yell, fled from the astonished group into the forest.

"Follow him! seize him!" cried the abbess; "bring him back to me!" and two of the men-servants of the place bounded after the stranger. In a little while they returned without him. They could not tell whither he had gone.

The aged stranger was fleeing through the forest which led from the Seine to the Paraclete; but at last the long-lost Tessaro had looked full into the face of his unconscious daughter, though Heloisa knew not that it was her father whom she had befriended.

"What meaneth this strange apparition, my daughter?" exclaimed the astonished saint, as the group stood listening to the report of those who had been sent to find the wanderer.

"I know not, my father; I cannot tell what it means," replied Heloisa. "I am affrighted, and I am strangely overcome by the sight of this face. I have seen this face in my dreams; it has haunted me throughout my life; I cannot interpret to you the strange feelings which are throbbing in my breast, as I ask myself what all this means."

Hereupon the saint, touched by a feeling of sympathy for the fascinating abbess, repeated for her the hymn of "Bernard de Morles," which had already become a favorite hymn in the monastery of Clairvaux: —

"Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus.
Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus.
Imminet, imminet et mala terminet æqua coronet,
Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, æthera donet,
Auferat aspera duraque pondera mentes onustæ,
Sobria muniat, improba puniat, utraque juste.

Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur;

Non breve vivere, non breve plangere, retribuetur ;
O retributio ! stat brevis actio, vita perennis ;
O retributio ! cœlica mansio stat lue plenis. "

" I leave thee, my daughter ; let that which I have said sink into thine heart. Believe me, I am thy friend, though thou hast always thought of me as thine enemy ; believe me, I seek only for the truth, though thou canst look at me only through the distorted vision of thy sad life. Oh ! for that day to dawn when we shall see face to face, and, in the vision of the Trinity, find all our doubts and errors vanish, as the clouds disappear in the strong rays of the morning sun." Saying this, he held his hand in the form of a benediction, and blessing the abbess, who knelt before him, retired from the Paraclete by the woody path through which Tessaro had disappeared.

The saint had not gone far in his wanderings along the lonely path which led from the convent of the Paraclete in the direction of Clairvaux, when he was met by a stranger, who, speaking to him in the ecclesiastical Latin of the day, asked him if he might bear him company that they might discourse to-

gether of the times, which were admitted on all sides to be sorely out of joint.

"What thinkest thou, my brother, or rather, my father," said the stranger, "(for I perceive by thy habit that thou art a priest, and perhaps a holy father, in some of our monasteries,) how will the light that is to come dawn upon us? and in what way will God save his elect, and fulfil the pledge which he made to his disciples, that the gates of hell should not prevail against his church, since it was founded on a rock?"

"Ah, my son," replied the saint, "God will bring peace in his own time and way, but it will not come until the church has rid herself of those two arch-heretics of the day, and their pernicious teachings: Abelard the Schoolman and Arnold of Brescia."

"What!" said the stranger, "thinkest thou that Arnold of Brescia meaneth evil in all his efforts for the welfare of the people?"

"That I do," replied the saint. "Is it not of such as he that the Master says, 'They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword'? But their day of power cannot last long; hast thou not heard that a council is

to be called that is solemnly pledged to condemn the teaching of both these men and to silence their busy tongues forever?"

"Thou hast heard strange things indeed, my father," replied the stranger. "By my troth, I had heard it not. May I ask thy name?"

"Certainly, my son; thou shalt know me by name, if thou dost not know me by face; my name is Bernard: Bernard of Clairvaux."

"Farewell, then," said the stranger, as they parted at a cross-road.

"But wilt thou not tell me *thy* name?" exclaimed the saint. "Shall I not see thee again?"

"O, that I will," said the stranger; "and thou shalt see me, no doubt, at the council of which thou hast spoken. Thou hast revealed thy soul to Arnold of Brescia."

Hereupon the saint, after casting a long look at the retreating figure, gathered his mantle round him and walked hurriedly along the shaded pathway which led towards Clairvaux.

CHAPTER XX.

The City of Refuge.

"Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre." — Gray.

"I APPEAL from this council to Rome." It was with these words that the condemned Abelard brought to a close the predetermined verdict of the Council of Sens. With head erect, gathering his robe about him, the hated heretic walked with dignified and measured step out of the heated chamber, leaving to his enemies the easy task of placing their judicial censure upon his past life and his written work. It was now twenty years since the Council of Soissons had met to condemn his teaching. From the hour of its adjournment, to the present moment, it had been the end and aim of his enemies to arouse the ecclesiastical anger of the great Bernard and secure him as the antagonist of the philosophical heretic.

On the second of June, 1140, nearly thirty-eight years from the famous St. John the

Baptist's day, with which this story opens, describing the return of the young master to Paris, a council of the French Church was called at Sens. This city was the Canterbury of France, and was to be linked, a little later on in history, with the Canterbury of England, through the striking career of Thomas à Becket. The immediate object of the council was a religious ceremony — the translation of the body of the patron saint. Into this archiepiscopal city of Champagne came the King, Louis VII., a great lover of religious pageantry; Theobald, Count of Champagne; William, Count of Nevers; Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, the watch-dog of the faith; together with that Goliath of Gath, Abelard, and his armor-bearer, Arnold of Brescia.

The first day of the council was given up to magnificent ceremonies, in which the solemn procession of the saint's remains took place. The splendid ritual of the church, the music, the banners, and the incense, all united to impress upon the admiring multitude the majesty of the corporate church, as represented by the great Bernard, and

the weakness of all opposing heretics, as witnessed by the lonely individuality of the unfriended Abelard.

On the second day of the council, the proctor of the ecclesiastical court, together with the king's proctor and the archbishop's clerk, called the gentlemen and citizens to order. A long row of deacons in their dalmatics, and priests in their copes, stood before the bishops, who were vested with glittering mitres and croisers sparkling with gems. The chanters and sub-chanters stood on opposite sides of the chancel, while a long row of monks with burning tapers in their hands chanted the "Dies iræ," all the assembly joining in the chorus of "Kyrie eleison," at the end of each verse.

When the religious exercises of the day were over, and the saint's bones had been duly sprinkled with holy water and perfumed with incense, the call of the archbishop's herald gathered the leaders of the council together.

The spare form of St. Bernard was then seen mounting the tall oaken pulpit. He held in his hand a long parchment, from which he

began to read. He had gone as far as the seventeenth specification of heresy as discovered in the writings of Abelard, when a heavy step was heard on the tesselated pavement, and the arch-heretic himself, throwing aside the gabardine with which his shoulders were covered, and raising his right hand towards the king upon his throne, exclaimed, in a slowly measured tone: —

"I appeal from this council to Rome."

In an instant all was silence. The glowering faces of the angry ecclesiastics, and the answering looks of the entire hostile assembly, were for a moment appalled. It seemed as if after all the care and precaution of the managers of the council, their victim was about to elude their grasp.

"I am no accuser of this man," exclaimed the saint, as he leaned forward over the pulpit and looked down on the solitary figure before him; "let his books condemn him."

"I appeal to Rome," said the scholar, "and thither I set out this very moment." As he uttered these words, the accused passed down the long cathedral aisle and, before the council could recover itself, was gone.

"To Rome, then, *I* appeal," exclaimed the astonished Bernard, and amid the clapping of innumerable sympathetic hands, the saint, gathering his papers together, opened the pulpit door, and coming slowly down the winding stairs, took his place upon the platform by the side of the king and the higher ecclesiastics.

This appeal of Bernard to Rome was, after all, but an appeal from the mixed voice of the gathered council to the single voice of himself. Pope Innocent II. was himself the creation of the Saint of Clairvaux. Kings, councillors, and pope were alike subject to the decision of this strong man who, with miraculous powers and the visible favor of God, had called into being the vast armies of the second crusade. All perceived this in a little while, and soon a sense of glad relief took the place of the sense of surprise which came after Abelard's unexpected termination of the council. The king and his nobles, together with the saint, caring little for the minor details of the assembly, soon left the cathedral; and the bishops, being alone, went through the easy work of con-

demning, item by item, the heresies of the scholar who had thus balked them.

The writings of Abelard were brought forward, and one of the monks of Clairvaux was appointed to read the objectionable portions. Night drew on; the bishops became weary. Wine was sent in to cheer the souls of the faithful in their dreary work. The monotonous reading, together with frequent potations, soon overcame the judges. Propping their heads upon cushions, and leaning their heavy chins upon their elbows, at each pause in the long reading they muttered "damnamus," until at last, in confused and drunken tones, they at intervals faintly uttered the shorter word "namus." And at midnight the proctors carried to their homes the senseless bishops, and put out the lights in the hall where the drunken Council of Sens had met, as if it had been a college orgie of modern time.

As Abelard emerged from the heated council chamber, he came up with one who stopped for him in the road.

"My father — my father!" exclaimed the stranger, "why didst thou thus appeal to

Rome? Knowest thou not that Bernard governs the Holy City as surely as he governs his famished monks at Clairvaux? Alas, alas! that thou shouldst thus have fallen into their net!"

"Petrus, is it thou, my son?" replied the scholar, as with hurried step in the gathering darkness of the afternoon he turned down a side path which led south from the main thoroughfare of Sens. "How well I remember thee at Laon and at the Paraclete. Thou wert ever a faithful friend and follower of thy unhappy master. But whither goest thou so eagerly with thy pilgrim's staff and wallet?"

"I go to Rome, my father," replied Peter Lombard; "and I go as the herald of thine appearing. Thou hast many friends there, and Cardinal Pezzali, who has been already named as the successor of Innocent, is thy firm adherent. So, my father, detain me not. I shall travel by the fleetest posts, that I may be in Rome before any of the quick-footed hounds of Clairvaux are on the scent. Farewell, my father, until that day."

"Until what day, my son?" asked Abelard.

"Until I see thee cleared and vindicated, and coming in triumph into Rome, as all other conquerors have come into the Eternal City, with the gates thrown open wide, and the arches adorned for thee."

"I may never reach Rome at all," replied Abelard. "I do not want to go unless I can go in triumph, and God knows my days here may be numbered. I am very weak, dear Petrus. I am tired of all this strife. The king's messenger may meet me ere I get to Rome."

"Nay, not so, my father," replied Peter Lombard. "Farewell, until I see thee in the consistory of the sacred college, cleared of all imputations and vindicated before the world. One more embrace, my master, — there — there — and a kiss upon thy furrowed cheek — and yet another; now let me speed on my way through the darkness of the coming night, until we meet in the bright light of Italy some morning. See, here comes an old friend; he is running after thee. Farewell."

As he uttered these words, Peter Lombard walked rapidly on over the crest of a

hill before them, and beckoned with his hand to Abelard, that he should pause in his way until the stranger should come up with him. The tired Abelard heeded the signal, and sat down upon the trunk of a fallen tree on the roadside, until the hurrying traveler having reached the wearied pilgrim exclaimed: —

"Hold, my master! Thou art wanted, not by the council, but by thy friends. Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Clugny, is coming for thee with horses and with friends."

"How did he know which way I had gone?" inquired the scholar.

"He thought that thou wouldst take the river road along the Seine until thou camest to the mountains near Chalons, or Dijon, or Beaune, and that hence thou wouldst pursue thy way over the lake of Neuchâtel or Geneva. But right glad am I thus to have found thee, before thou hadst reached the mountain passes, for then thou wouldst have given thy friends a hopeless task in finding thee. Knowest thou not my name?" inquired the stranger, as he stopped to gain his breath, after the fatigue of running.

"Thy face and thy voice I know," answered the scholar; "but my memory is sadly confused. I fear I am smitten, and, like the oak of the pasture-field shattered by the lightning, am dying downwards from the head first to the root and branches."

"I am Arnold, — Arnold of Brescia, — thy former scholar," replied the stranger. "It was to plead for thee I came to the Council of Sens; it was to answer that monarch of the church who lives at Clairvaux that I came across the country from Zurich. I could not tell where to find thee," he continued, "and so I went to the Paraclete."

"To the Paraclete!" exclaimed Abelard, starting from his seat, and gathering his mantle about him, as if he had received a shock which chilled him. "And didst thou see there — the Abbess Heloisa?"

"Nay, my father, I saw her not. I went thither to inquire for thee, and lo! I found in the woods St. Bernard himself retreating from the place. He had been discomfited in a miraculous cure which he could not effect. The saint was white with indignation. He said that spot was cursed because of thy

former presence there, and that he could there do no mighty works because of their unbelief. Were it to raise from the dead, or to recall to his senses, the long-lost father of the Abbess Heliosa, — he declared it could not be done."

"And whither goest thou now, my son?" inquired the astonished refugee.

"I, too, am going to Rome from Zurich, my present home. It is thither I am now tending, for I have many friends there who will set out with me. I am going once again into the presence of the holy father. I shall tell him on his throne, of my vision of the city of God upon earth. It is not a mere dream; it is a brave and true theocracy; it is a republic exactly the reverse of all this pagan hierarchy at Rome. It is a spirit which is nourished in my home among the Alps. The burghers of Zurich, and of Berne and the Swiss cantons, are filled with this new spirit of liberty. It is freedom for the conscience, as well as for the state, that we are striving for. Even in the relaxing moral atmosphere of Rome, I have Celestine and Lucius as my followers. And it may be that

the victory, when it comes, will come through the uprising of the people, with noise and with shoutings, and with garments rolled in blood."

As Arnold uttered these words to his former master, the noise of horses' hoofs was heard approaching, and soon a company of horsemen reined up at the fallen tree where the master and his disciple were standing. An aged abbot alighted from his saddle, and uncovering his head by pushing back his velvet cowl, embraced the form of Abelard.

"I have come for thee, my brother!" exclaimed the abbot. "Thou art in no fit state to make this long journey to Rome. Come thou with me, brother, to the shelter of Clugny. There thou shalt be cared for and gently tended. And if it should be wise for thee to visit Rome, some of our brothers will bear thee company, but we fear to trust thee in Rome at present. Thou hast appealed only from the lion asleep to the lion awake and roaring!"

"Yea, my father," exclaimed Arnold, "heed the words of thy friend whom God hath raised up for thee in thy hour of need. Go thou

into the kind keeping of the beloved Peter the Venerable."

"My soul is touched by all this care," said Abelard. "Truly the Lord hath prepared for me a table, even in the presence of mine enemies. My brother of Clugny, I will go with thee. I will appeal from the Council of Sens, and from Bernard, and from Pope Innocent, — yea, and from myself, — to thee."

In a little while a horse was brought for the worn-out scholar, and after some refreshment by the roadside, Abelard was ready to retrace his steps and turn his back upon the Alps and upon Italy, little knowing that he was going with the kind monks of Clugny, to die in peace on the restless bosom of that Church which he had served and outraged, and yet which claimed him as her son. As the company were ready to separate, — Peter the Venerable, with his retinue, to return west and the rugged Arnold to go east towards the Alps, — the political reformer of Italy, doffing his cap to his former master, exclaimed:

"My father, wilt thou not give me a token of thy faith in me, and of thy friendship, until we meet in the city of Rome?"

"Thou hast one token already, if thou hast been faithful to my word," said Abelard.

"I have a token from a stranger, whom I was to meet at that ideal council which would set all matters upon earth straight; but the day of God has not yet come, and I have never seen the stranger since."

"Where wert thou when he gave thee this token?" asked Abelard.

"I was at Blois: it was many years ago," replied Arnold. "As I was walking among the camp fires of the rising cantons, a stranger wrapped in a mantle clasped this necklace on my left arm and told me to wear it until we should meet. I have never seen him since."

"I am that stranger," exclaimed Abelard. "We have met at last at the council. We have each appealed to Rome, and we must each await the vindication of posterity. It was I who gave thee the love token at Blois. I locked that bracelet on thy strong arm, which thou wast to wear until we should meet. My wife, Heloisa, was with me then, and I had renounced all thoughts of public life. I wanted thee to be my successor

in office, and lead the people out of their Egypt into that promised land which I saw before me. Now, my son, we have met. My work is all over: thine is just beginning. Hereafter we will be remembered by our works in days to come. I will be known because I have tried to set the people free from a mass of dogma that would crush out the life of the church in the new age which is dawning; while thou wilt be remembered because thou hast tried to make Christian men citizens of a State which God should rule, and not the papal court alone."

"But we shall meet soon in the Eternal City," exclaimed Arnold.

"Yes," replied Abelard, "in the Eternal City, indeed; but it will be in that city which hath foundations whose maker and builder is God."

"Delay not, my brother," interposed Peter the Venerable. "As I left the city, I heard rumors of messengers, who were to track you in your flight, and bring you back in chains to the cathedral. Delay not! Take the hidden by-ways; and may God be gracious unto you, my son, in the journey you make to Rome."

And with a final embrace master and pupil parted, the former to go to his death-bed, in the cloistered shades of Clugny, the latter to go to imprisonment, trial, and death, in Rome, the first in that long line of Italian patriots, whose names will live on, written in the history of the race, as witnessed in the deeds of such as Arnold of Brescia, Dante, Rienzi the Tribune, Savonarola, Mazzini, Cavour, and Garabaldi. And strangely enough, the seeds of liberty which were sown by this brave citizen-monk, in the free town of Zurich, were developed nearly three centuries later by the stalwart Swiss reformer, Ulric Zwingle.

Clugny, in the department of Saône-et-Loire, in Burgundy, is situated on the banks of the Grone, a tributary to the Saône. It is situated between Chalons and Mâcon, at the foot of the Vosges range of mountains, which was formerly one of the natural frontiers of the dukedom of Burgundy. The monastery of Clugny was founded in the year 910, by William, Duke of Aquitania, known in history as the Pious Duke. He granted to this cloister great gifts of lands.

and endeavored in every way in his power to make it a pattern monastery.

Berno, a Burgundian of noble extraction, and a Benedictine abbot, was its first head. Odo, the celebrated reformer of the entire monastic system, Odilo, the founder of the Feast of All Souls' Day, and Majolus, the friend and companion of Hugh Capet, were among the abbots of this place, and were the predecessors of Peter Mauritius, called Peter the Venerable. The monastery was free from the rule of all bishops, and was subject solely to the papal chair. The order yielded only to the word of the abbot, who resided at Clugny, and the entire establishment stands afar off in history, as an earlier Westminster Abbey, free from all episcopal rule, honored by the Church and State alike, and having as its head and representatives men who were mitred abbots, and who were free and powerful, in that they owed no allegiance to any ecclesiastical organization, save the head of the established church itself.

The cloister of Clugny was one of the most imposing, its church one of the most magnificent, of the middle ages. In the year

1245, Pope Innocent IV. with his retinue, and the King of France with his attendants, besides several other princes and many prelates and knights, could find accommodation within the cloister without encroaching upon the convenience of the brethren. In the church could be seen golden and brazen candlesticks, walls adorned with the richest tapestry and exquisite carved work, while deep-toned bells sounded from the towers.* Such outward glory we might well suppose must, in spite of the strictness of the rule, bring a gradual decline at Clugny; and all the more, since everything depended upon the unlimited will of an individual. This result had already made its appearance in the two first centuries of the institution, but was arrested by the able management of individual abbots. In the beginning of the twelfth century, under the Abbot Pontius, the disci-

*"Laymen of all stations enriched the order, especially the cloister of Clugny, by donations and bequests. Popes vied with each other in endowing it with privileges. Alexander II. ordered that no bishop or prelate should pronounce the ban upon Clugny. Urban II. granted to the abbot the episcopal insignia, and declared the goods of the cloister independent of the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Mâcon. Calixtus II. allowed the abbot to exercise the rights of a cardinal. Towards the end of the eleventh century, three popes sprang from the order: Gregory VII., Urban II., and Paschal II." —*Herzog's Theol. et Eccl. Encyc.*, vol. i, 734.

pline declined, and the cloister became impoverished. This abbot, after ten years' rule, resigned, to undertake a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; but he soon came back, and with an armed force attacked and plundered the house. His successor was Hugo II., who died after three months. He was followed by Peter Mauritius, the Venerable, a man of talents and education, distinguished alike for his zeal against Peter of Bruis, and his generous hospitality to Abelard against the persecution of Bernard.

The retreating form of Arnold of Brescia had no sooner been lost among the shadows of the Vosges, as he hurried eastward over the mountains of Burgundy, at the report of Peter the Abbot, than the kind-hearted monks of Clugny by easy stages conveyed their guest down the valley of the Yonne, as it branches from the Seine, through the mountain ranges of the Saône-et-Loire region to the open gates of Clugny. Here the weary scholar was refreshed by the kind words and offices of the cultured household of Peter the Venerable.

By his life of pentitential gratitude, as well

as by the flickering embers of the intellectual fire of other days, he won all hearts to him, and joined the monks in their devotions and good works, always as the illustrious guest of the honored abbot. While waiting for strength with which to pursue his long delayed journey to Rome, there to vindicate himself before Pope Innocent, a copy of St. Bernard's letter to the Holy Father was given to him.

The scholar had not seen this letter, and did not know that Bernard was following his retreating victim with such lengthy controversial epistles to Pope Innocent, and through him to the Christian world.

"Which is most intolerable," writes Bernard, "the blasphemy, or the arrogance, of his language? Which is most damnable, the temerity, or the impiety? Would it not be more just to stop his mouth with blows, than confute him by an argument? Does not he, whose hand is against every one, provoke the hand of every one against himself? All, he says, think thus; but I think otherwise. Who, then, art thou? What canst thou advance which is wiser? what hast thou discovered which is more subtle? what secret revelation canst thou boast which has escaped the saints and eluded the angels? . . . . Tell us what is this that thou alone canst see, that no one before thee hath seen? That the Son of

God put on manhood for some purpose besides the deliverance of man from bondage? Assuredly this has been discovered by no one but by thee, and where hast thou discovered it? Thou hast received it neither from sage, nor apostle, nor prophet, nor yet from God Himself. The apostle of the Gentiles received from God Himself what he delivered to us. The apostle to the Gentiles declares that his doctrine comes from on high. 'I speak not of myself.' But thou deliverest what is thine own, what thou hast not received. He who speaks of himself is a liar. Keep to thyself what comes from thyself. For me, I follow the prophets and the apostles. I obey the gospel, but not the gospel according to Peter. Thou makest thyself a *fifth* evangelist. What says the law, what say the prophets, what say the apostles, what say their successors? that which thou alone deniest — that God was made man to deliver man from bondage. What, then, if an angel should come from heaven to teach us the contrary, accursed be the error of that angel!"

And thus it came to pass that, during his illness at Clugny, without a hearing, and without any conviction by his judges, Abelard was condemned by Pope Innocent II., the pliant creature of the church which bowed to the nod of Bernard, — the man behind the throne.

The decision of the pope forbade all public discussions on questions of the faith,

and the guest of Peter the Venerable was condemned to silence, and his followers to excommunication.*

This demand on the part of St. Bernard to imprison for life Abelard of Brittany and Arnold of Brescia was powerless as far as the former was concerned. Arnold suffered for his boldness and dash at the hands of another pope, but over the prostrate form of Abelard, with the shadow of death already on his brow, the broad-minded Abbot of Clugny spread his invincible shield, and the power of the Vatican, baffled by the inviolate strength of Peter the Venerable, turned its energies, by the tact of the all-wise Bernard, from a dying foe to a living problem, and girt itself to meet the gathering enthusiasm of the second crusade, led by the Emperor Conrad III. of Germany and Louis VII. of France.

"I shall take thee with me to St. Marcellus, near Chalons on the Saône," said Peter the Abbot one day, as he watched his guest limping with his staff on the way from the chapel. "Thou dost need a change of air, and at the priory of St. Marcellus thou canst

* Robertson's History of the Christian Church, book viii. chap. v.

breathe the mountain air of the valley of the Loire."

"Is it on the way to Rome?" inquired the sufferer, as he leaned on his staff to gather sufficient breath with which to ask the question.

"Nay, my brother, give thyself no more concern about thy journey to Rome," replied the abbot. "Thou art better in the care of our Clugny brethren than thou wilt ever be in Rome."

"But I must be cleared, — I must be vindicated, — I must die in the peace of the Holy Church," whispered the sufferer. "O, my father! — thou best of friends, — think of my poor spirit! Wilt thou not go with me to Rome? They will surely hear my dying voice, as I lean upon thy strong arm."

"Thou needst not go to Rome for vindication," answered Peter the Venerable. "See this parchment. Rainardus, the Abbot of Citeaux, has come to-day with the written reconciliation of Bernard. Thou hast no occasion to journey to Rome, though it was to Rome thou didst appeal from the Council of Sens. The ban is removed. Thou art one

with Bernard, and with the holy father, and with the house of Clugny. Let him that is without sin first cast a stone at thee!"

The astonished scholar felt himself falling to the ground, but was caught by the venerable abbot. A whole world of buried thoughts came with a flash into his mind. But he had strength enough left him to fold the abbot to his bosom, as he perceived that this was his kind host's doings, and like a wayward, penitent, and forgiven child, the fallen philosopher sobbed upon the shoulder of the upright saint. And at evening time there was light. He to whom much had been forgiven, the same, in return loved much.

CHAPTER XXI.

Life's Afterglow.

"O somewhere, somewhere, God unknown,
Exist and be!
I am dying, I am all alone,
I must have Thee."

—F. W. H. Myers.

AN April thunder storm from the north was passing over the mountains which encircle the region of Beaune, in Burgundy, and had struck with great force the valley of the Saône, at Chalons. A party of drenched horsemen galloped up to the priory of St. Marcellus, on one of the heights outside the town, overlooking the river valley. A merchant, throwing his dripping mantle aside, hastened to assist his companion in alighting.

"Is the Abbot Peter Maurice within?" asked the stranger; "and may we take shelter here for the night?" Hereupon the servant admitted the travelers into the open court of the monastery, and assisted the matron in

laying aside her soaking hood and outer robe. A large fire of turf and crackling branches was burning on the hearth, and as the tired travelers stood and warmed themselves, the benevolent form of the Abbot, Peter the Venerable, approached them, with that calm manner which was so peculiarly his own, and with a smile of honest goodness which was in itself always a benediction.

"Welcome, my friends, to the priory of St. Marcellus," he said. "You have come on a wild night; it seems as if all the under-fiends were loose to-night, and yet it is all calmness within. Whence come ye, and whither are ye bound?"

"We have come in haste from Clugny," replied the stranger: "my wife and I; we have come to see your guest. It is a matter of great importance."

"Alas!" replied the abbot, "I doubt if you can see him; I doubt if he can recognize you now. He is almost in the charge of other ministries than ours; he is on the borderland of death, and will soon be in the hands of Him, who maketh His angels spirits, His ministers a flaming fire."

"What!" exclaimed the stranger, as his wife and he clasped hands and came forward to the spot where the holy abbot stood, "is Peter Abelard dying?"

"Yes, my son," replied the host. "I thought he would have died an hour ago, when the storm was at its highest. A great oak tree in the monastery garden was shivered into a thousand pieces by a lightning bolt, and just as the crash came, the dying man threw his arms back over his head, and we thought his spirit had departed. His eyes became fixed, and we could not see him breathe. It seemed to me as if his troubled life were about to close in a storm. It must have been that his weak frame felt the shock of the thunder crash, and sympathized with the mysterious current in the atmosphere which caused the storm. Ah, sir, we know little about these strange worlds: the outer world of physical force, and the inner world of sympathetic feeling. The thought of this age, sir, does not run in the line of such studies. But the world will know it all some day, in that age of light which our dying friend so often declared

would soon dawn upon the earth. He said there would be a new birth to the human intellect; or, as he called it, a renaissance."

"Take me to him! oh! take me to his bedside," exclaimed the stranger. "I must say a word to him before he dies."

"Are you a friend, or have you been one of those who have angered him as you have crossed his path?" asked the abbot, as he peered into the stranger's handsome face.

"I have been both," replied the traveler. "I have been his friend, and I have crossed his path in opposition; or, rather he has crossed my path in life, but now I am his friend again. I must see him, and my wife must see him before he dies."

"Your name?" asked the abbot, "and your wife's name? Perhaps I can whisper them in his ear, if it is well for me to do so. In this matter, my friend, stranger though you are, I trust your honor not to trouble the last moments of a dying man."

"My name," said the stranger, "is Felix Radbert, of Lyons. My wife was Agatha Hildare, the adopted daughter of Canon Fulbert, of Notre Dame, in Paris. We were

friends in bygone days, before the fall of the philosopher. We have come for the dying word of reconciliation, that the setting sun of this man's life may not go down upon our wrath. We heard in our home at Lyons on the Rhone of the abrupt termination of the Council of Sens by Abelard's appeal to Rome. We thought he had gone thither, and sent dispatches to him to the care of Peter of Lombardy, with whom we supposed he was stopping. But after this we learned that he was the guest of the Abbot Peter Maurice at Clugny. Thither we journeyed, and the monks directed us to the priory of St. Marcellus, at Chalons on the Saône; and we have come with all speed, heeding neither day nor night, wind nor storm, mountain nor river, that we might look upon the face of our former friend, and breathe a word into his dying ear."

"Holy father," added the matron, "trust us, in the name of our Divine Master, and take us to the bedside of our dying friend."

Peter the Venerable saw at a glance the meaning of this visit, and recognized in the names mentioned by his guest, the ashy

remnants of old and dead embers, once filled with fire and mischief and sin.

In a few moments the room was ready, and the merchant of Lyons with his wife entered the curtained chamber, where the shadow of death projected itself over the white and livid face of their unconscious friend. There he lay, calm and motionless: his eyes closed; his mouth drawn tightly down; his long gray locks combed smoothly back by the loving hands of the Clugny brethren. One weak and shriveled hand lay across his breast, while an alternate pant and moan told of the ebb-tide going rapidly out on the stormy shores of this troublesome world. With one arm around his wife, who crouched to her husband's side, and with his chin resting upon the support of the other hand, Felix Radbert looked into the dying face of Peter Abelard, his teacher, and surveyed, in the narrow compass of that pale face, the past events of his own checkered life. He saw there the triumph of the young teacher in Paris, the school of Mount St. Genevieve, the noisy students, the old home of the canonry, the combat with the betrayer

of his faith at the drinking-trough outside of Paris, the slavery of pleasure as he followed the fickle Sejélma, the slavery of war, the captivity in the East, the strange episode of Tessaro, the long-lost Heloisa, the faithful Agatha who had rescued him from despair, the triumph of St. Bernard, and the final overthrow of the hero of his youth, who, wherever he came, and whatever he saw, had always, until now, conquered.

The silence of the dying room was at last broken by Peter Maurice, who said: —

"He lies in this unconscious attitude for hours. We can talk in a gentle tone; perhaps he will open his eyes presently and recognize us."

Then Felix Radbert inquired the history of the last weeks of his life, since the Council of Sens, and Peter Maurice told his guest of the visit of the Abbot Rainardus, of Citeaux, with the reconciliation from Bernard, and how peaceful the life of their friend had been since the word of atonement had come from Rome.

"St. Bernard hath triumphed, then?" said Felix.

"Nay, my son, he hath not conquered, exactly," replied the abbot; "he has been managed. We have turned his thoughts away from a dying lion to a living one. He hath gone up to the forest of Thuringia preaching the new crusade; and the Emperor Conrad, it is said, is one of his converts, and will buckle on the armor and take the red-cross shield. That is more in the line of the saint's conquests than the strife over Peter Abelard. The God that they worship is one in heaven, but in their own minds they are two separate divinities. But thus it must ever be, whenever a new world begins to dawn upon an old one."

"Has our friend seemed glad in spirit that his peace is made with the holy church, and that he dies not excommunicate?" inquired Felix.

"Yes, my brother," replied the abbot; "indeed he hath been very joyful. His prayers have been most earnest, his confessions most thorough. It has been calmness at evening time, and I have absolved him, in the name of the church, from all his sins, and have told him, in the words of the Master,

that whatsoever is loosed on earth, shall be loosed in heaven. He has seemed so calm in spirit. The strain of life, he was saying the other day, as he was propped up among the pillows, is found in the highest natures, and yet that in the capacity to stand this very strain is found the higher possibilities of our life. 'Our faith consists,' he added, (as the poor sufferer panted out his words, Brother Sigismund over there remembers with what power he spoke,) 'our faith,' as he was saying, 'consists in the self-control which inheres in mastering the problems of the moral life. We are creatures, yet in our very creatureship there is lodged the capability of evolving the highest products of life.' But see, he is waking, his eyes are moving. What is it, dear brother, you want?"

"The abbot, my beloved brother, is he here?" inquired the sufferer, as he tried to wipe a film from his glazed eyeballs.

"Yes, brother," replied Peter Maurice, "here I am. What is it?"

"My beloved brother," said the dying man, "God will reward thee for all thy love to me, and wherever the sad story of my life

goes, this also that thou hast done shalt be told for a memorial of thee. But," he continued, "there are three things I want to say before I" —

"What are they, brother?" asked the abbot. "We are here with you, Brother Sigismund and I."

"First," said the sufferer, "I want you to find out one Felix Radbert, in Lyons. I have grievously sinned against him. I want his pardon."

"My master, I am here," whispered Felix.

"What!" said the dying man, with a startled voice, "art thou here, Felix? is this thy hand? I cannot see thee, but I can feel thy hand."

"Yes, my father, I am here, and Agatha is here also, — Agatha Hildare; you remember her at the — at the" — The dying man shook with a nervous rigor, and seemed to be straightening out his palsied form.

"Felix, wilt thou forgive me *all?* canst thou forgive me everything?"

"Yes, my father, I forgive thee everything, and Agatha, too, — she is with me, — she has naught against thee."

"Agatha, my daughter, wilt thou forgive all? canst thou forgive all that dreadful past?"

The woman was too much overcome to speak, but pressed his clammy hand.

"She forgives it all, my father," added Felix; "it is all forgiven."

"Then wilt thou tell *her* so?" added the sufferer. "I mean that gentle spirit, whom we have all loved, at the Paraclete. Wilt thou tell her, Felix, that thou hast forgiven me?"

"I will, my father," said Felix, the tears running down his face, while the rain on the tile roof overhead seemed to show the sympathy of nature.

"Then," added the dying man, "let my body be taken to the Paraclete, to be buried there, to be forever near the one who has been, after all, my teacher. And, Brother Peter, wilt thou see that my absolution is hung up on the chapel wall, over my dead body, that the world may know that the church has forgiven me, and that man has forgiven me, and that God has forgiven me? Now, Brother Sigismund, read me once more

that story from the holy evangel, about our Lord and the two creditors. One of them sinned little, and was forgiven little, and he loved little; the other one sinned much, and was forgiven much, and he loved much. Read me that story; I think I can hear the Master's voice rebuking the hard Simon as he forgave the penitent her sins." Brother Sigismund took down from a shelf a heavy roll of parchment, and began to read the story of the two creditors, from St. Luke's Gospel. In a few moments the sufferer had fallen again into unconsciousness, and was breathing very heavily.

The next morning dawned clear after the storm, and the breath of early spring was in the air. The fragrance of the violets and the sprays of laburnum was making its presence felt. At intervals during the day, the guests entered the room of the dying man, but no sign of consciousness was present. The rain which had been falling the night before had freshened the atmosphere, and through the open casements of the monastery the fresh breath of April, with its incense of the first fruits of spring, en-

tered the room and fanned the cheeks of the watchers. Felix called his wife a moment to the window, to see the peaceful sunset, over the blue mountains of Burgundy, across the Saône valley.

"It has gone," whispered Agatha, as she leaned upon her husband's shoulder. "How peaceful the closing of the day after such a storm as that of yesterday!"

"And our brother has gone, too," said Peter the Venerable, as he joined his visitors by the open casemate. "How peacefully, after his stormy life, has his soul departed!"

Felix turned to the bedside. With one hand across his breast, and the other arm across his eyes, as if he had been blinded with light, on April 21, A.D. 1142, in his sixty-third year, Abelard the Schoolman lay dead.

The next duty which devolved upon Peter the Venerable was to communicate the news of the death of Abelard to the distant Heloisa, at the Paraclete.

"I never saw," he writes, "his equal for humility of manners and habits. St. Germanus was not more modest, nor St. Martin

more poor. He allowed no moment to escape unoccupied by prayer, reading, writing, or dictation. The heavenly visitor surprised him in the midst of these holy works." *

. . . . . .

The sisters of the Paraclete had sung their last dirge over the body of its founder, as his coffin was lowered into the earth. The parchment containing the written absolution of the holy father had been nailed firmly upon the wooden door of the chapel by the Abbot Peter Maurice. Felix and Agatha were sustaining the prostrate form of Heloisa the Abbess when suddenly, with a wild yell, the worn figure of Tessaro dashed into their midst, as if by some demoniacal energy; and falling at the feet of Heloisa, the old man clutched at her, and tried to speak a few intelligible words in vain. Seized with a violent fit, he rolled over and over upon the ground, feeling at intervals for something in his bosom, which he eventually flung at the feet of the abbess.

* Petri Vener. Epist. ad Heloisa.

"Who is this strange creature?" asked Peter the Venerable.

"He has been here before," said one of the sisters. "He was here the night when the great St. Bernard himself was with us."

Hereupon Felix Radbert told the story of his captivity with the old man at Tyre, and of his strange disappearance from the ship of Lascaris the Greek, and of the murder of the shipmaster.

"But this locket, what is it?" asked Felix; "who can open it? I tried in vain to open it in the East; there is some hidden mystery or charm about it."

Heloisa had a key which was given her by her Uncle Fulbert, as a last legacy from the child's mother. It was said that it would one day open a charmed locket, and explain a piece of bygone family history. The key was sent for; the lock was surly, and would not open at first; eventually it opened, and the faces in medallion of two babes were found. Beneath was the inscription: "Felix and Heloisa — may they be one in life."

Heloisa turned and knelt over the prostrate form of Tessaro. But her long-lost

father was dead. The fainting abbess fell to the ground, but was caught in the arms of a noble looking youth, who embraced her with every sign of affection.

"What conduct is this in a stranger?" exclaimed one of the sisters, who had turned from the dying man, to give her arm to the abbess. "What dost thou mean by such action as this?"

"May I not kiss my mother, whom I have not seen for all these years, at the side of my father's grave? while my grandfather, of whom I have so often heard as being lost in the East, has died in making himself known."

And Felix and Agatha, and Peter Maurice, turned from the buried Abelard and the dead Tessaro, to look for the first time at Astrolabius of Brittany, as he held in his arms the form of his mother, Heloisa, the Abbess of the Paraclete.

CHAPTER XXII.

One in Death.

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after last returns the first,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what begins best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once prove accurst."

Robert Browning. — *The Morgue in Paris.*

THE stranger in Paris, on his round of sight-seeing, after visiting the places of pleasure and amusement which the gay metropolis offers to generation after generation of tourists, makes a pilgrimage to the cemetery of Père La Chaise. Situated on the slope of a hill in the northeastern part of the city, the place bore the name of Champ l'Eveque, when at the earliest days of the monarchy it belonged to the Bishop of Paris. In the reign of Louis XIV., it fell into the hands of the Jesuits, and was called Mont Louis. Hereupon the Grand Monarch feeling greatly indebted to his confessor, Père La Chaise, appointed him superior of the order. The mansion on the spot,

which had formerly been owned by a wealthy merchant named Regnault, and was known as La Folie Regnault, became in this way the central seat of the Jesuitical order. When the order was finally suppressed, Mont Louis was sold for debt, and was purchased by the prefect of the Seine, and was converted into a cemetery. The ground, with its paths overshadowed with willows and cypress trees, was consecrated in the year 1804, and in May of that year the first grave was made. The beauty of the situation, together with the costliness and magnificence of the monuments, preserving, as they do, the historical association of so many well-known names, has always made it a favorite place of resort, both to Parisians and to strangers. Here are found the tombs of Danton the sculptor, Rachel the actress, De Musset the poet, Scribe the author, Marshals MacDonald, Massena, and the unfortunate Ney, Geoffrey St. Hilaire, Molière, La Fontaine, and Balzac. At one extreme is found the celebrated Mussulman enclosure, and at the other corner we come across the Jewish cemetery, with its solemn group of tombs,

unrelieved by the hopes and promises of the Christian's faith in a certain future.

But perhaps the most striking of all the monuments, untouched as the tomb has been by the uprisings and revolts of this excitable people, is the tomb of Abelard and Heloisa, standing in close proximity to the Jewish enclosure. It is composed of a rectangular chapel of the Saxon style of the thirteenth century, formed out of the ruins of the abbey of the Paraclete, founded by Abelard, and of which Heloisa was the first abbess. In this chapel we find the very tomb built for Abelard by the tender-hearted Peter the Venerable of Clugny. Abelard is represented in a recumbent position, and close to his side stands the statue of Heloisa. At the foot of the tomb are to be found inscriptions relating to the two lovers, and by the side of these are other inscriptions describing the origin of the monument, and the history of its removal and its erection in the Musée des Monuments Français, from which place it was taken finally to the cemetery of Père La Chaise.

Here among sepulchral chapels, pyramids,

obelisks, and mausoleums, with altars, urns, and miniature temples, recording the names and actions of the illustrious dead of France, repose the ashes of the great scholar, and the woman who sacrificed her life that his name might be a glory. The hold which genius, power, wealth, success, heroic deeds, and versatile accomplishments have upon the popular mind, pales before the love which bound these two names together, and which in life, though it separated them, has united them forever in this common grave. The original tomb at the Paraclete was moved in the year 1497, and again in the year 1630, when the bones of each were found entire. It is said that, to remember the learning and ability of Heloisa, the nuns of the Paraclete, at the feast of Whitsuntide, performed the service of the day in the Greek tongue, and that this practice only ceased when they lost the knowledge of the language among them. An abbess of the house of Rochefoucauld, displeased with the barbarous inscription of bygone days, prepared an epitaph upon the stone where Abelard and Heloisa were entombed. A marble slab, engraved with the

following inscription, remained until the removal of the dust to Père La Chaise:—

HIC
SUB · EODEM · MARMORE · JACENT
HUJUS · MONASTERI
CONDITOR · PETRUS · ABEILLARDUS
ET · ABBATISSA · PRIMA · HELOISA
OLIM · STUDIIS · INGENIO · AMORE · INFAUSTIS · NUPTIIS
ET · PŒNITENTIA
NUNC · ŒTERNA · QUOD · SPERAMUS · FELICITATE
CONJUNCTI
PETRUS · ABEILLARDUS · OBIIT · VIGESSIMA PRIMA
APRILIS · ANNO · 1142
HELOISA · DECIMA · SEPTIMA · MAII · 1163

HERE,
UNDER THE SAME STONE, REPOSE
PETER ABELARD, THE FOUNDER, AND HELOISA, THE FIRST
ABBESS, OF THIS MONASTERY.
ALIKE IN DISPOSITIONS AND IN LOVE, THEY WERE
ONCE UNITED IN THE SAME PURSUITS, THE
SAME FATAL MARRIAGE, AND THE SAME REPENT-
ANCE; AND NOW IN ETERNAL HAPPINESS,
WE TRUST, THEY ARE NOT DIVIDED.
PETER ABELARD DIED, TWENTY-FIRST OF APRIL, 1142;
AND HELOISA, SEVENTEENTH OF MAY, 1163.

It is, then, at the cemetery of Père La Chaise that the interest, which the theologian, the man of letters, the church historian,

the sympathizer with human frailty, and the lover feels in the romantic story of Abelard and Heloisa, culminates. The passion, the sin, the sacrifice, the worldly success, the repentance, the separation, the lonely hours of life passed in separate and remote monasteries, the councils and anathemas of the church, the building of the monumental Paraclete, the mournful confessions of the scholar, the rapturous Latin letters of the sacrificed woman, known best to the world by Pope's touching translation in his lines of passionate despair, are all remembered, as the thoughtful visitor stands with bared head before this double tomb.

It is, as one has said, "at the right of the small gate on Rue St. André, and close to the narrow strip of earth where the graves of Jews are crowded together, that we find the monument which every visitor first seeks and longest remembers, — that of Heloisa and Abelard. The dingy, florid canopy, pinnacled and crocheted, which covers it, is not in the purest style of Gothic art, nor have the recumbent statues, however faithful in their likeness, the merit of remarkable

beauty. The interest of the monument lies in the romantic story which it symbolizes and the evident popular reverence of which it is the centre. There are in the cemetery of Père La Chaise, numberless famous monuments of generals, statesmen, poets, orators, and men of letters, but none for which the people seem to care as for this. If honors at his tomb can make a man a hero, Abelard in his own land will come next to Charlemagne and Napoleon. Even the excesses of the First Revolution, which tore up and scattered the sacred relics of kings, and profaned the vaults of St. Denis, spared the bones of the philosopher and scholar. At almost any hour of the day some man or woman of the people may be found waiting and gazing there. The workman spares a few sous to hang on the railing his votive wreath, the offering of his holiday, and the flower girl saves from her stock a handful of roses to drop upon this tomb. The rough artisans of the Faubourg St. Antoine love to come hither, and if they cannot see in this pair of figures the eternal marriage of philosophy and religion, they can discover a charm

which tames them into courtesy, as they wonder at the rude Greek inscription which they cannot decipher, and which fascinates us all, because of our oneness in the fellowship of suffering and temptation,—

ΑΕΙ ΣΥΜΠΛΕΓΜΕΝΟΙ.—Forever United."

APPENDIX

The Letters of Abelard and Heloisa.

Translated from the Latin. By Joseph Berington.

EPISTLE I.

Heloisa to Abelard.

A letter of consolation you had written to a friend, my dearest Abelard, was lately, as by chance, put into my hands. The superscription in a moment told me from whom it came, and the sentiments I felt for the writer compelled me to read it more eagerly. I had lost the reality: I hoped, therefore, from his words — a faint image of himself — to draw some comfort. But alas! for I remember almost every line was marked with gall and wormwood. It related the lamentable story of our conversion, and the long list of your own unabating sufferings.

Indeed, you amply fulfilled the promise you there made to your friend, that in comparison with your own his misfortunes should appear as nothing, or as light as air. Having exposed the persecutions you had suffered from your masters, and the cruel deed of my uncle, you were

naturally led to a recital of the hateful and invidious conduct of Albericus of Rheims, and Lotulphus of Lombardy. By their suggestions, your admirable work on the Trinity was condemned to the flames, and yourself were thrown into confinement. This you did not omit to mention. The machinations of the Abbot of St. Denys and of your false brethren are there brought forward, but chiefly for from them you had most to suffer for the calumnious aspersions of those false apostles, Norbert and Bernard, whom envy had roused against you. It was even, you say, imputed as a crime to you, to have given the name of Paraclete, contrary to the common practice, to the oratory you had erected. In fine, the incessant persecutions of that cruel tyrant of St. Gildas, and of those execrable monks whom yet you call your children, and to whom at this moment you are exposed, close the melancholy tale of a life of sorrow.

Who could read or hear these things, and not be moved to tears? What, then, must be my situation? The singular precision with which each event is related, could but more strongly renew my sorrows. I was doubly agitated, because I perceived the tide of danger was still rising against you. Are we then to despair of your life? and must our breasts, trembling at every sound, be hourly alarmed by the rumors of that terrible event?

For Christ's sake, my Abelard, and He, I trust, as yet protects you, do inform us, and that repeatedly, of each circumstance of your present dangers. I and my sisters are the sole remains of all your friends. Let us, at least, partake of your joys and sorrows. The condolence

of others is used to bring home relief to the sufferer; and a load laid on many shoulders is more easily supported. But should the storm subside a little, then be even more solicitous to inform us, for your letters will be messengers of joy. In short, whatever be their contents, to us they must always bring comfort; because this, at least, they will tell us that we are remembered by you.

How pleasing are the letters of absent friends! Seneca, I remember, teaches us by his own example: "I thank you," says he to his friend Lucilius, "for your frequent letters. By this you do all you can to be in my company. The moment I open your letters, I see Lucilius before me." And, indeed, if the portraits of our friends can give us pleasure and ease the brain of absence by the weak impressions they make, what may not be said of letters which speak the genuine sentiments of the dear absent friends! God be thanked! no invidious passion can forbid, and no obstacle can hinder, this manner of your being present with us. On your side, let no indifference, I pray, be a retardment to it.

You wrote to your friend a long epistle, and, to alleviate his misfortunes, you recounted your own. By this too plain narration, intended for his comfort, you have added much to our sorrows. The hand which poured balm into his wounds, only served to widen ours; it even added some fresh gashes to our long-bleeding bosoms. And will you, who are so anxious to ease the pain which other hands have given, refuse to heal the wounds yourself have made? You complied, I own,

with the desires of a friend and of a fellow creature, and in so doing, the great duties of friendship and of society were fulfilled; but to us, Abelard, you are bound by a stronger tie. We are not your friends only and your fellow creatures: the tenderest affections have united us, for the inhabitants of the Paraclete are your daughters; even if nature or religion can suggest a more tender name to that we are entitled.

To prove this no arguments are necessary. Even were we silent, the walls of our monastery would proclaim it. Under God, you alone were the founder of this place; you alone erected its oratory; and you alone established its congregation. You raised nothing upon the foundations of others. Whatever the eye sees is your erection. This solitude, the retreat of wild beasts and the receptacle of thieves, had not known the habitations of domestic life. But you, on the very dens of these beasts and in the lurking-holes of robbers, where the name of God had not been heard, raised a temple to his name, and you dedicated it to his Holy Spirit. To this the donations of kings or princes did not contribute! You wanted not their assistance, for your own powers were great and ample. From all quarters an almost infinite number of scholars was seen crowding to be instructed by you. They supplied whatever else was necessary. Even churchmen who had been used to live on the benefactions of others, whose hands were ever open to receive but not to give, became here profuse, and even importunate, to pour in their contributions.

Our new establishment, therefore, is strictly yours.

But can the young plant prosper, if it be not often watered with peculiar care? We are women, Abelard, by nature weak and delicate. Thus, had our society been long formed, it would still be exposed to much danger. But now, if you give us not all your care, and all your diligence, how shall we brave the storm? The apostle says: "I have planted, Apollos has watered, but God has given the increase." He is writing to the Corinthians, whom he had lately converted to the Christian faith; his own disciple, Apollos, had then given them further instructions, and Divine Grace had completed the work. But you cultivate a vineyard, which you have not planted, and your sacred admonitions are lost on an ungrateful soil. I speak of the monks of St. Gildas, of which you are abbot. Rather recollect, then, what you are to us. You preach to them, but you preach in vain. Your words are pearls which you throw to swine. The treasures which are lost on them should be kept for us, who are docile, who are obedient. And you who are so prodigal to your enemies, do reflect on what you owe to your own children. But I will say nothing of others: think only how much you are indebted to me. Whatever obligations bind you to the devout part of myself are all concentered in your Heloisa.

You need not be told how many treatises the holy fathers of the church have written for our instruction, and how earnestly they have labored to inform, to advise, and to console us. Must my ignorance suggest knowledge to the learned Abelard? Long ago, indeed, when my mind was weak in the first impressions of duty, your neglect of me surprised me not a little. Neither moved

by religion, nor by love for me, nor by the example of the holy fathers, did you ever aim to fix my fluctuating mind; not even when long grief had worn me down did you come to see me, or even send me one line of comfort. Yet surely after the bond of matrimony had cemented our union, your obligations to me became more binding! Who does not know how immoderate was the love I bore you? and from thence have I no pretensions to a peculiar return? My Abelard, you well know how much I lost in losing you; and that infamous act of treachery which, by a cruelty before unheard of, deprived me of you, even tore me from myself. The loss was great, indeed, but the manner of it was doubly excruciating. When the cause of grief was most pungent,then should consolation apply her strongest medicines.

But it is you only can administer relief; by you I was wounded, and by you I must be healed. It is in your power alone to give me pain, to give me joy, and to give me comfort, and it is you only that are obliged to do it. I have obeyed the last tittle of your commands, and so far was I unable to oppose them that, to comply with your wishes, I could bear to sacrifice myself. One thing remains which is still greater, and will hardly be credited: my love for you had risen to such a degree of frenzy that, to please you, it even deprived itself of what alone in the universe it valued, and that forever. No sooner did I receive your commands, than I quitted at once the habit of the world, and with it all the reluctance of my nature. I meant that you should be the sole possessor of whatever I had once a right to call my own.

Heaven knows, in all my love, it was you, and you only, I sought for! I looked for no dowry, no alliances of marriage; I was even insensible to my own pleasures; nor had I a will to gratify. All was absorbed in you, I call Abelard to witness. . . . The more I humbled myself before you, the greater right I thought I should have to your favor; and thus also I hoped the less to injure the splendid reputation you had acquired. This circumstance, on your own account, you did not quite forget to mention in the letter to your friend. You related also some of the arguments I then urged to deter you from that fatal marriage; but you suppressed the greater part, by which I was induced to prefer love to matrimony, and liberty to chains. I call Heaven to witness! . . . The source of merit is not in riches or in power: these are the gifts of fortune; but virtue only gives worth and excellence. The woman who prefers a rich to a poor man, shows she has a small soul. In a husband, it is his wealth and not himself which she admires; and to her who marries with this view some reward may be due, but no gratitude. It is clear that I have not misconstrued her intentions; propose but a richer match, and if not too late, she will embrace it with ardor. The truth of my opinion the learned Aspasia has confirmed in a conversation with Xenophon and his wife, as related by Æschines, the disciple of Socrates. When, to effect a reconciliation betwixt them, she had proposed this reasoning, Aspasia thus concludes: "When you have got so far as mutually to be convinced that there lives not a better man and a more fortunate woman, all your thoughts will be directed

to produce the greatest good; Xenophon will be happy in the reflection that he is married to the best of women, and she, on her side, that her husband is the best of men."

These sentiments are beautiful; they seem the production rather of wisdom herself, than of philosophy. But, in the married state, should this favorable opinion be even grounded on error, how charming it is to be thus deceived! It produces love, and on this rests the surest pledge of mutual fidelity; while purity of mind co-operates far more efficaciously than her sister virtue. But that happiness which in others is, sometimes, the effect of fancy, in me was the child of evidence. They might think their husbands perfect, and were happy in the idea; but I know that you are such, and the universe knows the same. Thus, the more my affection was secured from all possible error, the more steady became its flame. Where was found the king or the philosopher that had emulated your reputation? Was there a village, a city, a kingdom, that did not ardently wish to see you? When you appeared in public, who did not run to behold you? And when you withdrew, every neck was stretched, every eye sprang forward to pursue you. The married and the unmarried women, when Abelard was away, longed for his company; and when he was present, every bosom was on fire. No lady of distinction, no princess, that did not envy Heloisa the possession of her Abelard. You possessed, indeed, two qualifications, a tone of voice and a grace in singing, which gave you the control over every female heart. These powers were peculiarly yours, for I do not know that they ever fell to

the share of any other philosopher. To soften by playful amusement the stern labors of philosophy, you composed several sonnets on love, and on familiar subjects. These you were often heard to sing, when the harmony of your voice gave new charms to the expression. In all circles, nothing was talked of but Abelard; even the most ignorant who could not judge of composition, were enchanted by the melody of your voice. Female hearts were unable to resist the impression. Thus was my name soon carried to distant nations, for the loves of Heloisa and Abelard were the constant theme of all your songs. What wonder if I became the subject of general envy! You possessed, besides, every endowment of mind and body; but alas! if my happiness then raised the envy of others, will they not now be compelled to pity me? And surely, even she, who was then my enemy, will now drop a tear at my sad reverse of fortune.

You know, Abelard, I was the great cause of your misfortunes, but yet I was not guilty. It is the motive with which we act, and not the event of things, that makes us criminal. Equity weighs the intention, and not the mere actions we may have done. What, at all other times, were my dispositions in your regard, you who knew them can only judge. To you I refer all my actions, and on your decision I rest my cause. I call no other witness. But how has it happened, tell me, that, after my retreat from the world, which was your own work, I have been so forgotten or so neglected, that you never came either personally to recreate my solitude, nor ever wrote to console me? If you can,

account for this conduct, or I must tell you my own suspicions, which are also the general suspicions of the world. It was passion, Abelard, and not friendship, that drew you to me. . . . The incitements to pleasure removed, every other more gentle sentiment to which they might seem to give life has vanished with them. This, my friend, is not so much mine, as the general conjecture. It is the common suspicion of all who know us. Would to God, it were I only who thought it, and that your own love could devise some excuse which might ease my pain! Were it in my power, even I would willingly invent some pretext which, by seeming to lessen the pretensions I have to your notice, might extenuate your fault.

Do attend to my request, and I think you will find it moderate and easy to be complied with. I am not to have the happiness of your company: give me, therefore, what else you can. I ask but a few lines; and can you, who are so rich in words, refuse me that faint image of yourself? What reason have I to expect you will be more liberal in things of consequence, if even you show yourself niggardly in a few words? Having, as I said, complied with all your injunctions, I thought, indeed, I had great pretensions to your esteem. Even at this moment I am a victim to your will. It was not religion that called me to the austerities of the cloister; I was then in the bloom of youth; but you ordered it and I obeyed. For this sacrifice, if I have no merit in your eyes, vain indeed is all my labor! From God I can look for no reward, for whose sake, it is plain, I have as yet done nothing. When you had resolved to quit the

world, I followed you, rather I ran before you. It seems you had the image of the patriarch's wife before your eyes; you feared I might look back, and therefore before you could surrender your own liberty, I was to be devoted. In that one instance, I confess, your mistrust of me tore my heart. Abelard, I blushed for you! For my part, Heaven knows! had I seen you hastening to perdition, at a single nod I should not have hesitated to have preceded or to have followed you. My soul was no longer in my own possession: it was in yours. Even now, if it is not with you, it is no where. It cannot exist without you. But do receive it kindly. There it will be happy, if it find you indulgent; if you only return kindness for kindness, trifles for things of moment, and a few words for all the deeds of my life. Were you less sure of my love, you would be more solicitous. But because my conduct has rendered you secure, you neglect me. Once more recollect what I have done for you, and how much you are indebted to me. . . . To obey you, I sacrificed all my pleasure: I reserved nothing, the hope only excepted, that so I should become more perfectly yours. How unjust then is Abelard if, as my deserts increase, he make the less return! I ask but trifles, and trifles which require no labor to be complied with.

By that God, then, to whom your life is consecrated, I conjure you give me so much of yourself as is at your disposal; that is, send me some lines of consolation. Do it with this design, at least, that my mind being more at ease, I may serve God with more alacrity. When formerly the love of pleasure was your pursuit, how often

did I hear from you! In your songs the name of Heloisa was made familiar to every tongue; it was heard in every street; the walls of every house repeated it. With how much greater propriety might you now call me to God, than you did then to pleasure! Weigh your obligations; think on my petitions. I have written you a long letter, but the conclusion shall be short. My only friend, farewell.

EPISTLE II.

Abelard to Heloisa.

If, since our conversion from the world to God, I have not written to console or admonish you, it was not the effect of indifference. Ascribe it to the high opinion I have ever entertained of your wisdom and prudence. How could I think that she stood in need of my assistance, to whom heaven had so largely distributed its best gifts? You were able, I knew, by example as by word, to instruct the ignorant, to comfort the pusillanimous, and to admonish the lukewarm.

When Prioress of Argenteuil, these duties, I remember, you used long ago to practice; and if now you give the same attention to your daughters, as you did then to your sisters, more is not requisite; and all that I could say would be of no value. But if, in your humility, you think otherwise, and that my instructions can avail you anything, tell me only on what subjects you would have me write, and, as God shall direct me, I will endeavor to satisfy you. I thank God that, exciting in your breasts

an anxious solicitude for the constant and imminent dangers to which I am exposed, He has taught you to sympathize with my sufferings. Thus may I hope for Divine protection by your prayers, and soon see Satan bruised under my feet. It is with this view that I hasten to send you the form of prayer you so earnestly requested—you, my sister, once dear to me in the world, but now most dear to me in Christ. By this means, you will offer to God a constant sacrifice of prayers, urging him to pardon our great and manifold sins, and to avert the hourly dangers which threaten me.

Many examples attest how powerful before God and his saints are the prayers of the faithful; but chiefly of women for their friends, and of wives for their husbands. In this view the apostle admonishes us to pray without intermission.

[He then goes on to prove this efficacy of prayer from the Holy Scriptures, insisting particularly on the example of holy women. He tells her how much he confides in the prayers of the nuns of the Paraclete, and in her own, to which, as her husband, he claims a peculiar right.]

But I will not insist on the supplications of your sisterhood, day and night devoted to the service of their Maker; to you only I apply. I well know how powerful your intercession may be; and, in my present circumstances, I trust it will be exerted. In your prayers, then, ever remember him who, in a particular manner, is yours. Urge your entreaties, for it is just you should be heard. An equitable judge cannot refuse it.

When formerly I was with you, you recollect, my dear

Heloisa, how fervently you commended me to the care of Providence. Often in the day a particular prayer was repeated for me. Removed, as I now am, from the Paraclete, and involved in greater danger, how much more pressing are my wants! Now, then, convince me of the sincerity of your regard, I entreat, I implore you.

[Then comes the prayer to be said for himself, which follows this Epistle.]

But if, by the permission of Heaven, my enemies should so far prevail as to take away my life, or if, by any chance, I should be numbered with the dead, it is in my prayer that my body be conveyed to the Paraclete. There my daughters, or rather my sisters, in Christ, turning their eyes often to my tomb, will more strongly be excited to petition Heaven for me. And, indeed, to a mind penetrated with grief, and stricken by the dark view of its crimes, where can be found a resting-place, at once so safe and so full of hope, as that which, in a peculiar manner, is dedicated to and bears the name of the Paraclete? that is, the Comforter. Besides, I know not where a Christian could find a better grave, than in the society of holy women, consecrated to God. They, as the gospel tells us, attended the interment of their Divine Master, they embalmed his body with precious perfumes, they followed him to the monument, and there they watched in anxious solicitude. In return, they were consoled with the first angelic apparition announcing his resurrection, and many subsequent favors were conferred upon them. To conclude, it is my most earnest request, that the solicitude you now too strongly feel for the preservation of my life, you will then extend

to the repose of my soul. Carry into my grave the same degree of love you showed me when alive; that is, never forget to petition Heaven for me in your prayers. Heloisa, live, and farewell! Farewell, my sisters; live, but let it be in Christ! Remember ABELARD!

THE PRAYER.

"O GOD, who in the beginning of all things, having drawn woman from the side of man, didst institute the great sacrament of marriage, and by thy own birth, and thy first miracle, didst then raise it to higher honors,—of the grace of which sacrament I once, in thy goodness, was allowed to partake,—reject not, oh! reject not the prayers of thy humble handmaid, which, here prostrate in the presence of thy majesty, I pour out for my own sins, and for the sins of my dear Abelard. Pardon, thou kindest Being, thou who art goodness itself, pardon our manifold crimes; may our numberless faults experience the greatness of thy mercies! I beseech thee, now punish us, for we are guilty, and spare us hereafter. Use against thy servants the rod of correction, but not the sword of thy wrath. Chastise our bodies, but show pity to our souls. Purify them, but not in thy anger. Be merciful rather than be just. As a father correcteth his children, so do thou chasten us, and not as an austere master. Try us, O Lord! as the prophet requests, and measure our strength; then lay thy burdens on us. By the blessed Paul, thou hast promised, that man shall not be tempted beyond his strength. When it pleased thee,

and as it pleased thee, so didst thou join us, O Lord, and so didst thou put us asunder. The work thou didst begin in mercy, do thou in mercy perfect. Whom thou didst once separate here, unite for ever to thyself in Heaven. Thou art our hope, our portion, our expectation, our comfort. O Lord, blessed be thy name, for ever."

Farewell, in Christ, and live to Him. **Amen.**

THE END.

DATE DUE

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DEC 3 1928
JUL 23 1937
MAY 7 1940
JAN 6 1941
JUN 18 1945
MAR 15'49
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DEC 11 1951
JAN 10 1959
SEP 24 1971
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STORAGE

Newton, William W
Priest and man

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